THE

AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

Agnellus of Ravenna—Darley Dale 383
A Great Churchman, Monsignor Taché—R. F. O'Connor.... 134
A Saintly American Bishop—W. B. Hannon..... 55
Aspects of the Pine—H. W. 335
Biblical Inerrancy—Walter Drum, S. J. 501
Birds and Insects—Harriette Wilbur..... 446
Capuchin Missioners in Palestine and Syria—R. F. O'Connor 540
Catholicism in Ceylon—R. F. O'Connor..... 409
Emotional Biology—Edward J. Menge, M. A., Ph. D., M. Sc. 212
God's Acres in Paris—Marc F. Vallette, LL. D. 115
Hellenism and the Jews—J. Simon, O. S. M. 243
Is the American Indian of Asiatic Origin?—Marc F. Vallette, LL. D. 294
Louvain—E. Leahy 594
Mysticism's Newest Handmaid—J. R. Adams..... 1
On Mediæval Sanctuary—Claude H. Williamson..... 646
Painters and Paintings of the Renaissance—Thomas J. O'Hagan, Ph. D., Litt. D. 109
Paying the Piper Poetical Compliments and the Wasp As a Literary Wight—Harriette Wilbur 274
Personality in Ethical Theory—T. B. Moroney..... 321
St. Paul and Christianity—Rudolph G. Bandas, M. A. 565
St. Paul and Hellenism—Rudolph G. Bandas, M. A. 255
Sir John Moore—W. F. G. Stockley..... 676
Some Latin-American Poets—Thomas J. O'Hagan, Ph. D., Litt. D. 344
Some Points in the History of Ancient Mexico That Are Not Mythical—Marc F. Vallette, LL. D. 600
The Authority of the Catholic Church Considered According to the Common Law Principles—Blaine Coppinger..... 183
The Empress Eugénie—Marc F. Vallette, LL. D. 353
The Forget-Me-Not—Harriette Wilbur 640
The Ideal College Man—Herbert Wright..... 457
The Interpretation of History According to the Holy Scriptures—Fuliro Cordignano, S. J. 529
The Martyr Primate of Ireland—Edward J. Carrigan, S. J. ... 177
The Rollicking Bobolink—Harriette Wilbur..... 625
The Stars of God—E. Von Rycken Wilson..... 223

PAGE

The Symphony of the Hours (Continuation of Part II.)—G. E. Price 96
The Symphony of the Hours (Concluded)—G. E. Price..... 199
The Victorines—Darley Dale..... 665
Three Favorite Thrushes—Harriette Wilbur..... 73
When Knights Were Bold—Claude C. H. Williamson..... 508
Why Not An English Catholic Literature?—J. R. Adams... 447

BOOKS REVIEWED.

A Child's Life of St. Joan of Arc—Mary E. Mannix..... 527
A Living Wage—John A. Ryan, D. D., LL. D. 351
A Manual of the Ceremonies of Low Mass—Rev. L. Kuenzel 703
Bolshevism: Its Cure—David Goldstein and Martha M. Avery 172
Concilium Tridentium—Goerres Society..... 697
Dante: The Central Man of All the World—John F. Slattery, Ph. D. 701
Democratic Industry; A Practical Study in Social History—Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph. D. 351
Epitome Theologiæ Moralis Universæ per Definitiones—H. Noldin, S. J. 175
Life of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque—Right Rev. E. Bougaud, D. D. 528
Mediæval Medicine—James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. 699
Penal Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law—Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D., D. C. L. 174
Reflections for Religious—Rev. F. X. Lasance..... 527
Religion and Health—James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. 699
Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments and the Sacramentals—Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. 175
Summa Theologiæ Moralis Iuxta Codicem Iuris Canonici—Rev. H. Noldin, S. J. 176
Talks to Nurses; The Ethics of Nursing—Henry S. Spalding, S. J. 352
The Art of Interesting; In Theory and Practice—Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. 702
The Credentials of Christianity—Martin J. Scott, S. J. 526
The English Catholics in the Reign of Elizabeth—John Hungerford Pollen, S. J. 173
The Foundations of True Morality—Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. 350
The Paths of Goodness; Some Helpful Thoughts on Spiritual Progress—Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 763
The Principal Catholic Practices—Rev. George T. Schmidt.. 704
The Soul of Ireland—W. J. Lockington, S. J. 350

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QUARTERLY REVIEW

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MYSTICISM'S NEWEST HANDMAID.

MYSTICISM is a magic word, the lodestar of both the saint of God and the devotee of the world. In every age and in every land the mystic cult has had its votaries. There have been mystical philosophers and philosophies, mystical schools, mystical saints, mystical theologians, writers and poets in plenty; but it remained to this wonderful twentieth century of ours to bring forth that prodigy—the mystical novel. Realism and Naturalism have done their worst to corrupt this age, yet midst their dank growth has sprung up this beautiful exotic, just as truly fiction as its vile competitors, but lit with the white light of a mystical beauty that is a far, faint glimmer "of the light from the Light that streams down from the Lamb."

For the most part this new fiction is the product of a woman's pen, but such a genius as Robert Hugh Benson and such a popular writer as John Oxenham have, now and then at least, given us some of their best work in this form; in fact, the two books which the critics have ranked as Father Benson's best are of this type. Nor is this really as surprising as it seems at first thought. Man was made for God alone, and in spite of all that materialistic philosophy will do, finds himself intensely interested in that God. Else why does man try to disprove and deny His existence? Only because God is so interesting, so certainly His alpha and omega, that man cannot keep away from Him. Now mysticism is simply the "tendency and desire of the human soul towards an intimate

union with the Divinity," the restless longing that makes a St. Augustine cry out:

> "Our hearts were made for Thee, O Lord,
> And restless must they be
> Until—O Lord, this grace accord—
> Until they rest in Thee."

and a St. Paul yearn "to be dissolved and be with Christ."

Both the saint and the worldling feel this mystic attraction, but in varying degree. For the saint mysticism connotes self-sacrifice, the pain that is the price of love; for the worldling it conjures up a mysterious and so a delightfully thrilling realm of psychic experiences, half-hysterical enthusiasms and wholly sentimental piety, if one may dare to call it by that name. The eight beatitudes, the "royal way of the holy cross," spell mysticism for the children of the kingdom, but Brook Farm, Halcyon Hall, Mrs. Eddy, Rabindranath Tagore—these are the magic doors to the mystical world of that great throng of votaries who, affecting a Hindu philosophy, read a literature couched in terms that they themselves, or any one else for that matter, do not understand and call this mysticism. Which is right? In what does mysticism really consist? What is a mystical literature?

In order to decide our answer to these questions it will be necessary to review briefly the basic principles of Christian mysticism. Mysticism is essentially a "direct, mysterious vista of God or His supernatural world." This spiritual vista is, of course purely mental, since not even in the state of supernatural beatitude will one's bodily eyes view spirit in its native entity. Furthermore, the knowledge of God here on earth is attainable in three ways, according to Dom Louismet—"the first is by natural reason; the second, by faith; the third, by love."

The first kind of knowledge of God, which is also called the philosophical, enables man, "without the help of supernatural grace, to assure himself that there is a Supreme Being," who is but One and infinitely perfect. This knowledge even the pagan philosophers of old had. The second kind of knowledge of God comes to us through divine revelation and divine tradition. These the Catholic Church has preserved and handed down to us, and he who will may learn. Thus may our intellect teach us of God.

But this is not the highest knowledge within the power of man, for the mind in grasping a truth draws the object of its consideration to itself, brings it, as it were, to its own level, and no matter how perfect one's intellectual knowledge of God might be, it would

be so essentially human and finite as to be very inadequate to satisfy man's natural desire for union with the Divinity. Just the opposite is true of the workings of man's noblest faculty, that spark of the Divine in every human soul, the will. When the will chooses an object, instead of drawing that object to itself, it goes out to its choice. If that object is beneath man's dignity, man is brought down to its level; if above man, he is raised up to its level. It follows, then, that when man makes God the object of his will, man is elevated to the Divine; he becomes another God. This *choice* of the will is called love, and this highest knowledge of God, experimental, personal or mystical knowledge, "the peculiar knowledge we gain by love—by active, conscious and constant love of Him."

The true mysticism "consists in the experience and realization of God's presence by the cultivation of the supernatural endowments of mind and heart that issue from the abiding grace within us." A misconception of the supernatural order of this indwelling grace is one of the roads by which Christian mystics go astray. This sanctifying grace, as we Catholics familiarly call it, is not God, but a "quality of soul, entitive or static in the substance of the soul, and operative or habitual in the powers of mind and will." The three theological virtues of faith, hope and charity constitute a power, a faculty of knowing God. The first two do not rise to the heights of the mystical, but the third, charity or love, is the very high-road to mysticism. To confuse this gift of God with the essence of God Himself is to take the bypath of pantheism, which is, of course, non-Christian, and may teach the idealistic mysticism of Kant, Fichte and Schleiermacher and the modernists, or the realistic mysticism of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann. This latter, which confuses God's separate truth and existence with that of His creatures, is known in philosophy by the general name of Platonism, an error that is the source of the slight shadows that sometimes dim the doctrines, or at least the expressions, of men who are true mystics, even saints. Its offspring are legion, being known in different times and countries as Buddhism, Ontologism, Pietism, Quietism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Gnosticism, etc.

The Catholic is protected from these errors by two doctrines which the Church has always held as fixed and fundamental. These are briefly that "no created mind can naturally have intuition of God, and that God has His own truth and existence entirely separated from the world of creatures." "Thus by these two, the mind cannot in vision cross the abyss that separates the nature of creatures from the nature of God, nor bring God to itself by filling

up the gap and identifying God with itself." This void is crossed only by grace, the gift of God to man, whereby he may come to His Creator. Man may accept or reject this gift, he may increase it in his soul or lose it entirely. That is the power of his free will. But if he accept this grace, what yet is wanting to him to be a mystic?

Simply the cultivation of his spiritual sense in conformity with the inspirations of God's grace. "To the eye of faith the supernatural world is a reality as real as, in a sense more real, than the natural world," Brother Azarias writes. Once the eye of faith comes to know God, the will naturally leaps after Him in hope and love, and Jesus Christ has promised, "If a man loveth Me, I will manifest Myself to him" (John xiv., 21). To be sure, this Divine Master of the mystical life lays down His conditions for such manifestation of Himself. He who would aspire to be a mystic must be pure of heart (Matt. v., 8), practice a childlike simplicity and humility (Luke x., 21; Mark v., 15), and love, love, love. "This is the first and greatest commandment, and the second is like to the first."

Spiritual writers have long called these three dispositions or states of soul the Purgative, Illuminative and Unitive ways. By the first the soul is cleansed of the one great obstacle to its union with God, *sin*. Sin is so opposed to God that anything like an intimate friendship between the sinful soul and its Creator is obviously out of the question. "You cannot love God and Mammon," give your heart's purest affections to God and still remain attached to sin in the least degree, and there is but one way of doing away with sin —penance. Penance cleanses the soul, fills it with humility and the fear of God and strengthens it against future temptations—all of which are powerful aids to purity of soul and the peace of a good conscience. Every man who would become a mystic must first tread this press of compunction, for even "a good man," a Kempis assures us, "findeth abundant matter for sorrow and tears."

But given purity of heart, a second wing—simplicity—is still necessary before a man may attempt the mystic flight. Simplicity is the Open Sesame to the Illuminative Way, wherein the soul comes to know God as He is, and itself as God knows it. The humility born of penance, illuminated by the light of God's grace, leads the soul to conceive a correct evaluation of spiritual and temporal things, and God reveals Himself in an especially clear manner to its childlike faith and lowliness, while He hides from those who, proud of their learning or natural powers, seek to penetrate into His mysteries. In this lies the secret of that wonderful knowledge of Divine things one so often discovers in children. Their sim-

plicity and purity of heart make them fit to be the greatest of mystics, because God "has hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones" (Luke x., 21).

Now when a pure soul comes in its simplicity to see God's beauty and truth and goodness and in its humility to realize its own nothingness, what wonder that it loves, is ravished, transported with love for Him who has loved it so much! With the birth of this love comes a desire to express its ardor, not merely in words, but in act, in deed, and so we judge of a soul's degree of love for God or its perfection in doing His will. "If you love Me, keep My commandments," is our Divine Saviour's test, and so the true mystic is a saint, too. But as this mystic fire inflames his heart more and more ,the ability to express it by fidelity only becomes increasingly less possible, and then the mystical saint casts about for other means to draw closer to his Beloved. But the Beloved whispers, "If you will follow Me, take up your cross," and He points to the Garden of Gethsemane and Calvary. There, torn between love and fear, the soul reaches forth a trembling hand to welcome suffering as the only adequate means of showing its love. The Lady Pain becomes the object of its desire, and this stern mistress points the way by day and night. wielding her tyrant sway to crush the sealed vials of pure affection and to fertilize the harvest fields of love. "Sorrow is the substance of man's natural life, and it might almost be defined to be his natural capability of the supernatural," Father Faber wrote, and why? Because "we have been redeemed by sorrow," says the same author, and the author of the "Imitation" considers that man best off who "is able to suffer something for the love of God." It is very plain after all even to the least mystical of us that the real test of love is to suffer for the object beloved, for surely "no greater love a man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend." Why search for a different standard for the Friend of friends? asks the mystic, and then lays down his life that he may find it, as his soul takes its flight from the holocaust of love.

These three states, the Purgative, Illuminative and Unitive, are admirably illustrated in the "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius." The First Week, as it is called, of the exercises is devoted to the right ordering of the soul's relations with its Creator. At the end of what is more often a fortnight of this *purifying* process, the soul is led, in the Second and Third Weeks, through a series of wonderfully *illuminating* meditations, drawn from the New Testament, on the birth, life, sufferings and death of our Divine Lord, until the soul, enamored of its Beloved Master, is ready to mount into those sublime meditations of the Fourth Week on the love of

God, culminating in that soul-cry of the saint himself, the Suscipe. In this beautiful prayer the soul returns all to God, makes a complete sacrifice of all its powers and faculties, content to ask only for His "love and His grace," for the saint has taught it that "there is only one lawful ambition, which is that of loving God," assuring it that "there is nothing sweeter than to love God, but the greatest sign of love is to suffer for what one loves; to suffer for God is therefore true joy, it is supreme felicity."* Thus by love the purest and most disinterested does St. Ignatius teach the soul to *unite* itself with its Creator, because the saint, mystic that he was, knew so well that "nothing is wanting to him who has God, though he possess nothing else."

It is evident at once, however, that the language of this mysticism is not understood of the world, and that he who would be initiated into its secrets must have a guide or manual of instruction. There are "two such manuals of instruction and initiation into this mystical language of the soul," according to Brother Azarias. "One is the Book of the Gospels," the other "The Imitation of Christ." In the first the God-Man is revealed to us, and as we read that wondrously beautiful history of His life and untold love, our hearts are illuminated with the light that shines from His Blessed Face and inflamed with a burning love enkindled by a spark from that furnace of love, His Divine Heart. The Sermon on the Mount alone is an epitome of the sublimest mysticism, but to enumerate all "the beauties and sublimities of this marvelous work" were to never finish, for "its beauty is untold; its wisdom unfathomable." The second book, the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas a Kempis, is a rare harvesting, a book "which Fontenelle without exaggeration well styles the most beautiful book that ever came from the hand of man." Its author was a Brother of the Common Life, an order founded by Gerhard Groote, whose very rule of life was the mystical spirit, so that they came to be known as Brethren of the New Devotion. Withal, Groote's mysticism was of a distinctly practical character, and the methods of attaining to a perfect union with God outlined by His son in Jesus Christ are neither newer nor easier than the principles laid down in His master-book, the Bible. To follow the same rugged path that the Divine Master walked ,to climb the weary but "royal way of the Holy Cross" is the only way a Kempis knows to heaven. His philosophy of "the Light of Truth and the Life of Grace" knows three words best—compunction, humility and self-abnegation. On these three secure foundation stones he would have the soul erect its spiritual edifice and so "make progress

*("The Spirit of St. Ignatius").

towards the kingdom of heaven" by despising the world and following Christ. Nor has any mystic discovered a better or a surer way.

There are many other mystical treatises that one might discuss, such as the works of St. John of the Cross, "the most complete and luminous, the most sublime and at the same time the most philosophically exact and precise," translated into English by M. Lewis; the "Sancta Sophia" of F. Baker, an English Benedictine; "Outlines of the Doctrine of the Mystical Life," by Dom Louismet, and dozens of Latin and French works that are both illuminating and inspiring; but this brief notice of the two greatest of mystical books, the Bible and the "Imitation of Christ," must suffice for our present purpose. A volume might be devoted to each and yet we should find still something more to be said about them.

From these formal mystical treatises to the novel of mysticism seems a far cry, but let us first glance at the bridges that span this great gulf. That mysticism should have found its way into a literature—not merely into pure manuals of instruction on this difficult subject, but literature in its broadest sense, poetry, drama and fiction—was inevitable. Where your heart is, there is your pen also. It was equally inevitable that it should first have found expression in the drama and poetry, for Christian, and especially English drama was at first of a distinctly religious type. The aim of this drama was purely ascetical, and asceticism is the foster-mother of mysticism. As the drama was secularized, this trait all too quickly disappeared. In poetry the presence of the mystical is perhaps even easier to account for. The poet is an artist whose soul is so finely attuned to the touch of the ideal that he catches as it were a clearer view of the things that be. "It is the mission of the artist to rend the veil of incidents and accessories in which the ideal is shrouded and present it to us in all its beauty and loveliness," but all human ideals, be they goodness or beauty or truth or what we will, are but faint reflections of the great Ideal in Whom all things move and have their being. When, then, the soul of the poet goes feeling about for the Invisible Ideal and the touch of the Infinite breathes over his harp, the mists clear away and he catches glimpses of another world that "lies so close to ours, but which we blindly fancy far away beyond the rim of space." The God we push away beyond the starry heavens the poet's eye sees everywhere; his ear catches whispers that the noise and bustle of a world's busy cares drown in our ears and his whole being so throbs with the joy and the yearning of it all that he thinks and dreams in what the world has been pleased to call a poetic frenzy.

It is the particular privilege of the saint and the poet to be pronounced insane, but every great poet as well as every great saint might say with our poet-priest of the South:

"I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless Valley—alone!
And I hear not the sound of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;

. . . . . .

"And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

"And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—

. . . . . .

Too pure for the touch of a word."

The mystical poet has taken three principal modes of expression, which would seem to be, at least in some cases, the reflexes of his own manner of arriving at that affective union with God which we have seen constitutes mysticism. There are poets, like Wordsworth and Henry Vaughan, whom we may call nature mystics, and others, like Shelley, Rossetti, Patmore and Keats, who are love and beauty mystics, and, finally, a select few, like Crawhaw and Francis Thompson, who are preëminently religious mystics, or perhaps better, "mystics of revelation."

To the first class Nature is a moral teacher. In her they find their inspiration for "high and mighty things"; through her they "see into the life of things"; but failing to distinguish Nature as such from the Power behind it, this nature mystic usually develops into a sort of modern Druid. Nature becomes to him a "revealing agency of the transcendental world," and for love and prayer, the two great spiritual aids to a knowledge of God, he would substitute a hazily defined back-to-nature process. Now, of course, it is almost a truism that all great mystics have been profoundly moved by Nature. No one would dream of denying for a moment the wonderful attraction that Nature held for a St. Bernard or a St. Francis of Assisi, and we read in his life that St. Ignatius Loyola, warrior though he was, needed but the sight of a flower or blade of grass or the song of a bird to be rapt in ecstasy. But there is this difference in their love of Nature: they are inflamed with love for the unseen Power within and behind this material creation. They learned the beauty of Nature from the supernatural, not the

supernatural from Nature. They knew God as above and distinct from His works, not as "an immanent power in the life of the world."

And the relative values of the writings of the saint mystic, who loves Nature for Nature's God, and of the nature mystic, who worships Nature as his God, lies just in this fundamental difference in their philosophy. The principles of action laid down by a Francis of Assisi are even in this irreligious age regarded as the best solution of many a vexing problem, but who would think of turning to his Wordsworth to find motives to soothe the embittered souls of capital and labor? Even if Nature had the power, how impossible a resource it would be for the average followers of the red flag.

Nature mystics as a class, then, are a set of rather decent pagans, and the mystics of love and beauty are certainly no nearer the truth. Shelley and Keats were out-and-out pantheists, the former using Nature as his plaything, the latter enamored of beauty. Shelley was a god unto himself, Keats an abject worshiper of the idol beauty. Rossetti sympathized with "the physical beauty of Christianity," but was unmoved by its doctrines or creed, and so his mysticism fails to reach a complete or perfect growth. Coventry Patmore alone of this group of poets reveals a truly mystical nature. Like the inspired singer of the Canticle of Canticles, he has enshrined, in lines of purest beauty, the loving intercourse of the soul and her Beloved, and his "Rod, Root and Flower" is an epitome of "that formless, unintelligible blaze of mystic doctrine" which Patmore had acquired with his legacy of the true faith.

But Francis Thompson wings yet a higher flight. The life ambition of this wonderful poet was "to be a poet of the return to God"—"by substituting for the sentimental vaporings of would-be mystics, faith; for their cleverly concealed fatalism, hope, and for their Nirvana, the heaven of orthodox Christianity." Thompson loved Nature and beauty not less intensely, but in a different manner from the pantheistic writers. To him Nature "is God's daughter"—not God—"who stretches her hand only to her Father's friends," and though he revels in beauty, "Thompson viewed physical beauty in the light of the soul." And Thompson's way of coming to God through the avenues of Nature and beauty is in perfect accord with the ascetic principles of the saints. In the haunting lines of that marvelous ode, "The Hound of Heaven," Francis Thompson has given us an exquisitely beautiful exposition of the only true solution of life's problem. Here is the epic of the soul from its first yearning for happiness to its final surrender to God, the soul-story of every saint and lover of the Divine Master.

Thompson knew the way, because he had walked it himself; but he had learned it of "the austere goddess, Pain," such pain as Wordsworth in his secure retreat at Grasmere could but dream of, and one doubts very much that Nature could have supplied the healing had her great poet been subject to the charring of the Infinite Designer, whose love for Thompson was

"an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount."

Thus the poets have portrayed the mystical, but the novelist must approach it from a slightly different angle. Poetry depends chiefly on beauty for its interest; the novel on character, for the novel, like the drama, is primarily, or at least should be, a "presentation of some human action," and character is the very mainspring of all human action. Too, the very word character connotes struggle, either past, present or yet to be. Struggle, difficulty, suffering are soil and water to this soul-plant; the very forces that cause its germination and growth as well as the test of its vigor and development. Again, struggle is but another synonym for plot, the skeleton that forms the framework of every novel. It follows naturally, therefore, that nature-mysticism and beauty mysticism as we have seen them in the poets could not prove adequate material for the novelist. Accidents, and quite valuable ones, too, they may be for his story, but the essential basis of a novel they cannot be. On the other hand, the mysticism of love and revelation seems full of possibilities for the novelist, so full that one wonders why this field has lain fallow so long. The novel has worked to death the plot whose struggle is based on human love, but not until the last decade did any one attempt to use the plot based on the struggle of a higher Love.

The reason for this is obviously the long delayed birth of the English Catholic novel. The English novel was first a child of Protestantism, the product of the sin-stained pen of a Fielding, a Richardson and a Smollett, and it took a long, long time for the English Catholic reader to overcome the wholesome fear that such a beginning naturally inspired. When finally the Catholic novel did appear, its very purpose proved a serious limitation in its attempt to secure a literary reputation, for *didactic* was written large across its every page. The exigencies of the time and the attitude of the readers to whom its appeal was directed were largely responsible for this. But once the seed was sown it was merely a question of time until the blade should appear. Francis Marion Crawford, Canon Patrick A. Sheehan, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, Dr. William Barry and Monsignor John Bickerstaffe-Drew were the

first great harvests, and now they come so thick and fast that one half despairs of even keeping a count.

Among these many excellent novels of the last quarter century the majority reflect the results of a true conception of mysticism, but only a small number are distinctly mystical in theme and development. The mysticism of these latter seems to fall mainly under two heads—the mysticism of suffering and the mysticism of God's Providence.

One might expect to find this first group in the class of the classic tragedy, tales "of exceptional suffering and calamity which befalls a conspicuous or exalted personage; of suffering and calamity, moreover, which arises from other than merely physical causes." But such is not the case. There is no Nemesis in these stories. Nor is there the suffering that Shakespeare has so masterfully portrayed, where "the calamity is the result of a flaw or weakness in an otherwise noble or strong character"; or "a thunder storm, clearing the air and opening the way to a new order of things or to a fresh chapter of history, in which the lesson taught by the tragic calamity may be applied and laid to heart." In these novels we see suffering depicted as the outcome of the operations of a divine, watchful and loving Providence and "professedly and more or less explicitly serving a spiritual or supernatural purpose." Sometimes this suffering is shown as a process of purifying and elevating character; sometimes it is purely a vicarious sacrifice, the price of another person's salvation; and sometimes it is merely the final outcome of a sublime heroism. But always it is animated, inspired and urged on by *love*. The soul which is suffering is seen to be approaching more nearly to God even as it draws more closely to Calvary. Infinite Love is pursuing it, that Love that slew His Only Son, and as suffering develops that image of Jesus Christ in the one who suffers, we see how much more intimate becomes its union with its Divine Lover. Thus the outcome of the suffering in this kind of story is never depressing; frequently it is an inspiration to the reader.

In this type of the novel, too, one notices at once a striking difference in the depiction of the characters. Here we find character, not temperament, portrayed. The average run of fiction writers never get any deeper than the temperament of their characters. They describe merely habits, aptitudes or inclinations of their personages, whereas the Catholic novelist goes deep down into his characters and works outward. The former show us but the superficial modifications of man's natural temperament as affected by society polish and conventionalism; the latter those fundamental and radical changes that are the result of the action of divine grace,

and whose outcome is a greater conformity to our Divine Saviour Jesus Christ. Of course, in this the Catholic writer has at the very outset the decided advantage, for his faith affords the fullest opportunity for character development and he has only to use the same principles by which he himself has been guided in forming his own character, while the non-Catholic writer must rely on mere fragments, because for him "the really operative internal stimuli which lead to the development of character are just those fragments of truth which survive in the minds and hearts of so many conscientious Protestants."

Another notable feature of these stories lies in their adoption of the unity of characters. They are usually "one man" stories, though sometimes their is another character introduced, who very strongly influences the whole plot. "A good novel," Father Lucas contends, "should resemble three-part or four-part music, rather than a mere melody with an accompaniment." But the "one man" story, if not perfect in this detail, has nevertheless the soul-stirring appeal of the violin, a tone, a melody that seizes all the finer sensibilities and emotions, twisting and weaving and piercing with occasional rich double-stops, until the reader yearns for some outlet for the noble desires just born, or perhaps again reawakened, in his heart. Is this perhaps because the struggle with the infinite power of Divine grace is a universal soul history?

In the second type of mystical novel the story centers around "the preternatural manifestation of God's close, loving relationship with us, known only by faith." That God's loving Providence pursues us everywhere we know, and so it should not be a matter of surprise that He sometimes, in His tender eagerness for our welfare, throws aside the veil and gives us a swift, touching glimpse of His omnipresent care. Our greatest difficulty lies in our allowing ourselves to be so absorbed by temporal things, so blinded by earth's dust, that we fail to see His passing by. With something of the wistful plea of Blessed Margaret Mary's wondrous vision, these novels recall us to what really matters, make us realize the abiding presence of God in His world of creatures, and urge us sweetly out upon the path that leads most quickly unto Him. In the mysticism of suffering one's soul may be terrified at the price of love; but in this mysticism of God's Providence there is a gentleness and a tender grace that thrills the soul with loving delight. As in the reality, the first stories wound with love, cause a burning pain; the latter gently fan the cooling embers of our love and loose the springs of desire softly.

These few principles may be rendered clearer by an examination of a few representative books of the mystical novel species. In the

mysticism of suffering, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson and Miss Olive Katharine Parr are excelled only perhaps by the Rev. Richard P. Garrold, S. J. His biographer tells us that "sheer physical pain occupied a permanent place in Hugh Benson's imagination as terrible." However, Father Benson's interest in pain was not morbid," we are assured, partly because of his exceedingly active temperament and his decidedly English practicalness and partly because of his intense hatred of cruelty. "I hate cruelty more than anything in the whole world," Father Benson once wrote, "and find injustice or offensiveness to myself or any one else the hardest of all things to forgive," but his faith taught him the meaning of suffering and "after that, he could not fail to concentrate an awe-struck attention upon pain." Even his earlier books show this mystical tendency, and so it is not surprising that the story which Olive Katharine Parr considers "the greatest book he ever wrote" should be a tale of suffering. This book is "Initiation."

"Initiation" is a typical "one man" story. The story opens in Rome, and the name of Sir Nevill Fanning, who is the story, is the first three words of the very first paragraph. In the first chapter we learn that Nevill is a Catholic and is traveling for his health, being a sufferer from severe headache. His attitude toward this physical affliction sounds the keynote of the whole novel. He has gone to Frascati with a very cosmopolitan sight-seeing party, and he and Enid Bessington, the second and chief source of the action of the story, have wandered off up into the woods overlooking the Roman Campagna.

> "You don't look very well," she said an hour later, as they began to find their way downwards again by another path. . . .
>
> Nevill did not seem to like being told he looked unwell.
>
> "I'm not very well," he said shortly. "And I hate and loathe it."
>
> She looked concerned.
>
> "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't know. What's the matter?"
>
> "Nothing but headaches," he said. "But why should I have them? I simply can't see sometimes when they're bad. It seems to me unfair."
>
> "You mean——"
>
> "I mean I can't fit this kind of thing into my philosophy. I try to bear them decently, of course, but I don't submit in the slightest. I resent that kind of thing furiously, exactly as I resent cruelty to animals." . . .
>
> As they came slowly towards the fork in the path, a piece of crumbling wall that stood at the juncture of the ways began to disclose itself as the back of one of those shrines that stand here and there in the Frascati woods. They turned the angle of it and stopped.

> It was a particularly realistic Pieta. . . .
>
> The two looked at it in silence. They moved on, still in silence. Then the boy broke out.
>
> "There!" he said. "That was exactly what I meant! I think such things are perfectly horrible! What possible good can that do to any one? It's completely out of harmony, too. The very colors are wrong. And, besides, why put it in the woods where things are fresh and clean? And that's exactly why I don't like talking about my headaches."

Here we have laid for us the foundation of a great struggle: a man born "to be conformed to the image of Christ," the only way to that development, the royal road of the Holy Cross, which he positively refuses to accept. The life of his Exemplar, Guide and Teacher from Bethlehem to Calvary is marked out in pain. How then shall he arrive by another? Nevill thinks to find the "solution of everything" in that to which "Nature corresponded rather than grace or revelation. Joy, he felt, was the fundamental emotion of life, not the Passion or the Cross, and Catholicism meant to him the Cross."

And so we are prepared to find him conceding to Enid that "the spirit of it [the Catholic faith] is stale and . . . and conventional. And that the point just now lies somewhere else." The reader has already begun to suspect that for Nevill it lies in Enid.. The wooing proceeds interestingly and successfully, and in due time, shortly after Easter, Sir Nevill writes the announcement of his engagement to his Aunt Anna.

Aunt Anna is a widow of about forty, one of the finest, most lovable and strongest characters that Father Benson ever conceived, who manages Nevill's household at Hartley. She is also the mother of a charming boy of eight, little Jim, whose healthy boyishness and childish naivete are a delight as well as a Godsend to his cousin Nevill. Of course, Aunt Anna is grieved and rather startled at Nevill's engagement to a non-Catholic, but Mr. Morpeth quietly assures her that Sir Nevill is "that kind of a young man," he "is not initiated." Aunt Anna does not understand. Then—

> "Well, you know," said Mr. Morpeth, "of course I don't profess to say there's a hard and fast line. But it's quite plain, surely, that there is one class of persons on one side and another on the other. The one accepts what happens, so soon as it really has happened, and the other does not. The one knows that the past is inevitable, and the other is not sure. The one is not surprised at things, and therefore does not resent them; he is behind the scenes, so to speak, and understands what it is all about, even if he cannot quite make out the details and the other looks on from the stall and knows nothing except what he sees."

And later, when Aunt Anna tells Mr. Morpeth of her premonitory feeling that some evil is about to befall her nephew, he assures her that he himself thinks that pain is coming to Nevill.

> "Well," he said, "if you will watch people carefully, you will practically always find that the type to which your nephew belongs—of which, in every way, he is so excellent an example—the type of happy optimist, who disregards suffering instead of really facing it, always has to suffer, and considerably more than other people. God Almightly, if I may say so, has made them almost violently unhappy—out of all proportion, so to say. Well, they cannot be left like that or they would be one-sided. Well, they are prepared for suffering in a very marked manner: they are naturally buoyant; they can ignore and therefore avoid pain, or they can bear it in moderation, in virtue of their pride. Now that will not do at all, if they are to be conformed to the image of Christ. Therefore they must suffer, and suffer rightly . . . I have observed Sir Nevill, and I need not say I have learned to love him. And I see in him every sign that he will have to suffer sharply. If he did not, I should be afraid for him. Now I really know nothing of the young lady to whom he is engaged [Mr. Morpeth had seen her but twice at the time]. . . . Well, I think it very likely that part of his pain must come through her."

Meantime Sir Nevill had returned to Hartley, still suffering much from headache, followed by passing spells of blindness, of which he tells no one. Enid and her mother visit at Hartley first, where both Aunt Anna and Mr. Morpeth form "an opinion of her," and the reader begins to get a first hint of her sham. Then it is arranged that Sir Nevill shall go up to London for a few weeks. On the morning of his departure he and little Jim go for a swim, a pleasure that Monsignor Benson always describes particularly well, and afterward the two play at searching for the Holy Grail. Finally they sit down to rest on the very seat where Nevill and Enid had had a delightful hour some few days before, and in the conversation that follows we again get a glimpse of the mystical theme:

> "Was the Holy Grail real?" asked Jim.
>
> "Real! Oh, I suppose so. No; I should think it wasn't. It was a symbol."
>
> "A symbol? Oh, well, it's rather hard to describe. It's—it's a sign of something that really is true—like a fairy story—at least like some of them."
>
> "Oh! And what is the thing that's really true?" . . .
>
> "How do you mean? Oh, I see. Well—religion, don't you know. That's what they are after."
>
> "Did they find it?"
>
> Nevill perceived it was necessary to attend. Jim's questions were sometimes disconcertingly to the point.
>
> *Did they find it?*

He reflected a moment, and as he reflected, he heard three strokes from a bell come up from the house. That would be the Elevation. He stole a glance at Jim, who apparently had not heard it. And at that instant Nevill perceived that he really had arrived at a certain quite definite crossroad.

On the one side there was that for which the bell had spoken just now; on the other side here was the murmur of the woods—like the murmur of the woods above Frascati. And he saw that these were two things, and not one; at least, he could not conceive how they could be one. There seemed nothing to unite them, however deep one penetrated. On the one side there was the little Catholic church, where Anna, no doubt, was kneeling at this very moment—with its Crucifix over the altar, its Stations round the walls—an intellectualized and systematized abstraction from one side of life certainly, but not that side in which he himself really lived and breathed. On the other hand, here were these woods and these myriad flies dancing in the sunlight; this hum of light, these scents, inexpressibly sweet, of woodland and pine and a purified breeze from the sea. The two things were two things, not one. And the girl who had transfigured life to him was on this side, not that. . . .

Poor Sir Nevill has gone a long way. And this is the man who had consulted his confessor at Stonyhurst as to the question of his having a vocation to the Society of Jesus; who had so nobly assured his dying father, when terrified by his own evil life the dying man "seemed to think that Nevill would suffer for him somehow—that—that it was sure to be so," that "he only hoped he would." The devil, the world and the flesh have been playing hard and fast with him. He no longer even practices his religion, owing to a little quarrel with the chaplain, Father Richardson; but God is not so easily defeated. The Divine Pursuer is drawing nigh, and the shadow that Aunt Anna notices over "the tall corniced door of his father's room" is the

"Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly."

The first hint of the ensuing struggle comes in the sudden death of Miss Morpeth right at Nevill's gate the day after Enid's arrival at Hartley. But the first great blow is dealt by Enid herself ,as Mr. Morpeth had foreseen. Little hints have prepared the reader for this horrible revelation of the girl's true self, but Nevill, dazzled by love, goes blindly on, straight into the clutches of pain. The girl is an "insane egotist," and in a moment of selfish passion, without the faintest reason for such a course of conduct, breaks her engagement with Nevill. Her whole action on this occasion puts Enid in the reader's mind among that list of repulsive women, which begins with Helen of Troy.

Nevill returns at once to Hartley, and "Aunt Anna knew the instant that she saw the coated and capped figure coming across the lawn to her that the first stage had been reached." Nevill's initiation has begun. Aunt Anna, who has been warned by Mr. Morpeth that she "must brace him, not try to console him," nor "soften him in any way at all," plays her part admirably. She is a true woman and a true Christian and a very visible grace of God to Nevill. At Mr. Morpeth's advice not the least attempt is made to bring Enid to her senses and she drops completely out of their lives forever. Henceforth "the point" is "entirely in Nevill's attitude." Mr. Morpeth outlines the problem for the reader:

> Three things, he said, may be done when real pain is encountered. It may be resisted, or it may be allowed to crush, or it may be accepted. The violent man does the first; the weak man, the second, and in both cases it leads to catastrophe.
>
> "But I think our friend will accept it," he said. "He can do nothing at present except realize it. But I think he will accept it when he understands. Or else I do not see why God has permitted it."

Eventually Nevill does understand and accept, but not yet. He is neither a violent nor a weak man, however, and so he settles quietly back into the old "simple, ordinary" life at Hartley, practically his only guest Mr. Morpeth, but without the least sign of being any more religious than ever before. "He had not been to the Sacraments since his return." The headaches become even more violent, and Jim insists upon another search for the Holy Grail, and "by a kind of fatal instinct . . . on going to the monument." Once there, Jim's questions soon force Nevill to the wall.

> It was beginning to appear to Nevill that he was being driven from stronghold to stronghold. . . . God had repudiated him—in the only way (religious vocation) in which he had seriously thought of serving Him; and now humanity (Enid) had repudiated him—in the only way in which he seriously thought he could serve humanity. Of course in both realms he still did his conventional duties. . . . But where was his centre of gravity to rest? . . .
>
> And it was here, sitting for five minutes in silence with Jim, that he thought he began to see light—to see the Grail; at any rate his Grail God would not do; man would not do—not, that is to say, as objects of passion. What would do? Was it conceivable that Nature would do, and that he would find in it, as poets find that there is a real spirit that can be loved?, . . . Jim had said that God was the proper Person who made one happy: he himself in this very place had thought it to be Enid. Both alike had sought to enshrine a foreign deity. What if there were a deity here all the while in a house not made with hands—sweet and virile spirit that breathed now in the scent of

the bracken, that whispered in the rustle of the undergrowth, that pulsated in his own strong limbs and heart? Might he not try here, at least? Plunge himself in this heavenly spirit of earth, and find in it his rest? Besides, there really seemed nothing else. . . .

But Nevill reckons without his Pursuer.

"Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
And past those noised Feet
A Voice comes yet more fleet—
'Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.'"

He has not resisted nor sunk under his suffering; he has even made a long step toward accepting it by moving into his father's room, but still he has not found his Grail.

Then the Divine Pursuer scores again. One beautiful autumn afternoon Nevill goes blind while out shooting, and when specialists are consulted, a tumor on the brain is discovered for which Nevill must undergo a trepanning operation. The doctor explains that it is a constitutional inheritance, and Nevill begins to grasp the principle of the sins of the fathers "that was a law of mercy, not of wrath."

Nevill goes to a nursing home for the operation. He begins to realize then that the crisis draws nigh, and finally "his own inner childishness came up and took charge once more. It appeared to him absurd to allow his own little thoughts and philosophies to dominate him any longer; . . . the shadows were falling faster every hour. Then it was but reasonable to meet them in the way that was most familiar." The force of education comes to Nevill's help in his great peril. He sends for a priest and receives the Sacraments, but without the least "reaction of devotion; . . . he felt nothing except that he had performed the action proper to his religion." He has moments of rebellion, but grace triumphs and he finally lies on the table "like a sheep on the steps of the altar."

The operation is successfully performed and during those hours of terrible pain that follow it, Nevill learns that "to love means to suffer; but love is the only joy; therefore there must be joy in suffering." He tells Aunt Anna all about it the day after the operation.

"Yes; I've got a heap to say. You won't think me a prig, will you, or sentimental, will you?"

"My dear!"

"Because I really do think it true. Of course it may just be

a reaction, but—well, I don't think it is. I've been thinking a lot, Aunt Anna."

"Yes, my dear."

"I've been a smug beast. That's the beginning. Did I ever tell you about the Pieta at Frascati?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, she and I saw it together, you know—Enid, I mean."

He saw her catch her lower lip in her teeth for an instant. She looked a little pale, too, he noticed.

"Oh, no," he said, thinking that he understood. "That's all over. It's not about her; at least not much. It began with the Pieta. We both said we couldn't bear it."

She nodded. Her face was set in a kind of rigid attention.

"You know what I mean—suffering, and all that. It didn't seem to fit; it seemed morbid, and all that. Well, I don't think that way any more, now."

This time she did not even nod, but her whole intense air assented. She seemed waiting for some denouement.

"It began when Enid threw me over," he went on, closing his eyes for a moment or two. "It was—was awful. Well, I did the wrong thing. I see that now. I might have run amuck; I see that now. But that wasn't really much temptation. But I did what was nearly as bad; I deliberately turned my back. I would not suffer. So I turned to other things, and I rode and I played the fool and I bathed with Jim, and I tried to say to myself that I'd be just an animal—a pagan—oh, a decent sort of animal. I honestly don't think I could be the other. And then I found that I couldn't."

He looked up at her again, and her attentiveness seemed even deepened. She was looking at him with an extraordinary kind of strain in her face, as if watching some process of which she knew the end. She did not even shift her eyes when they met his; it was as if she was looking at a picture. It was almost painful so to be stared at. Again he closed his eyes. He was feeling rather exhausted again. He would make haste and finish.

"I couldn't because—because God would not allow it. (I am trying to tell you simply, my dear. Don't think me a prig, please.) First of all came the blindness. That set me thinking—that and the pain. I did have headaches, you know, besides that I wouldn't tell you about. Then came what Handsworth (the brain specialist) said to me. . . . That startled me. About my father, I mean. . . . And then came the operation. . . . My dear, I'm a born coward. I—I loathed it."

He opened his eyes once more. She was leaning back in her chair; her elbow was on the tea-table and her hand shaded her face. Well, it was easier so.

"But I didn't see it all till yesterday—and last night. I couldn't sleep, you know. I thought and thought. And I don't want to whine, you know—but the pain had been sickening. . . . Well, I believe I see the point now. He wouldn't let

me alone. First Enid, and then, when I tried the other, Pain . . . I give in, Aunt Anna. I don't want to run away any more. I—I—well, to put it in five words, I don't hate the Pieta any more. I see the point. It must be there. Bang in the middle of the woods, too. It's—it's everywhere, you know. There's no getting away. So one may as well accept it."

The Divine Pursuer has won, but the wood must be charred ere he can limn with it. Nevill has learned that His love is

"an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount."

He has yet one more lesson to learn—the lesson of that tremendous crisis that follows immediately on the above passage.

"There's one more thing, and then we'll talk about something else. I've been dawdling frightfully, you know. I've done nothing whatever. Now that simply won't do. And I want you to tell me what's the best thing, when I'm once back at Hartley——"

Then she lifted her face and he saw a look in it that he had never seen before. It was expectacy still, but it was more.

"Oh, no; I don't want to do anything sensational, you know. I'm not going to be fanatical or—or anything like that. But I must do something. It may be Parliament, or it may be——"

He stopped dead.

"What's the matter? Why do you look like that?"

Was it the pressure of her hands on her face? Or was it some strange effect of the half light coming through the thin silk curtains?

She rose as he looked and slid forward on to her knees. He winced a little as her hands came down on his own right hand that lay outside the coverlet.

"My dear," she said, "I am sure you can do a great deal." (Her voice, too, was strange; it had neither tears nor laughter in it; but there was an extraordinary tone in every word. Her face, too, was tense and *exalte*, yet without even a touch of hysteria.) "You can do a great deal. It is for this that—that all this has happened. Nevill, my dear boy——"

She was holding his hand firmly and tenderly. He said nothing.

"Nevill, my dear, you know what you made me promise? . . . That the doctor should say nothing to me that I didn't say to you. Well, I have his leave: he has commissioned me——"

"Is it cancer?" he whispered sharply.

"No, my dear; it is not cancer. He has told you the whole truth. My darling, you won't be afraid. I know that. You have been splendid—splendid. He has done what he could, you know; and now your real work must begin. We are Christians, that is why he has allowed me to tell you so soon." . . .

Over his whole body he felt the light sweat break out, like

ten thousand delicate needle points touching his skin. A solemn deep pulse began to beat at the base of his throat. A light film passed over his eyes, and all that he looked at—her face, the screen by the door, the coverlet on which lay his hand enfolded in hers—all these things appeared to swim a little and then seethe as if in granulation.

"We are Christians, you and I," said Aunt Anna. "There is nothing at all to fear. You had the Sacraments—I know that—before you knew. There is nothing to fear." . . .

"Tell me."

"You will be able to see till the end, they hope. But they are not sure; though he removed most of the—the—but he could not remove all of it. It must grow again, and——"

"How long?" he whispered.

"Three or four months at the most," whispered Aunt Anna.

There was no sound at all in the room as she bowed again her face upon her hands, and then, opening them, rested her lips upon his fingers.

Out of the far distance, checked and muffled by the intervening houses, came the moan of a siren; died again, rose again and was silent. The coals in the grate fell inwards with a soft crash.

When she lifted her eyes again he was lying quite still. He had raised himself a little in bed and he had asked how long, and she had felt him sink back once more as she had answered. Now he was quiet again, with his eyes open and looking beyond the end of his bed as if he were thinking gently.

She did not speak. She understood something of that strange alchemy of the mind which requires time that a new and unexpected element may be allowed to sink gently down and be assimilated. It was not yet sunk in; he knew what she had said; but he did not yet know that he knew it. He was quite pale; his lips were slightly parted; but there was no reaction of shock or of alarm. He was taking it in gently, as his manner was. . . .

There came a tap at the door. That must be the nurse coming to take her away. At the sound he moved his eyes and looked at her, and somehow the expression in his face was not quite what she had expected.

"Aunt Anna——"

"Yes, my darling."

"Aunt Anna——" he hesitated. "I see what you meant just now—when—when you said that about my work. . . . I'll try. . . . Give me a kiss."

But even the tone of his voice was disconcerting. Had he, then, not quite understood?

Yes, Nevill understands, but Aunt Anna's initiation is not yet complete. To her he seems heartless until Mr. Morpeth shows her that the trouble lies in herself, not in Nevill.

"Just at present," went on that unrelenting voice, "you are hardly thinking of your nephew at all. You are thinking of

> yourself. You complain that he is hardened. You mean by that that he turns to God and to the eternal verities for comfort instead of to you. You are jealous of God. . . . In words and actions, as I have said, you have been magnificent; since you have acted contrary to your jealousy, but within you have not really conquered jealousy at all. First, you grudged your nephew to a woman who might, for all you knew at first, have been worthy of him in every way, and now you are grudging him to God. You want him for yourself. He is not naturally a stoic or heartless. You ought to have recognized that. Then how can he appear so?"

Then Mr. Morpeth reads her extracts from some of Nevill's letters to himself and Aunt Anna capitulates, too. From that time the swift denouement is all energized by Nevill. His return home, his apology to the chaplain, the erection of the Pieta on the lawn at Hartley and his last illness follow one another in rapid succession, until

> Every image faded from him; every symbol and memory died; the chasm passed into nothingness, and the Grail was drunk, and colors passed into whiteness, and sounds into the silence of Life, and the Initiation was complete.

And a great wave of joy surges up in the reader's breast as he, too, realizes that all that Nevill seems to have lost is stored for him at home, where the voice of the Divine Pursuer has just bid him: "Rise, clasp My hand and come."

The story of "Initiation," then, is plainly a prose version of the "Hound of Heaven," and no mean satellite of Thompson's masterpiece either, for it is the masterpiece of a great priest's soul. As you read, the feeling that you are looking into the heart of Father Benson himself steadily grows. There is something so intimate in the portrayal of Nevill's inner self that you almost feel a spy at times, and you lay aside the book, convinced that you have glimpsed the soul-history of its priestly author. As a matter of fact, Miss Parr assures us that Father Benson confessed that he had been cruelly stabbed by a masculine Enid.

The greatest interest the book holds out, however, is its presentation of the author's doctrine of Pain. Given certain elements of character, such fineness as lay hidden in the depths of Nevill's, and pain is the only reagent that will bring out the reaction to sanctity. Of course, this way is clearly not for all, but it was the way of the Son of God, and so must be the way of those who would follow Him in an eminent degree. Regarded from this point of view, Pain is one of the surest and most direct paths to mystical union, because the soul divested of all human and natural consolation flies straight into the arms of God, for then it realizes that

" . . . human love needs human meriting—
How hast thou merited . . .
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
. . . . . .
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?"

In "Loneliness?," too, Father Benson again used this same motif, but it is here developed with different variations and a result that is far less pleasing and not nearly so convincing as that achieved in "Initiation." Marion Tenterden, like Nevill, first thinks of a religious vocation, but on discovering her voice, decides on a theatrical vocation instead. Soon after her debut in grand opera, she becomes engaged to Max Merival, a young nobleman, a real "cad," and has just decided to give up her faith to marry him when God steps in. Her voice breaks one night in the grand finale of "Tristan," an operation for tonsils in performed and the wonderful voice is gone forever, but Marion only grows defiant. She resolves to carry out her plan of marrying Max.

" . . . God has not been fair to me. He took away all joy in my religion years ago. And now He has taken away everything else. But He shan't take away Max."

Dear old fussy Maggie Brent is her next loss, killed while on her way to London to try to induce Max to save Marion by submitting to a Catholic marriage. After Maggie's funeral Marion is relentlessly pursued by God's grace: in the little chapel, in her old letters, in Maggie's diary, in the garden before sunrise, . . . everywhere that Divine Lover pleads with her. Finally she returns to the Sacraments, which she had long neglected and then sends for Max. He pretends to find her unjust and unreasonable when she explains that she can never marry him except as a Catholic, even while he is greatly relieved at his release from what promised to prove rather a trying position for a lazy young man with no inheritance. At last she stands alone where he had left in the garden.

Then without moving hand or foot, she lifted her eyes to where through the lancet glimmered the light above the tabernacle.

"Jesus! My Knight! . . . I am ready now," she said softly.

Undoubtedly "Loneliness?" is mystical, at least in theme, but it lacks that sincerity of touch that is so striking in "Initiation." It has that carefully-planned-architecture note about it, whereas "Initiation" is simply the author's heart done in pen and ink. "Loneilness?" is a well executed piano composition ending in a pretty, soft chord; "Initiation" is a violin fantasie that finishes in

one of those exquisitely high, piercingly sweet tones, almost beyond the capability of human conception.

Both "Initiation" and "Loneliness?" belong in that first class of novels of suffering, for in them we find that suffering brings about a change of character both purifying and elevating. For both Sir Nevill Fanning and Marion Tenterden suffering is the crucible in which we see them change and react until that perfection of submissive union with God's will transforms them into strong, virile branches of the true Vine.

In "None Other Gods," on the other hand, the suffering affects the one who suffers in but a very slight degree; nor does it affect any one else. No atonement of any kind is there, no vicarious sacrifice—pure waste, complete failure only; and yet this is perhaps the most mystical novel that was ever written. Certainly it has been the most severely criticized of all of Father Benson's much criticized work. Why this is true is easily explained: the story is too truly mystical, hence mysterious, and the crowd hates anything that eludes its ignorant wisdom. We cannot understand it, therefore it is not good fiction, these critics argue. But is this true?

The story of "None Other Gods" is almost more simple in plot than "Initiation" or "Loneliness?" either, and like them a "one man" story. This time the man is Frank Guiseley, a young Cambridge student, who caps a series of daring escapades by becoming a Catholic. When he announces this news to his father, Lord Talgarth, he receives in reply a 'famous letter" . . . "in which all the well-worn phrases occurred as to 'darkening doors' and 'roof' and 'disgrace to the family.'" Frank takes his father at his word, sells his college furnishings and "sets out like a prince in a fairy tale to make his fortune," much to the dismay of his chum, Jack Kirby.

After sundry adventures at farm work and much tramping about, Frank one day falls in with "two disreputable figures," Major Trustcott and Gertie, supposedly his wife. However, she soon proves to be a silly misled girl, a fact which she confides to Frank one Sunday evening about one week after their first meeting. Meanwhile Frank has his own interior struggles and difficulties and then one morning a queer thing happened in him.

> "It was that strange pause before the dawn when the light has broadened so far as to extinguish the stars, and to bring out all the colors of earth into a cold, deliberate kind of tint. Everything was absolutely motionless about him as he went under the trees and came out above the wide parkland of which the copse was a sort of barrier. The dew lay soaking and thick on the grass slopes, but there was not yet such light as to bring out its

sparkle; and everywhere, dotted on the green before him, sat hundreds of rabbits, the nearest not twenty yards away.

The silence and solemnity of the whole seemed to him extraordinary. There was not a leaf that stirred—each hung as if cut of steel; there was not a bird which chirped nor a distant cock that crew; the rabbits eyed him unafraid in this hour of truce.

It seemed to him like some vast stage on to which he had wandered unexpectedly. The performance of the day before had been played to an end, the night scene-shifting was finished, and the players of the new eternal drama were not yet come. An hour hence they would be all about: the sounds would begin again; men would cross the field-paths, birds would be busy; the wind would awake and the ceaseless whisper of leaves answer its talking. But at present the stage was clear-swept, washed, clean and silent.

It was the solemnity then that impressed him most—solemnity and an air of expectation. Yet it was not mere expectation. There was a suggestion of the fundamental and normal, as if perhaps movement and sound were, after all, no better than interruptions; as if this fixed poise of nature were something complete in itself; as if these trees hung out their leaves to listen to something that they could actually hear, as if these motionless creatures of the woodland were looking upon something that they could actually see; as if there were some great secret actually present and displayed in dead silence and invisibility before those only who possessed the senses necessary to perceive it.

It was odd to regard life from this standpoint, to look back upon the days and their incidents that were past, forward upon the days and incidents to come. Again it was possible for Frank to look upon these things as an outsider and a deliberate critic —as he had done in the stuffy room of the lodging-house in the town. Yet now, though he was again out of the whirl of actual living, he seemed to be looking at things—staring out, as he was, almost unseeing at the grass slopes before him—from exactly the opposite side. Then they had seemed to him the only realities, these tangible, visible things, and all else illusion: now it was the physical things that were illusive and something else that was real. Once again the two elements of life lay detached —matter and spirit; but it was as obviously now spirit that was the reality as it had been matter a day or two before. It was obviously absurd to regard these outward things on which he looked as anything but a frame of something completely different They were too silent, too still, too little self-sufficient to be complete in themselves. Something solid lay embraced between them.

And then Frank saw that he must save Gertie in some way. What happened after this was merely a whole series of trying, many of them rather oddly trivial, incidents that one by one make Frank "feel smaller and smaller." "But there was still a little hard

lump in the middle that would not break," for he still had two things to hold on to—"my religion and Jenny." In all these circumstances Frank has acted with a candor that strongly enlists the reader's interest and sympathy, and so we are not at all surprised when he asks Jack Kirby to tell his father and Jenny Launton, his betrothed, that he has been imprisoned; but he does not explain the why or the wherefore, and Jenny, who is a very perfectly proper young lady, writes Frank a perfectly proper letter that finishes the process through which he has all this time been passing. In the diary written at Father Hildebrand's command later on in the story, he describes the effect of this letter thus:

> "Honestly I don't quite know what I was doing inside for the next week or so. Simply everything was altered. I never had any sort of doubt that she meant what she said, and it was as if there wasn't any sun or moon or sky. It was like being ill. Things happened around me. I ate and drank and walked, but the only thing I wanted was to get away, and get down somewhere into myself and hide. Religion, of course, seemed no good at all. I don't understand quite what people mean by consolations of religion. Religion doesn't seem to me a thing like art or music, in which you can take refuge. In either covers everything, or it isn't religion. Religion has seemed to me (I don't know if I'm wrong) one thing, like other things, so that you can change about and back again. . . . It's either the background and foreground all in one, or it's a kind of game. It's either true or it's a pretense. Well, all this in a way taught me it was absolutely true. Things wouldn't have held together at all unless it was true. But it was no sort of satisfaction. It seemed to me for a while that it was horrible that it was true; that it was frightful to think that God could be like that—since this Jenny business had really happened. But I didn't feel all this exactly consciously at the time. I seemed as if I was ill, and could only lie still and watch and be in hell. One thing, however, . . . was that I honestly did not feel any resentment whatever against either God or Jenny. It was frightful, but it was true, and I just had to lie still inside and look at it."

Frank has advanced a long way in these first few weeks, since he had decided to save Gertie. At the time he does not understand, for it is only after the second "process," the Illuminative Way, is finished that he meets Father Hildebrand, who explains it all to him. Then he learns that the pain caused by Jenny's breaking of their engagement marked the end of the first part of his spiritual life. The Purgative Way is finished.

Frank also describes in his diary the beginning of the "new process," which came upon him suddenly when he awoke one morning in a shepherd's hut at Ripon, whither he had wandered to be alone with himself for a few days.

"It's very hard to describe it in words, but the first thing to say is that I was not exactly happy just then, but absolutely content. I think I should say that it was like this: I saw suddenly that what had been wrong in me was that I had made myself the centre of things, and God a kind of circumference. When He did or allowed things, I said, 'Why does He?'—*from my point of view.* That is to say, I set up my ideas of justice and love and so forth, and then compared His with mine, not mine with His. And I suddenly saw—or, rather, I knew already when I awoke—that this was simply stupid. Even now I cannot imagine why I didn't see it before: I had heard people say it, of course—in sermons and books—but I suppose it had meant nothing to me. . . . Because when one once really sees that, there's no longer any puzzle about anything. One can simply never say 'Why?' again."

From this moment Frank walks, "seeing new things" at every step. The door had been opened into another country and illuminations pour out upon him. Even the presence and conversation of others proves no hindrance to his "seeing things all the time." In the course of this Illuminative Way, Frank contracts tetanus from a blistered heel and is saved by Dr. Whitty, a toxin specialist, whose state of religious unbelief is badly disturbed, to say the least, by the "atmosphere" that Frank creates.

Then this "process," too, "comes to a sort of point on All Souls' Eve." The tramp trio, Frank, Gertie and the Major, had sought refuge from a "wet southwest wind" at a Benedictine monastery, and Frank, at the invitation of Father Hildebrande, witnesses the singing of the matins of the dead. As he knelt there in the silent church waiting for the ceremony to begin

an extraordinary peace seemed to descend and envelop him as he looked—a kind of crown and climax of various interior experiences that were falling on him now—for the last few weeks. . . . There was a sense of home-coming; there was a sense of astounding sanity; there was a sense of an enormous objective peace, meeting and ratifying that interior peace which was beginning to be his. It appeared to him, somehow, as if for the first time he experienced without him that which up to now he had chiefly found within. Certainly there had been moments of this before—not merely emotional, you understand—when heart and head lay still from their striving, and the will reposed in another Will. But this was the climax: it summed up all that he had learned in the last few months; it soothed the last scars away, it explained and answered—and, above all, correlated—his experiences. No doubt it was the physical, as well as the spiritual, atmosphere of this place, the quiet corridors, the warmth and the plainness and the solidity, even the august grace of the refectory —all these helped and had part in the sensation. Yet, if it is possible for you to believe it, these were no more than the vessels

> from which the heavenly fluid streamed; vessels rather that contained a little of that abundance that surged up here as a fountain.

So "Frank had reached the end of a second stage in his journey," and then Dom Hildebrand bids him "look forward to a new 'process' —what he calls the 'Way of Union.'" He also speaks to Frank on religious vocation, but Frank does not agree, because he knows "absolutely for certain" that he must go on with the Major and Gertie until he can in some way separate them and return the girl to her mother.

The scene moves quickly to London, where the rest of the story takes place, except for a few pages which relate the marriage of Jenny to Lord Talgarth. Eventually Frank succeeded in rescuing Gertie, but not without rousing the Major's jealousy and resentment. On Christmas eve he conducted her to her home in Chiswick, and on his return paid a visit to Westminster Cathedral, where a priest is greatly impressed by his appearance as Frank says his penance before the Crib. On leaving the church Frank buys an "extra," which contains the account of the death of his father and brother in an auto accident, and as he enters Hackney Wick, he finds himself suddenly confronted by Jack Kirby, Dick Guiseley, his cousin, and a Mr. Parham-Carter, a young Anglican clergyman, who has been greatly mystified by the "atmosphere" of this strange young man. Frank insists on going on to his cheap lodging house in spite of all their arguments that he is now heir, and so forth.

> "I've got the girl away, and now I'm going to tell the man, and tell him a few other things at the same time. . . . I've got to finish my job clean out. . . . Now clear off, please."

And so he leaves them, promising to come to them on the morrow. But on the morrow

> he lay perfectly still upon his back, his hands clasped before him (and even these were bandaged). His head lay high on three or four pillows, and he wore what looked like a sort of cap, wholly hiding his hair and ears. His profile alone showed clear cut and distinct against the gloom in the corner behind. His face was entirely tranquil, as pale as ivory; his lips were closed. His eyes alone were alive.

Now, at last, as he kneels by the dying man's bed, Mr. Parham-Carter begins to understand the strange power that radiated from Frank.

> . . . It was not that there was anything physical in the room, beyond the things which his senses told him; there was but the dingy furniture, the white bed, august now with a strange dignity as of a white altar, and the four persons besides himself. . . . But that the physical was not the plane in which these five persons were now chiefly conscious was the most evident

> thing of all. . . . There was about them, not a Presence, not an air, not a sweetness or a sound, and yet it is by such negatives only that the thing can be expressed. . . . But the silence in the room was of a different quality; or, rather, the world seemed silent because this room was so and not the other way. It was here that the centre lay, where a battered man was dying, and from this centre radiated out the Great Peace. It was no waste then, after all!—this life of strange unreason ending in this very climax of uselessness, exactly when ordinary usefulness was about to begin. Could that be waste that ended so?

Frank speaks but twice, to ask for his rosary and later for the priest, and when he is told that the priest has already done "what he came for," he lies there still, waiting, with open eyes. To Mr. Parham-Carter

> he seemed to be looking, as in a kind of meditation, at nothing in particular. It was as a man who waits at his ease for some pleasant little event that will unroll by and by. He was in no ecstasy, and, it seemed, in no pain and in no fierce expectation; he was simply at his ease and waiting.

Then at a few minutes before 9

> Those who were there saw him move ever so slightly in bed, and his head lifted a little. Then his head sank once more and the failure was complete.

This is mysticism with a vengeance, and yet "None Other Gods" is one of the best bits of fiction that flowed from Father Benson's fertile pen. In no other book of his is the dramatic power higher, the character delineation finer or the descriptive skill better. As a matter of fact, more than one description in both "Initiation" and "Loneliness?" are curiously reminiscent of certain passages in "None Other Gods." Besides, that prefatory letter to Jack Kirby throws a glamor of awful reality around the story from which the reader can with difficulty escape, and then woven like a golden thread throughout its 477 pages is probably the best and fullest exposition of Father Benson's concept of mysticism.

Of course to the average reader of the story magazine and the "best sellers" the story is absolutely "without a point," but this is merely because such critics lack that other-world viewpoint which was so preëminently Father Benson's, for to this zealous priest nothing at all mattered except the supernatural life of grace within the soul of man. To be ideal this life demands a perfect harmony of all man's physical, mental and spiritual powers and faculties, which naturally in turn connotes sacrifice on the part of all the inferior powers. Hence what possible difference can it make whether Frank Guiseley or any other human being must end in ignominious immolation, provided this harmonized supernaturalization of his being be perfectly accomplished? "The failure was

complete" in every worldly sense for Frank; but "there is no such thing as failure" in such a life as his. The failure is that of His Master—Calvary and then the Resurrection. In "None Other Gods" this basic principle of true mysticism is set before us in an objective, tangible manner, just as temptation is visualized in "Macbeth." We watch the growth towards union in Frank's soul through Father Benson's microscopic pen from its first germination in that mysterious dawn until the heel of Major Trustcott gives it the final touch of perfection.

But the suffering does no one any good, some one objects. Gertie, who is only worth saving because she is a precious human soul, was already safe; the Major is not rendered one whit less beastly; Frank gains absolutely nothing through it, either for himself or any one else.

For others, granted his suffering helps no one else, that much is true. But for himself, yes. It puts the finishing touch, the seal, to the image of God in his soul, without which perfect union were impossible. He who loves would be like the beloved, and he who would be perfectly united to God by love would desire to be like his Beloved in all things, even in pain. His murder is the very crowning of Frank's life; his pain is the power that rends the very last veil between his soul and his Creator, the key that looses his soul to fly straight into its home in that Wounded Heart. Then what does it matter whether his life be reasonable or not, or whether the agent who turns the key be an angel or the most despicable character who roams the pages of Father Benson's novels?

In these three books, "Initiation," "Loneliness?" and "None Other Gods," we have a complete summary of the mystical principles of Monsignor Benson. Some of these ideas, such as the atonement concept, which forms the secondary theme in "Initiation" and is the actuating force of the Maggie Brent story in "Loneliness?," have a more emphatic exposition in certain of his short stories, but it is the same idea, simply silhouetted more sharply. Monsignor Benson has, therefore, a very strong claim to the title, "a mystic of suffering," but has just as certainly failed to secure a monopoly upon the literary offspring of this mysticism. Even a woman dares to compete with him in what seems at first sight to be his own peculiar sphere, and Olive Katharine Parr has reached no mean height in the contest, either, for "A Red-handed Saint" is a book which even Benson might be proud of having written.

The Red-handed Saint is a murderess, one Magdalen White, who, on her discharge from prison, is induced through the kindness

of Constance Beecham, the prison visitor, who tells the story, and the prayers of the Benedictine novice, Clare Coverdale, to undertake a life of penance.

"I want to spend my life and time and health in offering myself as a living victim to God."

Suddenly the remembrance of Clare in her peaceful convent flashed over me.

"In what way?" I asked gently. "Will you go and be a Magdalene?"

"No, no," she cried, wringing her hands. "Such luxury is not for such as me. I must be despised, not respected; jeered at, mocked at. I must not live under the roof with our Lord's sacramental presence; I must withdraw myself from the consolation of His presence. Try to understand, gentle lady. It is easy to serve God in a convent, with all spiritual helps and consolations. My service must be as hard as I know how to make it. I want to serve God afar off, afar off; in darkness and desolation, despised by my fellow-creatures. Do you begin to see what I mean?"

She clung to me, as though pleading for comprehension, and dimly, as through a golden mist, there broke over my mental vision a picture of the life which she yearned to lead. The depths of self-abnegation, implied in such a course, was like a chapter from the lives of the saints. She was possessed by a passion for suffering. From pity my feelings turned to an awe-struck reverence. Who was I to pity this voluntary martyr?

"I want to find two rooms in some slum where every sense will be repelled by noise, dirt, poverty, distress. I want to live absolutely amongst the most wretched of my fellow-creatures, offering a perpetual sacrifice of prayer and penance from their midst, and hoping that if they do not shrink too much from me, they may in time allow me to minister a little to their needs. Now I have told you all. I want your help to find the rooms, and I want your prayers to aid me in my confession. I long and long for God's forgiveness, yet hesitate to ask for it, for I deserve to be eternally lost."

And so the "slum cell" is established in "Angel Alley," where Magdalen spends beautiful days of prayer and charity and awful penance, for she is haunted by what appears to be the ghost of her murdered victim, who taunts her with her eternal damnation and drives her at times to the verge of despair. But she never wavers, and soon a power begins to go out from that "slum cell." The first conquest of Magdalen's prayers is the salvation of a poor working girl. Then comes August Coverdale's conversion. This young man, the brother of the Benedictine nun who prayers have helped to save Magdalen, seems on the verge of losing his faith through his contact with a Scripture evolutionist. Finally, Constance goes to beg Magdalen's prayers for the lad, and to her sur-

prise Magdalen asks her to bring August to see her, saying: "Perhaps the sight and contact with such as me might warn him. Who knows?" . . . "Of course he agreed to come," and Magdalen tells him:

"If some of Our Lord's words are interpolations, what security have I that they are, any of them, what He uttered? For instance, did He really say to the wretched sinner whom they wanted to stone, 'Neither will I condemn thee; go and sin no more'? For weeks and months have I lived, day and night, on that scene of His tender mercy. And now how do I know it is true? That any day some critic will not start up with some theory to refute it? And the same with poor Mary Magdalen. Did Our Lord really say, 'Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much'? Can you not spare me this suffering? Can you not cease to assail the authority of the Church? You do not know how far your words reach, you critics. Even if, in later life, you desire to retract any statement, you cannot be sure that everyone will see it and be comforted."

"Don't, don't; I can't bear it! I promise you I will cut the critics forever if only you will be at peace in your mind again," he exclaimed in an agony of remorse. "Promise me you will believe it all as it stands, as the Church tells you. Promise you will believe those words of Our Lord's that you have loved so much and all His other words, too."

She did not appear to fully heed him.

"I cannot think what *good* you think it can do," she went on, dreamily. . . . "Is it for the greater good of mankind to cast into the stream of fallible things the one infallible sheet-anchor to which all ages have turned for strength and salvation? What *good* do you think you do?"

She waited for an answer, but none came.

"And if yau are not certain that you are doing great good, how can you continue? Life is so short, so short, at its very longest, and nothing, not even heaven itself, can undo the actions we perform. They may be good, they may be bad; nothing can undo them. We may be sorry, we may even give our life's blood in expiation, but nothing can make our actions as though they had never been."

She wrung her hands together in agony.

"Can't you see it in me? I may spend by life in reparation, but can God Himself give back that life which I took? I am forgiven, yes; and I can pay the full penalty of punishment due to my sin. Yes, but how does that help the soul whom I sent, in the midst of sin, to its doom?"

August was pale with horror. He was too appalled to interrupt or answer.

"And you—good God! You, with your white, innocent life, your health and birth and manhood, you fritter it away all in pursuing first one will-o'-the-wisp and then another. What good are you doing with your life? What good have you done

with it? Who can give you back the years that are gone? You see what I am; you see something of the sin and misery of the world; with everything ready to your hand, are you going on doing nothing? You are not hampered by lack of education, by want of money, by physical weakness. You can go, to-morrow, if you choose, and become a priest. You can take upon yourself the state which the very angels must envy; you can receive the power to offer to God the one sacrifice which is worthy of Him, in expiation for the sins of the world. You can receive the power to preach His word to the hopeless; you can receive the power to lift the burden of sin from the despairing. All this and much more. And yet you waste your manhood as you do. Oh, what it is to be a man! To be able to consecrate yourself irrevocably to God! We poor women can never do that. If we take vows, they are all dispensable. But you men, who can receive that ineffaceable Sacrament, consecrating yourselves to God forever, who can lift up holy anointed hands between earth and heaven——"

She broke off, interrupted by a flood of silent tears. Without a word, August turned and left the room. But Magdalen seemed scarcely conscious of his departure. She sank down at her prie-dieu and began to pray, oblivious to everything but the sorrow which filled her heart.

"Oh God, save him!" I heard her murmur. "Take that fair young soul for Yourself." Then her prayer passed into silence, and without disturbing her I made my way quietly from the room.

That very night August takes the train to a Benedictine abbey, and Magdalen later has the consolation of assisting at his ordination, at his consecration as an abbot and finally receives the last Sacraments from his hands. When told of the success of her talk with him, poor Magdalen can only say:

"Thank God! . . . He has not been angry with my prayers. Oh, lady, this means more to me than you can ever know."

The secret working of Magdalen's life is shown a short time after this in her conversation with Mr. Paul Masterman, an agnostic friend of the Coverdales:

"Well, Magdalen, to put it very crudely, I am a man without any religion or much belief in anything except perhaps the power of evil. . . . I can understand good people remaining good; I can understand bad people remaining bad; I can even understand good people becoming bad, but I confess I cannot understand bad people becoming good."

He said it half laughingly, but with an anxious look at the dark face in front of him.

"So you call me good," she said slowly. "Well, we will not haggle about that. . . . You want to know how I became good? Well, I can only say, because God in His mercy used various means to make me do differently."

"But I do not understand your God. Try to be more explicit. What first made you resolve to be different?"

She looked towards me with a smile.

"A visit from one of God's human angels, a letter—a little holy picture."

"And then?"

"Then it came across me in a rush that if any human heart so cared for me and cared for what I was and longed to lift me to her level, how much more must an infinite Heart!"

She paused and he reflected: "Well, that was logical reasoning. You argued from the lesser to the greater. Go on."

"Call it logic if you like," she replied, with a slight smile. "At any rate, there was my mind, convinced. My heart had to follow. I began again to pray a little, just a little at first, then more and more."

"Ah, you believe in prayer, of course?"

"If I did not, I should either be in a madhouse or have committed suicide by now."

"Really? Is it so deep as that. Tell me exactly what you mean by prayer."

She hesitated a little and looked at the Crucifix.

"I am not learned. I can only tell you what it is to me. It is my ability to speak to God and to feel Him speaking to me."

"And you began speaking to Him?"

"Yes. And the more I spoke, the more I regretted my past life. This grew and grew until at last I had only one idea, which was eating me up. It was to make amends . . . to lead exactly the opposite life."

"Did you always believe in God?"

"Always—God forgive me!"

"Well, then, when you began to lead this life, could you have helped it?"

She stared. "I do not understand what you mean."

"I mean, did you do it deliberately? Or did you feel impelled by some power for which you were not responsible?"

"I did it deliberately, of course. I do not understand your question. Of course, God showed me it all, *showed* me how to make amends, but He did not *force* me to do it. I could have gone back—I could go back this very night to the old life, if I liked."

He looked eagerly at the dark face with the blood-red light across it.

"That is what I mean. You have the power to do it or not, as you like?"

She gave a short laugh.

"Just as I had the power to sin or not as I liked."

Then there was a silence. Paul set with knitted brow.

"Then you deliberately chose out the most difficult life you could see as soon as you saw it," he said at last. "And tell me how you feel about suffering. Do you really not dread it and shrink from it? Even if one part of you wants it, as punish-

ment and atonement, don't you dread it in another part of you?"

"That is very difficult to answer," she replied in a low tone—"difficult because I cannot make up my mind to tell you the truth."

"Do, do!" he urged eagerly. "You will never see me again. What does it matter? I do want the truth."

"Well, then, if you wish it, the truth is that I *love* suffering. I can't describe it in any other way. I love it simply. It makes me happy beyond words."

"Thank you. Now can you tell me why?"

She thought deeply.

"Partly because I deserve it, partly because—no, there is really only one great reason why I love it—because life is so short—and it is the only time given us in which to *prove* to God that we love Him. There is no proof of love like suffering for the beloved object is there? And as heaven is perfect happiness, we can never, after this life is over, have a chance to suffer for God. It is that which makes one feel that one can never have enough of it."

He gazed at her, awestruck.

"Do you love God like that?"

That is the whole secret of the life of Magdalen White and every other soul that loves God. Nor was Magdalen's love of suffering any unproved sentiment. That street-mobbing incident and the horrible humiliation at the waxwork—show are terrible enough, but they pale into insignificance before that glimpse of soul struggle that Miss Beecham accidentally discovered one afternoon.

"I . . . was just about to enter Magdalen's room when I was arrested by the sound of her voice in conversation with some one. I listened for a moment at the door, which was ajar, thinking that Father Hyacinth might be visiting her. But, as I listened, I turned cold. She was talking to some one or something whose reply was inaudible to my ears. 'What is the use of it?' she was saying piteously. 'What can I do for you more than I have done? Haven't I worn out my life offering prayers and penances for the repose of your soul, in the hope that you were saved?' "

There was a pause. I stood, shaking. The wonder as to what was really in the room, the feeling that she could hear something inaudible to any one else, the discovery that the apparition had haunted her all these years, were enough to freeze one's blood with horror.

"Well, if you are damned, what can I do?" she continued, in trembling accents, followed by another pause.

"Oh yes, I can save my soul. I can, I can. You know that is a lie. Do leave me. Do let this be the last."

Again she was silent. And I stood, remembering the stories of the apparition which had been told to me at the prisons, coupling them with her recent utterances as to the power of the

devil over his former servants. . . . And . . . I suddenly realized that this might have happened many times before without my suspecting it.

Eventually, Magdalen's poor body succumbs under this strain. Heart disease develops and it becomes necessary for her to give up her slum cell. And then it is that she most of all shows her sanctity for she submits promptly and cheerfully to this last sacrifice, saying:

"I have never insisted upon anything which I did not believe myself called to do. Now I see that that service is over and that God wills me, at the end, to have a brief period of consolation. I take it gladly as His will, just as I took this gladly as His will."

And so Magdalen goes to "a small hospital for incurables kept by some nuns only a few stations from August's abbey," where, by the way, August is now the abbot. The heart attacks become more and more painful and severe; but in the midst of her awful physical suffering, it was "magnificent to witness the unshaken calm of her soul." Then one night God reveals to her that her "poor victim is saved," and that "the apparition had been, not him at all, but a device of the devil to tempt me to despair." That evening she is anointed at her own request, and "through a preconcerted plot between Abbot Augustine (August Coverdale), the convent chaplain and myself" by the abbot himself. When the last blessing was finished,

". . . the abbot took off his stole and came to stand near the bed. 'Well, Magdalen,' he said with a smile, though I could see tears glittering in his eyes, 'are the poor hands clean at last?"'

She nodded, and then broke into tears—the last that she ever shed. And the young prelate did a thing the like of which for tender charity I never have seen equaled. Very slowly he took both her hands within his own, she not resisting, but apparently filled with gladness to think she might at last allow one so pure to touch them; he joined them together, palms open and upwards, as his own had been joined on the day of his first Mass; then, whispering, "Now I am no longer the only one with holy anointed hands," he stooped down and kissed them both.

I think that finally killed her. She never spoke again, but lay in a trance of happiness which we could not disturb. At last she gave me a look full of love and significance, and I knew that the time had come to take her into my arms. Blinded by tears, accordingly I raised her and kissed her forehead as she laid her head down over my heart.

She did not keep me long, dear Magdalen—not nearly so long as the day when she shed her first tears of repentance. In a few minutes I heard a soft, contented sigh, felt a sudden

heaviness and knew that Magdalen and I would never more be separated by earth or time or space.

And to-day the "slum cell" is "a chapel-of-ease," a mission for the slums in charge of the Dominican fathers, where Magdalen's red lamp burns perpetually before her crucifix that now tops a tabernacle.

"The Red-Handed Saint" comes nearer to fulfilling Father Lucas' definition of a novel than those of Father Benson which we have just considered, for it is at least three-part, if not four-part music. Cecilia and Raphael furnish a sweet lyric note and "Periwinkle Poll might have stepped from the pages of Dickens had Dickens possessed our author's spiritual insight." Through the whole story, too, runs that beautiful Catholic conception of the value and nobility of the religious and priestly vocation that one so seldom finds, even in books by Catholic authors, but which seems to be a cardinal virtue of Miss Parr's.

In "The Red-Handed Saint" the mystical idea of suffering as an atonement forms the principal motif of the story. In "Initiation" the atonement is for another; in "The Red-Handed Saint" it is for the person's own sins. Of course one almost instinctively compares this book with Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and in some respects the two books are similar with the balance of true Catholic mysticism strongly in favor of "The Red-Handed Saint." The ethics of the atonement in the "Marble Faun" are correct, but there is a Puritanical shadow that comes from a too close study of God's justice exclusive of His other attributes; whereas the tone of "The Red-Handed Saint" is hopeful and consoling. Hawthorne emphasizes the punishment of sin; Miss Parr lays stress on the loving intercourse of God with the repentant sinner; to Hawthorne God is the judge; to Miss Parr He is rather the Father of the prodigal son. Hawthorne's is the mysticism of the fear of the Lord; Miss Parr's is the mysticism of love. The sinner who would read the "Marble Faun" would undoubtedly be brought to a realization and acceptance of the justice of his punishment, but were "The Red-Handed Saint" to fall into his hands, what hope of pardon, what courage to turn back might not spring up in his heart? And who that has studied the ways of God can doubt that He loves the sinner?

In another book, "A White-Handed Saint," Miss Parr again strikes the mystic note, but in a totally different key. In fact, the book is such an extraordinary mixture of mysticism and romance that one scarcely knows how to form an opinion of it. Passages of the most sublime mystical doctrine descend suddenly into a melodramatic sentimentality, forming such an incongruous med-

ley that the reader puts aside the book in doubt as whether to commend or condemn. On this account one critic, evidently of the masculine gender, censures the book for "the feminine touch," but whether feminine or masculine, this defect is an almost universal fault of the popular novel and certainly in moral tone and spirituality "A White-Handed Saint" far surpasses the average "best seller."

To begin with, Miss Parr assures the reader in the preface that "the book is 'life stuff,' all of it," and such "life stuff!" The story of a pure white sinless life that is one long agony, a ten-year martyrdom of the very refinement of pain the most pitiful and yet most beautiful life one could ever conceive—this is the story of Percivale Douglas as it is told by Phyllis Lambert, for Percivale is not a murderer, but a priest, whose consecrated hands have never had the privilege of performing their sacred duties. A train accident had deprived him of the use of his right hand and arm on the day after his ordination and so he had never even said his first Mass. Since then he had lived alone with his sister at Blackcombe, harassed by disappointment, poverty and the upbraiding of his sister, who resented the sacrifices she was constrained to make for him. When Phyllis expresses her surprise at God's thus treating him, he tells her the secret of his life.

> ". . . It is not a long or a thrilling story, Miss Lambert, and there is a singular absence of plot about it, so far. Well, I needn't go into the reasons which made me join the Church of Rome at the age of twenty-three. That I did do so is sufficient for my story. What I must try to make clear is my vocation to the priesthood, my conception of what is to be a priest." I assented eagerly. . . . "I think," he resumed, after a pause, and speaking very slowly—"I think, to sum it up in a few words, my notion was this: the priest is the man among men who is absolutely God's and the people's—and all the more the people's, for being so wholly God's. He is God's first, and the people's second. He, his whole existence of body and soul, every nerve fibre of his being, every heart beat, every drop of blood, every breath, every movement of his mind, all go to make him a living, conscious, complete, consenting victim of God's offered daily, hourly to God for God's sake and His people's. He offers himself as a perpetual oblation of praise to God: praise for those fellow-creatures who never praise. And I hope with a hope which is more than hope because it is more than faith, it is almost sight—I hope that the absolute completeness of his oblation compensates to God, for the homage of which some men rob Him."
>
> I listened, awestruck, confounded. I felt somehow as if I ought to be kneeling to listen. . . .

"Of course," he continued, after another pause, "such a life as this is not exclusively the priest's. Thousands of men and women are living it all over the world to-day. Some are monks, some nuns. Some are men and women living in the world; some perhaps are married and the fathers and mothers of families. The real difference between the priest and other men is this: the priest is not only God's victim; His voluntary victim: he is His official victim. He is accepted, signed, sealed, anointed, publicly and solemnly by the Church, He consecrates himself by his vow of perpetual chastity and he is, in return, consecrated by a special sacrament which makes him, as I say, God's official victim, gives him the official right to offer to heaven the most stupendous sacrifice of earth. It is in this offering that the essence of the priesthood consists. He administers the sacraments to his fellow-men and this power of administration also is part of the essential character of the priesthood. But the essence of the essence, the very summit and crown of his life is in the offering of that Sacrifice which alone gives adequate, because infinite, praise and thanksgiving to God, which alone makes adequate, because infinite, reparation and supplication for the people. The priest is peculiarly God's victim because he alone is empowered to offer up the Eternal and Infinite Victim. . . .

"That is my ideal of the priesthood. . . . And, of course, it presupposes the striving after perfection of life and soul. The victim must go on becoming more worthy of acceptance. Well, as you know, I was ordained. I will not try to describe what emotions fill the priest's heart on his ordination day. On my way home to celebrate my first Mass, as you also know, I was struck down by this accident. That was ten years ago. For a long time there was hope that returning health might reanimate the paralyzed nerves. But after six or nine months that hope had to be abandoned. Then, of course, came the supreme trial, the almost overpowering temptation not to serve. For months I lived in a veritable hell. . . . Hatred of God, a fierce craving to throw off his yoke entirely, a luridly attractive vision of unlawful pleasures, all fought like the devils they were for my acceptance. To this day their hideous forms appear to me at times. Yes, Miss Lambert, I am only human. You asked me last night if I were a saint. Now you know I am nothing but a struggling mortal, made of common flesh and blood—a mortal who has been through floods and fires of temptation and who will continue to pass through them occasionally to the end. Among others the thought of self-destruction sometimes assails me. But as long as I do not yield to them and am certain I do not displease God, I bear them, almost with gladness. The service of pain is passing dear to me. It is only in this life, this short, short life, we shall have the chance to suffer. For all eternity our service will be joy."

He stopped again and I sat silent far too awed to speak.

"At last," he went on, rousing himself, "I made one huge effort to gather the shattered forces of my life together and piece them into a scarred, maimed whole. The dream of my life had been to restore the old worship to Blackcombe, to offer once more the Infinite Sacrifice in a place where once it had been offered. I believed that this was my mission, the meaning of my life. Our tiny foothold here (he owned a small estate), my call to the old faith and the priesthood seemed part of a perfect whole. I was to be the apostle of this lonely seaside, the Lord's lily in this desert, the one chosen out from among many to build up what had long lain low. I was to be our gracious Lady's gallant knight, a knight with 'Ave Maris Stella' for his war cry, with white fleur-de-lis upon his azure shield. I would toil and screw and scrape till I had once more raised up a chapel in her honor. This was the very raison d'etre of my existence. And then, when at last I left the hospital and returned home, what did I find?"

This time the pause was longer than ever.

"By God's infinite, patient, tender mercy," he said, in a tone so low and tremulous that I could scarcely hear him, "I found that I was still His priest, even if my anointed hands were empty and barren. I found I was still Our Lady's knight, even if I had been hopelessly crippled before striking my first blow for my Queen. My soul, my faith, had been brought to God safely through the fires and floods of hellish temptation. And so I took up my life, my call, as His living victim here. I cannot understand His will. But what is better, I can bow to it, nay, more, embrace it. I cannot offer the supreme sacrifice, but I can offer the next best thing to it, the Divine Office, the praises which flow forever from the 'os ecclesiae,' the mouth of the Church. I can be His unseen, unknown lily in the desert, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, not crying to warn men, crying simply praise to heaven. And with each day I can strive to become more perfect that in the end the victim may be without flaw in the sight of God. Sometimes a fond and foolish fancy comes to me and makes me think that perhaps by glad resignation I may even do God more homage than if I had been a normal priest. Perhaps if I ever attain to the heights of *thanking* Him for my shattered life, I shall give Him more glory than if I had had to thank him for an ordinary life. The measure of our love is the measure of the glory we give Him. And it takes more love to thank Him for this than it would to thank Him for an officiating priesthood. I don't know. But I strain always to those heights, hoping to reach them in the end. At other times it seems to me that God is angry with me and has cast me away as worthless. But this does not trouble me. How can it? I am wholly His, I could not make myself more His than I am. And If I am His, He can do what He likes with me. If it pleases Him to cast me out, I am still His, even if I am nothing better than His outcast. So you see, however you look at it, my life—apart

from the occasional surface storms—is nothing but one vast incarnate peace."

The great crisis of Percivale's life comes a few weeks later, when a manuscript over which he has labored hard and long is rejected by the publishers. He had still hoped to erect the little chapel to Our Lady with the proceeds of this sale, but now God seemed to have rejected not only his priesthood, but his "whole life's work," and he wonders how "God can have the heart to treat one so." Rather oddly Phyllis proves his savior, though the idea of this non-Catholic girl's saving a priest's soul is rather disconcerting to our Catholic instincts, nor is the scene quite convincing. That night Percivale wrote in his diary, discovered after his death:

> May 30—Lord, how can I ever thank Thee for bringing me safely through such a day as this has been? And what are my feelings now that it is over? I ought perhaps to feel shame and despair and remorse and discouragement. But I feel nothing but love. Never on earth was a soul more unworthy of Thy love than mine. And for that very reason, my trust in Thee is boundless. If I were good, a saint, perhaps I should need Thee less. Thou seest how sore my need is and that is why Thou never failest me. A human lover would fain be always united with his beloved, wherever she might be, or whatever she might be doing, whether playing or working, eating or sleeping, good or naughty. He would, if he loved truly, most desire to be with her when she was being tempted and perhaps giving way. The naughty child most sorely needs his father's love. The straying sheep most needs the care of the shepherd. So it is with me. Thou, more tender than any earthly lover, art nearest to me when I need Thee most, when I am sad, discouraged, falling. Never hast Thou been nearer to me, O tender, patient, unfailing Love, than Thou hast been to-day. Thou knowest how grieved I am to have so tried Thee. And yet how I rejoice at this fresh proof of Thy patience and forgiveness. Once more I submit myself entirely to Thy will. Once more I give back to Thee my priesthood, my life, myself, as Thy living victim.

Phyllis obtains the manuscript from Percivale's sister, it is accepted by her publishers and the little chapel is erected. Father Humphreys, Percivale's old classmate, comes to say Mass, and then suddenly poor Percivale finds gall poured into his cup of happiness, for it breaks his heart to serve the Mass he should be celebrating. This time Father Humphreys exorcises the demon in a passage one scarcely refrain from quoting and then the tide begins to turn.

Leo Wedderburn, a young Catholic man of great wealth, coming to visit the man of whose beautiful life he has heard, first falls madly in love with Phyllis, and then decides to make Blackcome his home. This means the introduction of a large Catholic household, a reg-

ular chaplain, and so reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides all this, Leo has determined to pay Percivale a regular annuity for the use of his chapel. The joy of that poor, pain-scarred heart is so great that a stroke results. Strangely enough this restores the health of the poor paralyzed arm and at last Percivale prepares to say his first Mass. What has happened in his soul we learn, too, from his last conversation with Phyllis.

"You know how I have always hoped that this broken life might at last give God more glory than a whole life would have," he resumed. "And how I comforted myself by the belief that such a life was far more difficult to live than an ordinary one. You know how I longed to be a saint, to be the lily among thorns —God's dearest here, and the one to give Him *perfect* worship. Well, I know now that all this has been fulfilled. Last evening I had a vision . . . the first and probably the last of my life. . . I was standing outside the oratory at moonrise . . . and as I watched the soft light shine on the white granite walls, suddenly it occurred to me to wonder if I loved the little place and my life here too much—if I were really detached and really ready to do only God's will in everything. So silently in my soul I framed a prayer begging for this grace, that when death should come to call me away, I might go gladly, without one regret. Then came the light. I saw nothing with my eyes, heard nothing with my ears. I was as alive to my surroundings as I am now . . . But I know that One stood beside me whose love for me is greater than any mortal love. I was aware of His Presence by means of my mind, my soul. I could feel His embrace of my soul. Though it was spiritual, yet it was palpable. I never before so clearly realized that the soul is an actual substance—not an imaginary, impalpable being. I could feel within my soul, when He touched it, and when He left go. It was as if my flesh had become spiritualized, as if my soul had penetrated outwards through my body. . . . I saw the Presence without vision, I heard His words without sound. The words were imprinted on my mind without bodily speech. Yet, if anything, they were more distinct than the words we hear with our ears in the ordinary way. . . .

"The Beloved began by an expression of endearment which is the only thing I cannot describe," he went on, more slowly still. "I have tried to ever since. I have taken every dearest epithet which human lovers ever apply to each other, but they all fall short of the reality. These expressions of endearment were the only wordless part of the whole—I suppose because human speech has no language to convey them. They belong to the language of heaven. But it gave me such a sense of God's love for my soul as my mind never before conceived. It isn't possible to tell you how much He loves me, you, all of us. Well, try to imagine it. After that revelation of His love to me came the assurance that my prayer, may lifelong prayer, has been

answered—and in a way I never dreamt possible. Always I have prayed to give God a *perfect* service here in this place where my lot has been cast. I knew it was an impossible prayer, because we can't ever in the flesh be perfect. Nevertheless, I always prayed for it, hoping that the desire of my soul would be accepted rather than the shortcomings of my human nature. And my prayer is answered in this way: the Beloved made clear to me that death will not take me from here. It will only free me from my flesh, so that my unfettered spirit may offer what it has always craved to offer—perfect worship, perfect praise, and that, too, till earth has passed. He promises me that I am indeed His dearest here, and that mine will be the first perfect worship to rise to the Godhead from this place."

Nor is the Beloved long in fulfilling His promise, for as Percivale kneels making his thanksgiving after his first Mass, he draws one long, trembling sigh and his heart is still forever as his soul passes out to its Maker. His very last act had been to light the sanctuary lamp in the little chapel, for the first time, and Our Lady's white knight, who died on the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians lies buried beneath the altar of Blackcombe, where his brother priests come as to a little sanctuary.

Surely this is quite mystical enough and beautiful enough and sublime enough for the life of any saint, even of those grand, mystical, mediæval times, not to say anything of our materialistic era. The "white-handed saint" does not, however, monopolize all the mysticism in the 316 pages of this book. By no means, for Father Humphreys is a mystic, and Leo Wedderburn knows its terms; even Phyllis Lambert is mystical when she is not weeping. Why, the lovers even interrupt their cooing and billing to discuss mysticism. The book is drenched, drowned, soaked through and through with it, and although the author is a woman, the book is wonderfully sound in its theology. One might take exception to one or two points, but these are essentially minor and are, besides, set forth as merely tentative private opinion. Had Miss Parr but avoided the "sob" device of the modern fictionist, this book might well have been her great masterpiece.

Besides this defect there is, moreover, another very noticeable difference between Robert Hugh Benson and Olive Katharine Parr. In Father Benson's novels nature mysticism is very prominent; in Miss Parr's it is singularly lacking. Monsignor Benson seems to have been intimately persuaded that nature exerts a powerful influence over man, and that God frequently uses it as an instrument, or means of conveying some grace or light to men's souls. Miss Parr, on the other hand, never uses nature as a medium of mystical communication. Men and women, usually women, are always the

instruments of God in her books. Of course, Father Benson uses these human agents, too, but usually not as inspirers of good angels, but as whips or surgeons' knives. In Miss Parr's books, man is the direct current that lights the soul of his fellow-man to God; in Father Benson's novel, man is rather the resistance coil whose heat warms the soul of his fellow-man for God. Such characters as Aunt Anna, Mr. Morpeth and Maggie Brent prevent one, however, from classing Monsignor Benson as a nature mystic. And who would not rather be any one of these rather than sentimental Phyllis Lambert?

These few examples would seem to be sufficient proof both of the existence of the mystical novel and of the adaptability of the mystical theme to fiction, although a number of others might be adduced to add weight to the claim. And besides the novel, there is the mystical short story, than which there is no fairer jewel in fiction's diadem.

Have you read Father Garrold's "The Man's Hands," or Ruth Temple Lindsay's "The Hermit of Dreams," or Enid M. Dinnis' "God's Fairy Tales," or Constance E. Bishop's "The Seventh Wave and Other Soul Stories"? If so, you know the mystical short story; if not, there is a great feast in store for you the day these books fall into your hands, a rich literary feast—and a richer spiritual feast.

Of these writers, both Father Garrold and Mrs. Lindsay are preëminently mystics of suffering, and yet the difference in their respective mysticisms is so great as to scarcely admit of comparison. Both are artists in the technique of the short story; in fact, if neither had never written anything else but these two slender volumes, still would each of these writers deserve a lasting place in literature. Their distinctiveness lies deeper than form. It is a difference in tone, in point of view, in the grasp of the spiritual, so elusive that it evades the bonds of definition. One is conscious of it particularly in the effect that the reading of the two books produces in one's soul. Both interest, thrill, attract; but Mrs. Lindsay's excite a species of depression akin to that half-fearful fascination with which one recalls a bad dream, while Father Garrold's leave a soothing, tender, trustful feeling, even though they depict the most cruel physical torments; they heighten our appreciation of God's pitiful, rewarding love for those who suffer for His sake from the inhumanity and hatred of their fellow-man, and in some subtle way brace up our courage to carry our cross. Whether it be the Venerable Father Southwell, who owns "The Man's Hands," or the blessed Stephen Zuraire, who is led by the lure of the Beloved along "The White Road" to the west where the sword

of a heretic flung open to him "the flaming ramparts of the world," behind which lay "the gold for which he had been so long a patient seeker," or little Gloria Patri, who is frozen to death in the great bell-tower on the night of "The King's Visit"—all are conquering heroes, epic characters, who rise triumphantly from the Calvary of Pain. The way of suffering for them is the quickest way of union with Him for whom they suffer so heroically, so merrily.

But Mrs. Lindsay's "Hermit of Dreams" knows no such heroes. His are mostly tragic characters, who end in ignominious failure like their Master. Do they rise again? The chapter remains sealed for the reader, an unsolved, sometimes an unsolvable problem. The stories are tremendous in atmosphere and emotion and done in exquisite English, with a good dash of nature mysticism in "Beth," though Mrs. Lindsay shows this tendency far less than Father Garrold.

The unusualness of the themes is another very striking feature of these stories and in this characteristic seems to lie the essential difference between Mrs. Lindsay and the other writers of this group. Mrs. Lindsay, too, has a message, but it is a message that is rather terrifying, startling to say the least, in the pictures it presents of Christ's life in the world of to-day. Our Lord still calls disciples, as in "Beth"; still dies in absolute failure, apparently conquered by evil, as in "Trembling in the Scales"; still demands to be recognized as the Redeemer who suffered for our sins, as in "The Story of Innocent Heart"; still requires men to serve Him by prayer and sacrifice, as in "The Incense and the Myrrh"; and still is recognized and known by the few only, as in "Mary Had a Little Lamb," for Our Lord lives forever in His Church and His earthly life is reduplicated again and again in the strife that this Church wages with the world, the flesh and the devil. Each individual Christian is another Christ, who has his Bethlehem, his Gethsemani, his Calvary and his glorious tomb, for only in this way can he be made a perfect copy of Him in whose image and likeness he was made. It is these first stages that Mrs. Lindsay so powerfully shows us, but although there is the hint of the real and ultimate triumph, the proportion of the emphasis given to this latter is so small the average reader will fail to catch that tiny rift in the clouds of tragedy that envelop the story. For this reason one hesitates to give unqualified commendation to "The Hermit of Dreams." For youth and the untrained thinker these stories might be really dangerous, although their literary merit is undoubtedly very great. Mrs. Lindsay makes God's love a terrible thing, a love that delights in seeing those who are beloved and who love God in return suffering, tormented, crushed with pain. It is a picture that would set the hardest heart

aquaking, not to say anything of those timorous ones that must be coaxed into the road to sanctity, or brave, upright hearts that resent a slavish tyranny. But turn to "The Man's Hands," by Father Garrold. Here, too, men suffer and die, but for a King, a tender, compassionate, sympathetic King, who shares their suffering, their sorrow, their degradation, who fights the battle side by side with them, and who takes the hardest share for Himself, giving them all the consolation in His power. This is Our Divine Lord as His true followers know Him! Good Shepherd, great King, forgiving Father, loving big Brother—these the Son of God is, and we find ourselves resenting Mrs. Lindsay's pictures of Him as a relentless Justice, a stern dispenser of bitter medicines, a trampler on human hearts and souls.

With what relief, then, one opens the little purple volume with its black title, "God's Fairy Tales," by E. M. Dinnis, for Miss Dinnis knows the Jesus of Nazareth that the sinner, the blind and the lame of Judea once knew, the gentle Saviour that His friends, yes, and His enemies, too, still know. These twelve little tales are excellent examples of that other type of the mystical novel, the mysticism of God's Providence. In every one of these stories we have an exemplification of "God's close and loving relationship with His creatures, preternaturally manifested." Sometimes the Holy Eucharist weighs down a man, making him another "Christopher," while grace goes out to save or heal some soul; sometimes it is a tramp that becomes "The Intruder," bringing faith to a man who longs for a vision; sometimes a sick child's delirium sees in the maimed face of a persecuted priest a beautiful countenance, thus throwing off the poor, brave saint's pursuers; sometimes it is just the odor of lavender on a charitable Veronica's handkerchief that wakes the grace of repentance in a dying sinner's soul—trivial incidents, many of them, if you will, but to the eye of faith pregnant with meaning. God loves us more than we can even dimly guess, and that tender, patient love finds nothing too small, nothing too commonplace, nothing too trivial, for His use if it but serve to give Him a means of helping us. Like a fecund atmosphere does His love surround us, energizing our vitality, quickening our life, vivifying our soul, and we being partly material, partly spiritual beings, He must of necessity employ both material and spiritual means. Ah, the wonder of that privilege, to be the instrument with which He elects to work! What tool could be mean or small or inconsequent if it moved by the touch of the Master's hand, and what a glory that touch would leave on it forevermore! Yet so it is as the smallest child knows, for is it not in Him we live and move and have our being?

An analysis of any one of the stories in "God's Fairy Tales" will reveal these principles. Let us take the fifth, "Simple Simon," as an example. Simple Simon, a poor, puny little boy, whose daily work it was to carry a huge bundle of "trouses" to Mr. Moss Isaacofsky and to bring home a new bundle of work for his mother, had received his nickname from a "rum bloke," which translated means a Roman Catholic priest. Meeting the child one day, the Rum Bloke had asked whether he did not find the bundle "terribly heavy," and the lad had answered, "Middlin';" the man smiled at him out of very gentle eyes and said: "Well done, little Simon of Cyrene." Some companions had caught at the name and recalling the nursery rhyme, had dubbed the boy Simple Simon.

One evening a little later, Mr. Isaacofsky refused to take the finished work and so Simon started home with a double load. After several bad falls the poor little lad found himself in front of Pat Murphy's church, "where they worship candles and pray to pictures and images." The door stood open, "the refuge looked inviting," and "Simon was horribly used up." "He ventured in," found a dark corner where he deposited his bundle, "just below a statue with outstretched hands," and then looked about. Imagine his dismay on discovering two "blokes" near the door, "and one of them no other than the Rum Bloke himself!"

> He was wearing black petticoats on this occasion that hid his shabby "trouses." The other gentleman was by way of being a "real toff," and Simple Simon had remarked with much interest that the Rum Bloke had got a bad name for him as well, by which he addressed him.
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> "You're a mystic," he was saying, "so you will appreciate my new Stations; there's a lot of real poetry in that French fellow's designs, he's a magnificent painter, too. You'll be able to see them better when the boy brings the lights; we are just going to make the Stations."
>
> "I'll join in with pleasure," replied the man who had submitted to being called a mystic. Simple Simon wondered what on earth it all meant.

But "impelled by curiosity," "Simple Simon, with his bundle, hovered in the shadow on the other side of the tall columns where there was a narrow gangway between the latter and the rows of rush-bottomed chairs," during the whole ceremony, moving along from picture to picture. At the Fifth Station

> Simple Simon received a shock. To begin with, he was feeling uncommonly queer on account of the weight of the bunde, and was, indeed, wondering whether he could hold out much longer when he distinctly caught the sound of the name that the Bloke

had addressed him by on that occasion. The Bloke had evidently spotted him.

He got as far as the door and then collapsed into "a shy little seat at the far end of a bench." Presently he began to feel better. By now the people had dispersed.

> Only the Bloke and the Mystic remained. They came down the aisle where Simple Simon was hiding, talking together.
>
> "But, my dear fellow," the Bloke was saying, "what is it that you find so extraordinary in my Stations? I'm surprised; I thought the pictures would appeal to you."
>
> "But," the other said, "why—why is our Saviour represented in the first five without His cross?"
>
> The other stared at him in amazement.
>
> "What idea have you got in your head?" he said. "Couldn't you see the pictures properly?"
>
> "I saw perfectly," the other said, "and there was no cross on the shoulders of our Lord until the Sixth Station—Veronica! And Simon of Cyrene is represented as quite a boy—what can the artist be about?"
>
> His Companion looked at him in silence for a moment.
>
> "Don't you think we had better go back and see?" he said quietly.

And then to the frightened boy's great relief they turned back to examine the pictures. Poor little trembling Simple Simon raised his bundle and staggered towards the door, but "the big spirit that animated the little wizened body suddenly gave out."

The two priests picked the lad up and calling a cab took him to the Settlement hospital. As they drove along, Simon began to come to and he heard the Mystic say:

> "I can't think where I've seen the lad! The face is quite familiar; I've seen him somewhere quite lately, yet I don't believe it was at the Settement—more recenty still." Then: "I've got it, Mike! Good God! (this quite reverently) "It's Simon of Cyrene!"

The Settlement doctor soon found "that Simple Simon was suffering from a form of malady that made the bearing of bundles a very terrible thing indeed." The mother was assisted and little Simon remained at the Settlement "with one leg abbreviated," where he soon "learnt enough to know what prayers before pictures meant." The first time Simon made the Stations on his crutches, the Rum Bloke had watched the Mystic curiously. As they paused before the First Station, the latter "had given a slight start, drawn a quick breath and a strange light had come into his eyes." And now when "there is a big thing to be pulled off at the Settlement," the Mystic says: "Little Brother Simon, I want you to make the

Way of the Cross for my intention this evening." And then "the big thing is generally pulled off."

Now, of course, your materialist objects that this story of Simple Simon is simply a record of happy accidents. The boy just happened to enter the church; he fainted from a purely natural cause, medical knowledge (science) and charity (humanitarianism) did the rest. Yes, but why did it happen so? Why do a thousand strange things and perfectly obvious things, too, happen in the life of every single one of us? Is life simply a game in which the dice just happen to fall so? Or are its events shaped by the hand of Him who counts the sparrow's falls? Put them side by side: the chance of Materialism, the Providence of Faith, and then consider Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary. Would a father, a big brother, have done all that and still permit man to be the helpless dupe of fate? Faith alone explains those wonderful thirty-three years, faith alone understands those seemingly accidental events of our lives, sees not only the event in itself, but the divine hand that is behind it, too. Ah, blessed are the eyes of faith that are the inheritance of the clean of heart! With such eyes the soul knows a world, a great, beautiful, wonderful world, that is beyond the poor world-blind heart even to conceive, and with such eyes it becomes possible for the soul to enter into a union with God so intimate, so constant, so trustful and loving that in actual truth it abideth in God and God in it. God is so close to us always, dwelling right in our very souls, watching, guiding, protecting our lives at every instant, that the difficulty would rather seem to be that we could prevent the union of our soul with Him, and surely no aspect of our relations with God could be more conducive to true mysticism than that of His Divine Providence.

This is the mysticism of Enid M. Dinnis, who is preëminently a woman of faith. A loving, trustful confidence in God, a clear insight into His tender Providence, a simple, childlike love for Him, are the best traits of this author, and one lays aside her little book consoled, strengthened, encouraged, enlightened, conscious of a new measure of love and trust in Our Father. In a word, "God's Fairy Tales" have all the qualities a venerable Jesuit novice-master was accustomed to declare a good meditation book should possess. There is not a line that even the most austere critic might regard as dangerous, and besides, Miss Dinnis has told her stories in a simple, straightforward, happy-hearted style that is a distinct addition to the theme. Like the Jesuit in "Initiation," she has "the tact of utter simplicity," one of the most essential requisites of a true mystic. Miss Dinnis can be a nature mystic, too, if occasion demand, but even then she is still the mystic of God's Providence.

The other writer of this short-story group, Constance E. Bishop, is somewhat more difficult to classify. "The Seventh Wave and Other Soul Stories" shows a blending of both the mysticism of suffering and the mysticism of God's Providence. Naturally speaking, it is, of course, an almost impossible task to keep each distinct from the other, since suffering is certainly one of the dispensations of God's Providence in our regard, and so even "Initiation" and "None Other Gods" are redolent of the tender, watchful care of Our Heavenly Father. But Father Benson so clearly emphasizes the suffering and Miss Dinnis the Providence aspect that one feels no hesitancy in making the distinction in their case. However, no matter what kind of a mystic their author may be, Constance E. Bishop's best stories are stories of suffering. The greater number of stories in her book are told in first person, too, in a manner that savors strongly of autobiography. This is particularly true of the first story, "The Seventh Wave," which is probably the best one of the seven. Some of the others, "Lachryma Sancti," for instance, are startlingly fantastic, although the lesson, symbolically conveyed, is ethically and mystically correct. The description of the soul experience in "The Professor's Awakening" is Dantean in its marvelous imagination, and such a contrast to "A Little Child Shall Lead," as one wonders at in reading Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," and then his "Ex Ore Infantium." Another characteristic feature of Constance E. Bishop's stories is their setting, the few scenes which are not laid in Scotland having their stage-setting in India, and then there is the subtle something of the Celtic temperament coloring both the treatment and background of her stories and giving them a delightfully distinctive flavor which entirely separates this book from the rest of its fellows. "God's Fairy Tales" have the advantage of "The Seventh Wave and Other Soul Stories" in lucidity and simplicity and cheeriness of tone. The latter set have caught a little of the austerity of the rugged Scottish landscape, more sturdy, perhaps, than "God's Fairy Tales," but lacking the compelling sweetness of the latter.

Besides these two main classes of mystical stories, the story of suffering and the story of God's Providence, one must also take cognizance of the ghost and miracle stories. These latter are preternatural, sometimes supernatural, too, but not as a rule mystical because they lack the "element of expressing God's habitual nearness and loving grace to us." In fact, many of the ghost variety leave one no definite conclusion of any kind. The appearance seems absolutely purposeless, though this may proceed, of course, from our poor human slowness in grasping the import of things spiritual. In this class belong the greater number of the stories in Monsignor

Benson's "Mirror of Shalott." In "Father Mueron's Tale," "Father Girdlestone's Tale," "Father Martin's Tale" and "Father Bianchi's Tale," the existence and power of evil spirits is shown; "Father Brent's Tale," "Father Macclesfield's Tale," "Mr. Percival's Tale" and "My Own Tale" are ghost stories; "Father Jenks' Tale" is a miracle story; "Father Stein's Tale" a dream, and "Mr. Bosanquet's Tale" is the prototype of "The Professor's Awakening" in Constance E. Bishop's "The Seventh Wave." The remaining two stories, "Monsignor Maxwell's Tale" and "The Father Rector's Tale," are the only really mystical stories out of the thirteen that make up the volume. Both of these are stories of suffering, the first a tremendous tale of mystical substitution like the Maggie Brent story in "Loneliness," the second a tale of purification that is almost terrifying. In fact, an atmosphere of that awe of the supernatural so pervades this book of Father Benson's short stories that one does not particularly enjoy reading it when alone, and one's faith and love and nearness to God are in no way helped by this uncanny fear. We finish more convinced than ever that "things happen"; "that this spiritual world is crammed full of energy and movement and affairs," but "we know practically nothing of it at all, except those few main principles which are called the Catholic faith—nothing else."

Any one of these books here discussed gives sufficient warrant to the contention of Father Lucas that Catholic fiction has distinct advantages over non-Catholic. The Catholic novel may, indeed, be inferior in plot construction, it may be merely a "melody with an accompaniment," but in plot interest and plot significance it far outstrips its non-Catholic rivals. The reason for this superiority is obvious: "the end for the denouement is higher." The value of human acts is measured by the purpose, aim or intention of their author, that is, by the end for which he acts. If this end is merely a temporal or human end, then the act it inspires deserves but a temporal or human reward. On the other hand, if the act is prompted by a supernatural motive, if God was the end in view when acting, the act becomes worthy of eternal and divine reward. So a man may be a mere animal, or he may be a God, as St. Paul tells us. Precisely the same principle applies to the novel. The value of fiction is as the end of its denouement. If this end be purely passion, sensuality, depravity of any form, the book is plainly bad; if humanitarianism, social service and the like, it may be merely indifferent; but if its end be spiritual, supernatural, mystical, why, then, it is a modern "handmaid of the Lord."

And such is the Catholic fiction we have been considering. It is tragedy, much of it, if you will; it is unquestionably religious; but it

is artistic and interesting, too. "Initiation" and "The Red-Handed Saint" are live stories, and so on down the list we have here examined. Not one of these nine books is dull or insipid, and yet religion is the very lifeblood of every one of them. But why should it not be? A novel purports to be before all else a representation of probable human beings and their actions. Now any probable human being is a dual creature composed of a perishable body and an immortal soul. No normal human being, therefore, has any right to be anything but a creature motivated by religion, for religion is simply the outward, tangible expression of the spiritual relations which bind the soul to its Creator, and since the soul is immortal, what could possibly be more important than a correct regulation of this spiritual bond? The marvel of it is that we could ever feel that we could spend even five minutes in doing anything or reading anything that does not tend to tighten our hold upon God. But if we can find a book that nourishes our spiritual life and amuses us at the same time, so much the better both for us and the book.

English fiction seems to fall pretty much into three groups: the rotten-apple type, the show-window-lady type and the handmaid-of-the-Lord type. The first in form and structure, coloring and all external accessories is often a perfect fruit, artistic as, sometimes even surpassing, its sound neighbors. But open it. Within a mass of ugly worms, loathsome creatures of a corrupted mind, prey and feed upon the very heart of what one thought to find so beautiful and wholesome. The artistry is but a mask for a vileness so hideous that we despair of words severe enough to express our censure.

The second type, also, is attractively arrayed, but all its beautiful trappings are hung on a lifeless wire skeleton. No soul animates that graceful figure, no heart beats in its hollow breast, no intelligence flashes from its eyes. All its beauty is a mere external, a garish display, but when all is said, it still remains a mere "vanity of vanities." Oh, of course, it may have its plot-significance for those who are content to worship at the shrine of Science—poor, abused word—or whose creed spells altruism, but for a faith-seeing soul whose end is God, such a book is of the earth earthy, while it longs for a breath of heaven, the home of its Beloved.

And that is just what the third type brings us. You remember how long, long ago God's great Angel came to a little Galilean maiden where she knelt at prayer and asked her to accept the honor and obligation of Mother of God. Her answer, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," still rings through this valley of tears, brightening it with the hope of Redemption. It was her pure, hum-

ble life that drew God down to dwell in our midst; it was her hidden virtue that robbed death of its terror; it was her mystical union with God that made her "blessed among women." The gates of heaven were opened through her, Mary, Mother of Divine Grace.

And just as God chose a poor, humble little maiden for the channel of the most stupendous manifestation of His love for mankind, so does He still choose many another humble human instrument to convey His grace to us. The Church understands this action of the Holy Spirit so well that she blesses everything in God's great creation from the humblest creature to the most perfect invention of modern science—mixed marriages alone excepted. And so, whenever the use of, or contact with, any creature—in the Ignatian sense—draws us closer to God, gives us a clearer perception of His perfections, His designs, His providence, makes it possible for us to love Him more ardently, trust Him more confidently and serve Him more perfectly, that creature, be it man, woman, nature, instrument or book, even a novel, is a handmaid of the Lord just as truly as was our Blessed Mother, though of course in a less eminent degree.

Now who could read "Initiation" or "A Red-Handed Saint," or "God's Fairy Tales" and not feel a new interest in spiritual things, to say the least? To open and read any of these books is like what a passing peep into Nazareth must have been to the people of that little town in the days when He went in and out among men. As the wind lifted the veil of His maiden Mother, the passerby caught just a swift glimpse of the God Incarnate, but went on his way wondering at what he had heard and seen. So we take up one of these books and for one brief hour a tiny breeze steals through heaven's gates to refresh our weary spirits, drooping and parched and soiled by the heat and dust of life's warfare. Again the handmaid of the Lord passes by, and we feel that the Lord is near.

We Americans are prone to evaluate everything by the standard of its human utility. Weighed in this balance, the worth of the mystical novel becomes even more strikingly apparent. There are two great crises in the life of every human being when the spiritual is one's only salvation. One of these critical moments comes with the failure of some cherished plan, when all the hopes, all the work, perhaps all the resources of a lifetime, collapse, and a man stands alone with the ruins of all his best efforts crashing down about him. Then, unless some powerful friend come forward to console and cheer and strengthen him, he will almost inevitably be beaten under and lost in the downfall of his ambition or be left to drag out a broken life in cynicism or despair; but if a man has

made his soul "the trysting place with the Divine" and has learned to turn himself to the hidden temple where God abides, he is always victorious becaause his King always fights with him and gives him of His own Divine strength and consolation and healing. Now the mystical novel assuredly tends to induce the cultivation of that inward life so essential to man's happiness, for as often as a man reads one of these books he will find himself thinking and reflecting on the things that really matter and learning from the example of the characters he meets in their pages the great lessons of patience and humility and resignation that spell success in the solving of life's problem.

But should no such need ever arise in his life, there is another crisis which no human being can avoid. Not even the Word Incarnate nor God's Holy Mother escaped this common trial of all mankind. This crucial moment is the hour of death, the most vital, the supremest hour of a man's life, for eternity hangs on its issue. At that moment a man must fight, single-handed and alone, the combined forces of his own evil deeds and of the legions of hell. His very closest friends cannot lift even a finger in his defense, and then woe to him if he dare not look to God for help and succor. If his reading be joined with the powers arrayed against him, how much the worse for him. But if, at that hour, his past reading can be not only a disinterested spectator of his conflict, but can enter the lists with power to draw him more closely to the side on which his King does battle, how happy he is! Bad fiction has hurled many a soul down to eternal despair; why, then, might not good novels, these "God's-Plot" kind, form little stepping stones to heaven?

J. R. Adams.

A SAINTLY AMERICAN BISHOP.

EARLY LIFE.

WHEN Simon Bruté was consecrated first Bishop of Vincennes, the new diocese comprised the State of Indiana and a part of Illinois, and this large territory had only three priests to minister to the scattered Catholics of this desolate vineyard when he took possession of his see on November 5, 1834.

The episcopal town took its name from M. de Vincennes, a French military officer who had been massacred there in company with a French Jesuit as they were on their way to a friendly Indian settlement on the Wabash, known as the mission of St. Francis Xavier. To write the life of good Bishop Bruté would be to give a synopsis of at least all the stirring events of France and America in that period, particularly of the former country where he beheld the sanguinary tragedy of the Revolution. It is our aim merely to present a sketch of the pioneer Bishop in his trying apostolate, where he was the model of every sacerdotal virtue and recalled the sanctity, simplicity and penance of the Bishops of the golden days of Christianity. Simon Gabriel Bruté was born at Rennes, the capital of ever faithful Brittany, France, on the night of the 20th of March, 1779, of Simon William Gabriel Bruté de Remur and Renée Jeanne Le Saulnier de Vauhelle, his wife. Both parents belonged to ancient families and at the time of the birth of the subject of our sketch his father held the position of superintendent of the finances of his native province and had an offer of the more remunerative office of farmer-general of the revenues at Paris.

After the birth of Simon, the child was sent into the country to a foster nurse, according to the custom of the times. There were three hamlets adjoining—one was known as Hell, another as Paradise and the third as Purgatory. The future Bishop was domiciled in the hamlet with the direful name of Hell. The nurse who had charge of him was of a practical turn of mind, and sometimes obliged a poor neighbor by giving her a loan of her charge, so that she could impose on the charitably disposed by representing herself as a widow with a lone orphan child. Bishop Bruté loved to speak of the incident in a jocose manner and felt some consolation that he had been a source of profit even in childhood to the poor.

The shadow of adversity fell on the Bruté family by the death of the head of the family on the 27th of February, 1786, when instead of the opulence and much-cherished removal to Paris succeeded a period of difficulty for the family. Monsieur Bruté had, it appears, allowed persons to run in debt for their taxes, and at his

death it was found that upwards of a million of francs were due. Jealous of her husband's good name, Madame Bruté took over the supervision of his seemingly hopeless affairs, determined, if necessary, to make up the deficit out of her own property. She engaged two accountants and they finally found that the losses would not be so considerable. Madame Bruté's letters indicate that she was a lady of more than ordinary ability and piety. It was under such a mother that the religious and intellectual character of the son was fostered.

He was also singularly favored in having the celebrated Abbé Carron as his guide and confessor until that good priest was compelled to emigrate to England, where his labors and zeal spread the faith and helped so largely the "Catholic Revival." The abbé was known as the St. Vincent de Paul of his own day. We gain a pleasing insight into the early life of Bishop Bruté through the pages of a diary which was not intended for public gaze. In it he says that the only sin he had to reproach his conscience after five years of school life was having taken an apple from the stand of an old woman who sold fruit. He fortunately received religious instruction before the religious upheaval and made his First Communion in 1791, and often thanked God for the state of innocence and piety he was in when he performed this most important act. His papers speak of the series of preparatory instructions, the solemn surroundings and the confession and Holy Communion, the memory of which was never effaced in after years. He describes his early school life at the boarding school of Madame Badier, at Rennes, and the attendance at the College under the supervision of Pere Sorette. On November 4, 1789, the Constituent Assembly confiscated all ecclesiastical property, suppressed the religious orders and proceeded with its object of dechristianizing France by enacting the infamous civil constitution of the clergy.

The Bishops and priests were then chosen by the electors and all communication with Rome was forbidden and the open exercise of religion ceased in France. The college where M. Bruté pursued his studies was dispersed and he had to go to a private college to receive a Christian education. This in itself was a crime against the State, which boasted so much of liberty, equality and fraternity. A letter from a friend, L'Abbé De Pierre, to his young friend Bruté describes what took place at St. Sulpice on the occasion of administering the civic oath, January 19, 1791, in which the curé of St. Sulpice and over fifty priests were threatened with an awful death if they did not take the iniquitous oath. They remained steadfast and informed the mob that they would suffer persecution and

death rather than take the forbidden oath or recognize the constitutional Bishops. During the days of terror M. Bruté found relief from anxieties by a close application to study and was eminently successful in filling his mind with science and classic lore. In after years he could recite the fables of Fontaine, scenes from Racine and Corneille and passages from French and Latin poets with ease. He acquired familiarity with the Greek classics, which developed his knowledge of the Greek fathers of the Church, for which he was distinguished as a professor. His studies were interrupted by the revolutionary troubles and he spent two years in the printing establishment of his mother and became an expert compositor. He was thus saved from being enrolled in a youthful regiment that had to be present at the condemnation of the victims of the revolution.

On the 10th of February, 1796, he began the study of medicine with a Doctor Duval, an eminent surgeon of his native city. He selected the medical profession because it afforded him an opportunity of being useful to his fellow-creatures. If he had any inclination at the time for the ecclesiastical state, the condition of France rendered such aspirations hopeless. His earnest application to his medical studies did not impair his faith, as his correspondence with imprisoned priests at Rennes and elsewhere shows. He served as an intermediary for these holy confessors of the faith and their friends. After two years' study under Dr. Duval, he went to the medical school at Paris and attended the lectures of eminent professors, such as Pinel, Foureroy, etc. Many of these distinguished men were avowed infidels and tried to inculcate their false principles in their students. This insidious propaganda succeeded in a measure, but Bruté openly practiced his religion and organized a band of Breton students to oppose the false teachings to which they were obliged to listen. They chose such subjects for their thesis before class as enabled them to avow and defend their belief in Christianity and strengthened those of the students who had been wavering in religion. Napoleon was then First Consul and was restoring Catholicity as the necessary means of reorganizing society, and when he learned of the tactics pursued by the students, he commanded that the infidel professors should confine their attention to medicine and not make religion the object of their sneers and sophistries. Such were the satisfactory effects of the youthful apologists. Bruté graduated as a doctor with the highest honors in 1803 at the concursus which 1,100 students attended. He received first prize in another examination and sent the reward to Dr. Duval, who had been his teacher at Rennes.

He was appointed physician to the great dispensary in Paris, but

refused it, having by that time determined to study for the Church. It was a great sacrifice to abandon a profession to which he had devoted years of assiduous study and which opened the most brilliant prospects for the future. The seminary would end all earthly renown, and the priesthood then was the most undesirable of callings. Perhaps he realized all this, but saw also that it was easy to find doctors for the body out of the 11,000 students then studying medicine in Paris, but the Revolution had made it more painful to find priests for the ills of the soul. Infidelity and impiety had eaten into the souls of millions in France, and the Bishops wisely made it their first care to re-establish seminaries to provide priests in the place of the thousands who had perished. Dr. Bruté had lived a life in the world which was a fitting preparation for the sanctuary, and he found theology was admirably fitted for his mind and it became a delight to explore all that related to it. He carefully studied the works of the fathers of the Church and the acts and canons of her councils, and his voluminous notes show how he recorded every point which served to defend or illustrate truth and confute error. He was a tireless student and as a consequence of this industry, his tenacious memory enabled him to lay up a treasure house of learning.

After completing the usual course of four years in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, he was ordained priest in the parish church of St. Sulpice by Bishop André, the retired Bishop of Quimper, on the Saturday before Trinity Sunday, 1808. He desired to go to India as a missionary, where his degree of doctor of medicine would prove useful. The Bishop of Nantes was anxious that he should come to his diocese, but the Bishop of his native Diocese of Rennes, who knew his worth, appointed him professor of theology in the diocesan seminary. The Bishop also offered him a canonry in his Cathedral, which dignity he gracefully refused, and he still clung on to the resolution of devoting himself to the foreign missions. He detached himself from home and friends and was prepared for the necessary sacrifice to leave his beloved France at any moment. Father Flaget, who had been several years on the American missions, was nominated to the new See of Kentucky, and came to St. Sulpice to M. Bardstown Emery, in the hope of being permitted to decline the Bishopric, but found orders awaiting him at the seminary from the Pope that he should accept the office to which he had been called.

Pere Bruté was probably encouraged by the Bishop-elect to go on the American missions and accompanied his new superior after having obtained his Bishop's consent. They sailed from Bordeaux

and arrived in Baltimore on the 10th of August, 1810, where he was retained for nearly two years as professor of philosophy in the seminary. Father Bruté kept up correspondence with his countryman, the Bishop of Bardstown, and gave home news from France. He always retained the greatest veneration for the venerable Bishop and both names are linked together in the history of the Catholic Church of pioneer days with that of Bishop Dubois.

SEMINARY LIFE.

In 1812 he was sent for some months to St. Joseph's, Talbot county, as assistant to Father Monaly, where he made gallant attempts to preach in English. He was then changed to Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, as assistant to Father Dubois, who was the founder and president of Mount St. Mary's College, pastor of Emmitsburg and superior of the new congregation of the Sisters of Charity, which had lately been founded by Mother Seton. These varied duties made it necessary that there should be an assistant priest. So Father Bruté was sent to the mountain, where he remained (except for an interval, 1815-1818) until he was chosen Bishop of Vincennes. The district was an historic one for the Catholic religion, where it received a foothold before the Revolution. The Church in Emmitsburg village was built in 1793-94, but the mountain church dates from 1805-06. The old log cabin at the elder station stood for many years surrounded by primeval forests, and was the only Catholic place of worship in that part of the country and was built by some Catholics of English descent.

An influx of Irish Catholics caused the Church in the village to be built, and eventually a resident priest was appointed. The first priest was the Rev. Matthew Ryan. In 1818 the Sulpicians had the intention of selling the college, but the surrounding people gave generous help to Father Dubois in order to obviate any such necessity, so that things were left "in statu quo." The seminary life likewise afforded Father Bruté a scope for his apostolic zeal and he could never have done such work in his desired India. Archbishop Bayley said: "It is in no disparagement of those holy and eminent men who have adorned the annals of the Catholic Church in this country—of a Carroll, a Cheverus, a Dubois and a Flaget—to say that no one has ever exerted a more beneficial influence in favor of the Catholic religion than Bishop Bruté." His humility, piety and learning made him a model professor and he stamped the college with a true ecclesiastical spirit and made it a nursery of an educated and zealous priesthood. Old students of the college used to speak of his wonderful fervor, especially at Mass, when he seemed to be

entirely carried out of himself at the moment of consecration. The new congregation of the Sisters of Charity also had reason to thank God that he had been sent to them. Mother Seton found in him a sincere friend and an ideal director for her young community and a kindred soul in spiritual matters. She looked on him as a true man of God. For his part he said that if Mother Seton were placed in circumstances similar to those of St. Teresa and other great saintly women, she would have been equally remarkable as they were. At her death she left him her Bible as a pious remembrance.[1]

In 1815 he visited France for a short time to bring over his valuable library, which was the only property that he ever possessed. On his return in November of the same year he was transferred to Baltimore and made president of St. Mary's College, where he remained until 1818, when, on the death of Pere Duhamel, he again returned to Emmitsburg and resumed his work at the college, which was thoroughly organized at that time. He was ever mindful of his duty as a mission priest also and did not find excuse from ministering to the surrounding people under the plea of professional duties. A copy of some of his memoranda will give a better idea of his life than any mere statement of generalities. He kept the thought of eternity ever present in his mind, which animated him in fidelity to all his duties. It was written upon all his letters and papers and nerved him on a truly unselfish and heroic life. We give a few selections from his diary which speak for themselves:

A PRIEST'S DAY.

4.30 A. M.—Benedicamus Domino on awakening, vocal prayers, meditation before the tabernacle, Rev. Mr. Mickey's Mass; Jesus Christ my Lord present.

6 A. M.—Celebrated Mass, Jesus Christ my Lord present; breakfast, bodily care. Returned to the church, opened the tabernacle and took out the Blessed Sacrament. Went with Guy Elder through the woods, our Blessed Lord on my breast. Said our beads with acts of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament at the end of each decade.

8 o'clock—At Mrs. McCormick's: her lively marks of faith and joy; heard her confession, arranged the table, called the people: the young convert and her little ones; her husband preparing for his First Communion; administered the Blessed Sacrament to Mrs. McC., spoke of Martha and Mary, Lazarus and Zaccheus, the old friends of Our Lord on earth: He is still on earth and we his present living friends; on our way to Emmitsburg recited the "Miserere," "Our Father," "Hail Mary." Hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

[1] "Mother Seton," by the Rev. Dr. White.

9.30—At the church in Emmitsburg; opened the tabernacle and ciborium. Went to see Mr. ——, ten years without making his Easter Communion; good moral character, as they say; heard his confession, strong faith, gave lively evidence of it; had a talk with him, etc.

10.45—Coming back baptized the child of Peter's wife; her abundant tears; her great difficulties; did not hear her confession at that time.

11 A. M.—Returned to church at Emmitsburg; restored B. S. to the ciborium; stopped at Joseph's with Guy, paid a visit to the B. Sacrament; saw Mrs. Brawner.

12 o'clock—Found at the college on old German woman waiting for me; no duty for ten years, sick and lame; looked very poorly; came to know if I would hear her; Sister Angela gave her a dinner; to come again on Sunday.

1.30 P. M.—Was called to see Glacken, above Emmitsburg; went to the Church at Emmitsburg to get the Blessed Sacrament; this is the fifth time to-day that I have touched my Sovereign Lord, the King of Glory, as Mr. Duhamel has it embroidered on the inside door of the tabernacle; carried it to the sick, administered the sacrament of extreme unction; made a little address to those present—several Protestants.

4 o'clock—Went to Mrs. Brawner's, heard her confession, recited my office; oh, the wonders of that office of the Blessed Sacrament! and am now writing down these notes, but a thousand details, thoughts and acts not told: how wonderful the day of a priest. In the evening instructions for confirmation. What have I done to-day for the house? Reviewed the second Latin class; had a conversation before God with one of the young men; Latin lesson; reviewed the third French class; Latin lesson to Guy Elder; had a conversation with another young man who came to consult me, one with Dr. Hickey, one with the two Gardiners; wrote a letter; the Dialogue for Baltimore, six pages; spiritual reading; the usual prayers. If all done well, what a blessing it would bring, but oh! my Lord, so poorly by halves—alas!

Sunday at Emmitsburg—Slept at the mountain.

5 o'clock A. M.—Rose; first prayers.

5.30 A. M.—On my way to the Sisters (at St. Joseph's); meditation enroute.

6 o'clock—Heard confessions, wrote out my meditation.

7 o'clock—Mass. Read De Bois' "Lives of the Saints."

8 o'clock—Breakfast at Mr. Grover's.

8.15 o'clock—Gave Communion at the church at Emmitsburg to two persons, heard confessions, wrote a meditation.

10.30 o'clock—Went to visit Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Bradley, who are sick; said my "Little Hours" on the way.

11.30 A. M.—Stopped at the Sisters'. Read the "Life of Madame de Chantal"; wrote an exhortation for the funeral of Mrs. Lindsay.

1 P. M.—Gave Benediction, read the Epistle for the Sunday and gave a short instruction.
1.30 P. M.—Returned to the mountain; visited the Sisters at their house; a few words.
2 A. M.—Went to Mr. Elder's; officiated at Mrs. Lindsay's funeral; exhortation; read the "History of the Councils" whilst walking.
3 P. M.—Vespers; gave Benediction; heard confessions after Vespers.
4 P. M.—In my room; heard confessions there; office; looked over some *Gazettes* 1816-17; read in the "Encyclopedia" account of Pennsylvania.
7 P. M.—Supper, study.
8.45 P. M.—Evening prayers, reading, etc.

A Day's Journey, March 15, 1821.

On the evening of the 4th of March, Mr. Damphoux arrived at the mountain to recall Mr. Hickey to Baltimore. The next morning I started on foot to Baltimore, without saying a word to any one to speak to the Archbishop and Mr. Teffier and endeavor to retain him. Stopped at Taneytown at Father Zachi's and got something to eat. At Winchester found out that I had not a penny in my pocket, and was obliged to get my dinner on credit. Arrived at Baltimore (fifty-two miles) ten minutes before 10 o'clock. Mr. Hickey to remain at the college. Laus Deo! Set out on my return next day, 16th, in the afternoon. Stopped at Mr. Williamson's, six and a half miles from the city, where the storm obliged me to take refuge. On Saturday (St. Patrick's day) said Mass and made a discourse to the people on the text "Filii Sanctorum." At 7 o'clock started again, the wind and rain in my face, sometimes so severe as almost to take away my breath; arrived at the mountain at 10.30 at night. In going I read 388 pages in D'Anquètil's "History of France," fourteen pages of Cicero de Officiis," three chapters of the New Testament, my office; recited the chaplet three times.

During the time that he was so busily employed in the seminary, parish and convent he found opportunity to contribute constantly to the Catholic newspapers, learned and original articles. His correspondence with his family, friends and distinguished persons was voluminous. He assisted Mr. Duponceau in his works on the Indian language. He was a friend and correspondent of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; of Judge Gaston, of New Bern, N. C., and among his papers were found a large number of letters from his unhappy friend De La Mennais, who came to the seminary of Rennes when Father Bruté was professor there in 1809. Their mutual friend was L'Abbé Carron, with whom La Mennais stayed in London for some time.

When Bishop Kenrick went to Philadelphia in such a critical

period, Father Bruté took a great interest in his establishment of a seminary and the holding of regular diocesan synods. His letters to that prelate show that he warmly approved of the Bishop's design to prepare a course of theology adapted to the wants of the American Church. The Bishop highly valued his suggestions. It might have been supposed that he would be ultra-conservative, owing to the scenes which he had witnessed in his youth in the Church during the French Revolution, but such was not the case. He judiciously accommodated with advantage to the time and country in which he lived. When he arrived in America he lamented the absence of provincial councils, feeling that they tended to the progress and stability of religion and established uniform rules of discipline throughout the country. His advice was asked in matters pertaining to them when they were held. Many of the beneficial effects which followed the provincial councils of Baltimore may be attributed to him, says Archbishop Bayley. His Grace also said that when engaged in his quiet duties his influence extended on all sides, so it may be said that the whole country benefited by him.[2] If he heard of negligent Catholics or a priest who was the cause of scandal or had apostatized, he used every effort to bring them to a sense of their duty and infused into the souls of many some of the spirit of faith and love that consumed his own.

On the death of his mother he again visited his native place to arrange family concerns and took advantage of this visit to make a long retreat at the solitude of Issy. On his return to the United States he resumed his duties at Mount St. Mary's. In 1832 he offered his services to Archbishop Whitfield when the cholera visited Baltimore, but was attacked with intermittent fever in a few days after his arrival there and perforce had to return to the mountain. As soon as he had recovered, he set off again for the afflicted city without telling any one and labored in the cholera hospitals there until the plague subsided, like another St. John of God. The fathers of the second provincial council of Baltimore in 1833 requested the Pope, Gregory XVI., to erect a diocese in Indiana, with Vincennes as the Cathedral town, and professor Bruté was on their recommendation appointed to be its first Bishop. He was giving a retreat to the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's when he received the Bulls on May, 1834, and on opening the letter was disturbed at the news. He went next day to Baltimore to make a retreat in the seminary to decide whether he should accept or refuse

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[2] "Memoir of Bishop Bruté," by the Right Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D. D., Bishop of Newark.

the office. His humility at first caused him to shrink from the burden to be placed on his shoulders, but when he found that the matter was settled, he acquiesced. His only drawback was his imperfect English pronunciation. He had everything else—natural talent, great learning, a high sense of duty, a great spirit of sacrifice and deep piety. He made early arrangement for his consecration and set out for his new and arduous field of labor.

He tore himself away from Mount St. Mary's with reluctance, which was a second home to him and where all his attachments clustered, but duty was the first point with him. At once he felt that any undertaking was God's will he permitted no other consideration to intervene. When Father Bruté arrived in Baltimore from France in 1810 there was but one Bishop in the United States, Archbishop Carroll. The new See of Vincennes was the thirteenth diocese and this was looked on as a great development of the Church. Such was the hopeful outlook when the Bishop-elect of the new diocese took possession of this missionary outpost in the backwoods. The good Sisters of Charity made him a present of $200 to assist in his onerous and poor diocese. He required means and workers, but they were not forthcoming, so he set out to Bardstown, but stopped on the way to visit Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. He then proceeded to Bardstown, where he met his father and friend, Bishop Flaget, who had been Bishop for twenty-five years, and Bishop David, formerly coadjutor of Bardstown. Bishop Flaget was on the point of leaving for Cincinnati to consecrate the German church there and his guest filled up the delay by visiting the seminary and institutions at Bardstown. He then went on retreat under Bishop David, and by the time he had finished it Bishop Flaget had returned. The Bishop and Father Bruté set out for Louisville, where Bishop Purcell joined them.

Crossing the Ohio, they proceeded directly towards St. Louis, across the vast prairies of Illinois and through the town of Vincennes. They were caught in a violent storm on the prairies and suffered from the cold and wet. They spent over an hour in Vincennes, incognito, and reached St. Louis after many days, where Bishop Rosati entertained them. On the 26th of October he assisted at the consecration of the Cathedral, which was a great and popular civic event in St. Louis, where the modest building was thought a marvel. Two days after, on the feast of SS. Simon and Jude, he was consecrated in the new Cathedral by his friend, Bishop Flaget, assisted by Bishops Purcell and Rosati. The sermon was preached by Father Hitzelberger. He officiated pontifically at the request of Bishop Rosati on the feast of All Saints, and there was a religious festivity for some days, at which the Bishops preached

each morning and evening. It was a rare sight to behold three Bishops at that time in St. Louis. The Bishops of Cincinnati and Bardstown and three priests accompanied Bishop Bruté to Vincennes. They were met by the local priest, Pere Lalumiere, and a number of citizens on horseback some miles before reaching the town. They were overjoyed to see that a Bishop had been granted to them and looked forward for the organization of the church. Bishop Flaget had been the missionary priest at Vincennes forty-three years before, when it was a trading and military post in the midst of a wilderness. He introduced their new Bishop, who was in his fifty-fourth year, and urged the people with his usual fervor to make use of the privileges which God in His mercy had bestowed on them.

The Cathedral was a plain brick building, consisting of four walls and roof unplastered and not even whitewashed. It had no sanctuary nor sacristy and very little furniture. The episcopal residence consisted of a small room and closet, twenty-five feet by twelve. A small plot for a garden lay between it and the church and nearby was the cemetery. An old wooden building a short distance from the Bishop's house was occupied by the servant and quite near was an old stable for the Bishop's horse when he would be able to buy one.

The people were of French descent, poor, illiterate and rather lively in disposition, as a writer quaintly described. They had the faith, but were negligent in attending to their religious duties or teaching their children their prayers and catechism, hence there was little encouragement. They could give little money to their new pastor and paid most of their promised subscriptions in grain, and the Bishop found that he could hardly expect $200 as a yearly income. He was not troubled at this personally, as it took very little to support him, yet the resources of the diocese were entirely inadequate to provide for its great and urgent wants. It could be said that it had none of the requirements of the poorest diocese; the Bishop found the outlook bleak. The revenues of the Cathedral barely sufficed to cover the altar and current expenses of the church itself. He remained at Vincennes, attended sick calls in all directions and in a short time visited Father Lalumiere's missions and blessed the humble log chapels of St. Mary and St. Peter, baptized small children, married some parties and instructed the people.

Afterwards he visited the surrounding country and found groups of Catholics in settlements and saw the necessity of priests to attend to them. He had only two priests in the diocese and determined that the crying need of more priests was the first one to be met. The harvest was ripe, but the laborers were few. At Vin-

cennes he instructed the long-neglected youth and had over sixty to receive their First Communion, many of them seventeen, eighteen and twenty years old. He confirmed ninety persons in a few days after. He preached two sermons every Sunday—one in French and one in English. In the first eight months he had sixty-five baptisms, ten marriages, twenty burials and a great many sick calls, often many miles away. He was a firm advocate of the Catholic press and contributed many articles to the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, under the signature of "Vincennes." He addressed a pastoral letter, not alone to his own people, but addressed the Protestants in an affectionate manner. He explained his intentions to all in simple terms, which left no room to mistake religious considerations for political aspirations and that there was no foreign conspiracy to undermine American institutions by the Divine Commission, "Go ye and teach all nations."

After Easter he went through Illinois as far as Chicago, where he found Father St. Cyr, who had arrived from St. Louis to enable the scattered Catholics to make their Easter duty. He confirmed a small number and found 400 Catholics of all countries in Chicago. The garrison of the fort attended and the military band played during the Bishop's Mass. From Chicago he went round the end of Lake Michigan to the River St. Joseph and visited the Indian village of Pokegan, situated just outside his diocese, where there were 650 baptized Catholic Indians. The Bishop said Mass and a large number of Indians attended, whom he addressed through an interpreter.

He arrived at South Bend, which he describes as a beautiful little town, on the high banks of the St. Joseph River. Crossing the river he visited the mission of the celebrated Father Badin, which at that time was vacant. The Bishop noted the advantages of St. Mary of the Lake as a situation for a future institution. He received an enthusiastic welcome at his next stop in the village of the Chickahos Indians, where the chief entertained him. Father De Seille was staying there, preparing some Indians for baptism and First Communion. Already he had baptized about 120 Indians, of whom the Bishop confirmed sixteen. The Bishop was introduced as the "Robe Noire," who had no one above him but the great "Robe Noire" beyond the seas. The chief and people presented 320 acres of their land, so that God when He would return from heaven to visit our earth would see that ground which they were giving Him, and that it would prove their sincere devotion to their holy religion and the messengers sent to secure its blessings for them. The Bishop noticed the affecting, earnest attention of the people to his instructions and felt edified by their prayers and

hymns. The Bishop and priest slept on some straw in the chapel wrapped up in their great coats. It was admirable and touching to see how this band of Indians kept the faith. They remembered when the Jesuits left the country after the conquest of Canada by the English, how their fathers had hoped until their death for their return, and dying without that consolation, most earnestly recommended their children to be looking for the black robes, when they should come, and receive them and believe them to be the true messengers of God. The day of their long-deferred expectations had arrived. They informed the priest that the coming of the head of the black robes had delighted them, as he was "a chief man of the true prayer." The poor untutored redmen recognized the true merits of their Bishop at first sight.

"His thoughts were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings through ways
Of light, to the bright Source of all."

The Bishop spent the next night at a settler's house some distance from the Indian settlement, but was rather unfortunate to find that there were so many in the house that several had to be on the floor. However, he received one of the few beds, which was as primitive as the one of the previous night. Through all the journey of 600 miles back to Vincennes the Bishop and a guide found hospitality, and in almost every house they were given a meal and a place under the roof for the night for a little money. One night he lodged with one of the sect called "Christians," who invited him to night prayers, but added: "You can remain with us, or if you prefer to retire, I will show you your room." The Bishop and his companion retired and this did not displease his host; otherwise it would be a serious problem. When he lodged with Protestants he passed some remarks that led on to a discssion on Catholicity and removed the prejudices which had been handed down to them against the faith. He remarked how they always listened patiently to what he had to say. They reached Loganport, a rapidly improving town on the Wabash Canal, which was not yet complete. He found a good number of Catholics there and promised to send them one of the first priests he could obtain. He said Mass there and passed on his journey homewards through Fayetteville, Attica, Covington, Terre Haute, etc., but found few Catholics in those growing towns. In the latter town, he collected about twenty Catholics and found the Protestants there well disposed. Again he had to lament the lack of priests and took consolation from the fact that within the memory of living persons

Mass had been said in a room in Baltimore when the faithful were as few as in this undeveloped part of the country.

My Catholic readers can also glean comfort from the statement of the good Bishop that in Baltimore there were then five churches, five private chapels and a Cathedral, and now the number has swelled to the total of fifty in the city itself. On his return to Vincennes, he received the report of Father La Lumiere, who had visited the other portion of the diocese, with a view of finding out how many Catholics were there and what was their status. He gave a favorable account of his journey. He had found more Catholics on his journey than the Bishop. This at least gave a ray of hope. In three places they were ready to receive a priest and were building churches. At Fort Wayne the church in course of erection was sixty feet by thirty and the congregation numbered 150 Catholic families. The Bishop sent them Rev. M. Ruff, who had been recently ordained in France and spoke French, English and German. Several Germans lived in Fort Wayne and its environs, but most European countries were represented in that centre also. The good Bishop then recognized that he had no religious establishment in any part of his diocese, except a small academy kept in Vincennes by four Sisters of Charity from Kentucky. Filled with apostolic zeal, despite the gloomy state of the diocese, he went on a missionary tour of 550 miles on horseback, which lasted six weeks. He was determined to see the other portion of his vast diocese. He described very graphically in his papers the groups of emigrants whom he met exploring the country and seeking for homes in the wilderness. Whenever he heard of a Catholic family he spared no pains or fatigue to find them out and visit them in their lonely surroundings. Sometimes it was a poor Catholic Negro family from Maryland or Kentucky living in a remote part of the woods. When he told them that he was their Bishop they crowded round him to get his blessing. Sometimes it was a respectable white family that had come from a neighborhood where there was a church, but now were without all the blessings of religion. They often succumbed to the temptations of their lone condition and lapsed from the faith. Such sights fairly crushed the Bishop's heart and he gave expression to his sorrow in a letter to Bishop David. They were indeed the lost sheep and he the Good Shepherd. He conversed with Protestants, taking advantage of every opportunity and in a quiet, simple way removed at least their prejudices in regard to the Catholic Church and gradually explained to them the real doctrines so often misunderstood. Thus he found the harvest ripe inu many places and understood the exact nature of

the necessities of his missionary diocese from personal observation. In all things he was most patient and gentle and never gave an expression of discouragement. The more difficulties stood in the way they only served all the more to increase his zeal and activity. His heart turned instinctively to France in the hour of pressing need: the pioneer condition of the other dioceses precluded any hope of succor in their direction. Vincennes gave $240 yearly when it was paid and the Cathedral pew rent amounted to the truly modest sum of $100, so he had to turn to his own country or let the work languish. He accordingly returned home to seek for missionaries and for such pecuniary help as would enable him to finish his Cathedral and provide schools for the education of the young. It was a relief to his heart to see France once more. He traveled extensively and went from the courts of the great to the very humblest workers, where he thought that his mission of charity would appeal. He was everywhere received with the greatest kindness. The Emperor of Austria, and Prince Metternich in particular, took the greatest interest in providing for the wants of his diocese and loaded him with favors and offerings.

He notes in his memoranda that it was a pure sense of inexorable duty that compelled him to go among the grand personages for alms, as he found himself out of place in their surroundings. He did not know what an impression such an apostolic, humble and gifted episcopal mendicant had on most of them. They were accustomed to courtly and worldly prelates, but Bishop Bruté bore the impress of the Good Shepherd. He took advantage of the opportunity to make the Limina Apostolorum, and received the Pope's blessing for himself and his diocese in the wilderness. After a tedious journey he returned to Vincennes and was surprised at the spontaneous welcome that he received from Catholics and Protestants alike on his return home. All the citizens had become much attached to the good Bishop, who tried like the Apostle of old, "to be all things to all men." He then entered on a series of labors which were to end only with his life. He brought back the sinews of war for his campaign. The Cathedral was thoroughly overhauled, plastered, beautified and a needed vestry and steeple added to make it in some degree worthy of its title. He established a diocesan seminary, an orphan asylum and several small churches at certain points where they were needed. He moreover brought twenty priests and seminarians with him from France. Continual traveling, anxieties and little attention to personal comforts at this stage told on his frail constitution, and he began to fail in health, but still performed his manifold duties, which would have taxed any young and robust man. To add to the calamity, he caught a

severe cold while riding on the outside of a stage coach in Ohio on his way to the council at Baltimore in 1837, which ended in a confirmed consumption. This hastened his death by years. At home he was Bishop, working pastor of the mission, professor of theology for his seminary and teacher for one of his academies, besides his voluminous writing for the press. He also wrote twice a month to every priest in his diocese, and thus communicated to them a portion of his own zeal for God and the salvation of souls, which formed the constant object of his thoughts and actions. He repeatedly visited every portion of his diocese, and wherever he went he discharged all the duties of pastor.

Indiana and Illinois had at that time set in motion an ambitious series of State projects which later on ended so disastrously for them. Hordes of laborers came in their wake and most contracted malignant fever and cholera. One of the greatest afflictions of the Bishop was to know that the spiritual wants of this people of lively faith were not able to be wholly attended to on account of the dearth of priests. He was warmly attached to the pioneer Irish, whose generous, impulsive nature reminded him of his own people, the Bretons. He went continually among them, said Mass for them in their huts, gave them the sacraments and prepared the sick and dying for eternity. He was in a very precarious state of health at the time, but never thought of himself. He went on a journey of 400 miles on an errand of duty and mercy and in such a state of bodily suffering that he could not sit upright on his horse. Every hole or impediment on the primitive roads caused him exquisite pain, as he had to urge the animal past. He nevertheless completed the journey without the intermission of a single day.

Shortly before his death he attended a distant mission on three sick calls in the absence of the pastor, when he could scarcely support his tottering frame. Difficulties that would have discouraged almost any one else served only to increase his zeal and charity. In the end he administered the last sacraments to those who appeared no nearer death than himself. When no longer able to work with the debilitating disease, he cheered on those who were engaged in the task with words of courage and enthusiasm. His activity was not the result or effect of temperament, but rather through dislike of slothfulness and out of ardent zeal. He invariably rose from bed after his first sleep, no matter how early that ended. If he felt drowsy during the day he would say, as if addressing his body: "If you want more sleep, you must take it the next time you get a chance."

It seemed to grieve him to give orders without being able to take his share of the labor necessary to put them into execution. A

convert priest, who had formerly been an officer in the English army, erected the first church at Madison, Ind., under the greatest difficulties. The Bishop was evidently attached to this good priest and did all he could to encourage him. The following letter, says Father Hickey, was characteristic of the Bishop with his lively faith and sympathy for the feelings of others:

St. Georges Day, 1838.

How many associations! from the days of St. Paul and Lucius, of St. George and St. Alban, St. Austin, the Venerable Bede, St. Edward and the innumerable saints of fifteen ages to the days of Fisher and More and Mary and the glorious victims of our divine faith—to those of Milner and Lingard and the host of able and fervent restorers of its glories for England. The mind and heart dwell to-day in this land of hope and promise—and mine earnestly so, my dear sir, in union with yours. The days of such praise to God in Bangor and Croyland and Winchester, etc., etc.—the Holy Victim offered everywhere is present to both of us. Accept dear friend, these remembrances of the day . . . of the faith—memoriam fecit miribilium suorum."

No good work was ever allowed to stand still, once it was undertaken, and it was marvelous to think how much was done in so short a time, especially when we recollect that Indiana and Illinois were laboring under a severe financial crisis. It was all the more wonderful that the Bishop would sign no mortgage upon church property and had a horror of going in debt. The assistance he received from the Leopoldine Association of Vienna and what he collected and was donated from the royal family of Austria enabled him to do much, and the establishment of the Church in the immense area of the first Bishop of Vincennes owes a great deal to the Austrian and French aid. Personally the Bishop cared little for money, and the testimony of Father Hickey states that if he had five dollars in his pocket, it went to the first person who asked it. He often gave away everything except the plain clothes that he wore, and in some instances he took off his linen and underclothing and gave them to poor Negroes whom he was accustomed to visit. His emaciated body, to which he had given so little rest and comfort, was obliged to give up at last. When he could possibly sit up in a chair, the Bishop was glad, as it gave him an opportunity to write to his friends. He continued this practice and wrote to his dearest friend, Bishop Flaget, after he had received the last sacraments, when his hand was trembling with death. Death was no unwelcome visitor to one whose lifelong thoughts and hopes were centered in eternity, which, like a Trappist or Carthusian, he had before him in his room and on every page of his memoranda. He was invincibly patient when spasms of pain went through his frail body and sought no

alleviation so as to be like his great Exemplar on the Cross. As his strength diminished his devotion increased and he spoke to those around him on the love of God and other pious subjects with the unction of a saint. With difficulty and pain he wrote several touching letters to persons who had abandoned their faith and whom he wished to realize that it was the appeal of a dying man.

When his friends beheld him in such sufferings and desired in some way to procure some remedy to alleviate the pain, he would point out some passage of the Bible or the "Imitation of Christ" which he desired them to read or asking them to say some prayers for his happy death. The constant saying on his lips as well as the abiding sentiment of his heart was: "The will of God be done in all things." He would allow no one to watch by him at night until his agony had begun. He preferred to be alone and hold communion with God, whom he hoped to see and enjoy forever. He answered devoutly the prayers for the dying until the last, and on the morning of June 26, 1839, he calmly and sweetly gave up his soul to God. His vicar general, Father De La Haliendiére, was in Europe at the time and had been appointed coadjutor to the Bishop, and on the news of the saintly Bishop's death was consecrated his successor in Paris on the 18th of August, 1839.

The obsequies of Bishop Bruté were attended by most of the population of Vincennes, headed by the Mayor. All mourned him as a saint, a scholar and philanthropist. He was especially lamented by his own flock, and the clergy bewailed him in a particular manner. He was a true father in Christ to them—shared their joys and participated in their labors and sorrows. It was not long until they realized all that they had lost in him. He was buried under the sanctuary of the first Cathedral at Vincennes. It may be said of Bishop Bruté that he awakened to a new religious life the whole Western section of the country and became a victim to the hardships of the apostolate.[3] When he arrived in the diocese, there were but three priests, and one of these belonged to another diocese. At his death there were twenty-four priests, twenty-three churches and six church buildings and 25,000 Catholics.

W. B. Hannon.

Spartansburg, S. C.

[3] Rev. Dr. McCaffrey.

THREE FAVORITE THRUSHES

"Hermit, veery, thrush-o'-the-wood,
Silvery treble raise together,"

to adapt two lines from Robert Buchanan's "White Rose and Red" —(he named the chewink instead of the hermit, but certainly the sojourning English poet would never have given that lively little sparrow a place in the trio had he been better acquainted with American birds). My revision names three very highly praised songsters, the hermit thrush, the tawny thrush and the wood thrush. American poets, following the example of their English brethren—or more likely their own loving appreciation—have not been slow to adorn their lines with one of these beautiful singers, even compose lines in praise of singers and songs.

To be sure, the poet does not always indicate the specific bird he had in mind, and perhaps he did not intend any one of the three, but was conscious only of some thrush-like quality common to all. For instance, Eugene Field's line, "From her boudoir in the alders would peep a lynx-eyed thrush," might be true of each and all, since the three are fond of such secluded spots as alder thickets and are alert to any danger threatening nest or nestlings. There are several common characteristics in this stanza from Archibald Lapman's poem on "Heat":

"From somewhere on the slope near by,
In the pale depth of the noon,
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin, revolving tune."

For the hermit, the tawny and the wood thrush sing during the day, even into the warm months; the midday summer song is as Mr. Lampman states and is sung in some secluded spot as the bird roams about. Though when there is too much spirit in the performance, one suspects the brown thrasher, once called brown thrush and still poetically classed with this family when he rightfully belongs to the mocking bird tribe:

"The thrush still hurrying, loud and gay,
To find the lost thread of his lay;
And chasing, as he flies along,
The fleeing ripple of his song."

—Edward Bowland Sill.

Naturally, the poet associates the thrushes with spring, for it is while the birds are loitering about for mates that they overcome

their common shyness enough to sing in shade and lawn and orchid trees, where they can be readily heard:

"Methinks that voice exults most joyously
That from the thrush's speckled bosom flows;
Surely the rapture-raising minstrel knows
That the same life that fills his throat with glee
Climbs swiftly up each bark-bound stem."
—Anon ("The Early Thrush").

Paul Hamilton Haynes notes that "The thrush her fitful flight ventures in vernal dawns"; Lewis Wilson includes in "The Hylodes" time the anticipation: "When the thrush within the dell his heavenly note shall sound." Holmes, on the other hand, sees the bird neither gay nor musical when he arrives:

"The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Glad in his remnant of autumnal brown."—("Astræa.")

However, he soon burnishes up his coat and tunes up his voice and joins the spring carnival:

"And from the laden branches of the larch,
Upon the frosty air a happy thrush
Pours a flood of melody, and flings a gush
Of gladsome music to the winds of March."
—Anon ("In Praise of Spring").

Strange to say, morning is the time the poet hears the bird, though the thrush as a class is not strictly a musical alarm-clock, and these three chief American species are noted for their lovely evening songs. Yet it is "The thrush that carols at the dawn of day from the green steeples of the piny wood," according to Longfellow,

"And morning brings the thrush's flute
Where dappled lilies nod and dream."
—John Burroughs ("In May.").

"And little dew-showers pattered far and nigh,
Where wakened thrushes stirred the sprinkled spray."
—E. R. Sill.

"High on the waving top of some tall tree
Sweet sings the thrush to morning and to me."
—Alexander Wilson.

"Oh, hush,
It is the thrush,
In the deep and woody glen!
Ah, thus the gladness of the gods was sung,
When the old earth was young."
—Edwin Markham ("A Lyric of the Dawn").

And if morning is the thrush's favorite hour in poetical lines, so June is the favorite month for his song:

"Here sang the thrush, whose pure, mellifluous note
Dropped golden sweetness on the fragrant June."
—Madison Cawein.

"So sweet, so sweet, the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere."
—Nora Perry ("In June").

"You hear? That's master thrush. He knows
The voluntaries fit for June."
—Bliss Carman ("The Deep Hollow Road").

"High in the hills the solitary thrush
Tunes magically his music of fine dreams."
—Archibald Lampman ("June").

Says Mr. Burroughs: "If we take the quality of melody as a test, the wood thrush, the hermit thrush and the veery thrush stand at the head of our list of songsters." He does not state whether his placing of them in the list has any reference to merit or whether the order is immaterial. In regard to the quality of this melody possessed by all three, the poet has a word, several words, indeed to say:

"Hark, the thrushes at their fluting! The old wizardy and stress
Of entrancement are upon them. Wise ones of the wilderness,
Who can say but they have burdens of joy beyond our guess?
—Bliss Carman ("The Magic Flute").

Any one of the three may be "the rich-throated thrush" Archibald Lampman hears in "Comfort in the Fields," or Alexander Wilson in "A Rural Walk": "The thrush poured out this varying song," since each member of the musical trio is so certain of his score that at times he tries variations, while each has song-peculiarities not possessed by the other two. Alice Cary sums up a common description of the famous songsters in her line, "The little, sweet-voiced, homely thrush," while others, even if a certain species was in mind, present a composite rather than definite bird:

"The russet thrush its soul of song
Pours out melodious, sweet and long."
—Isaac McClellan.

"And last the thrush, wood-hid, aloof and lone,
A disembodied voice, a phantasy
That shapes the plastic soul to higher things."
—Richard Burton ("Spirits of Summer").

"And hark! and hark! the woodland rings;
There thrilled the thrush's soul!"
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"While all the listening laurel underbrush
Trembled and thrilled its myriad leaves among,
Chained by the necromancer of the wood,
Enraptured by the ecstacies of song."
—Lloyd Mifflin ("The Thrush").

When it comes to praising the individual members of this trio, the chorus remains loud and full. Taking them in Mr. Burroughs' order, first consider the wood-thrush, or wood-robin, as it is often called, apparently under the notion that "robin" is more complimentary than "thrush." Or, perhaps, because it is the least seclusive, most neighborly of the three:

"The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year."
—James G. Clarke ("The Wood-Robin").

Listen to Audubon's introduction of the bird in true chairman or toast-master style: "Kind reader, you now see before you my greatest favorite of the feathered tribes of our woods. To it I owe much. How often has it revived my drooping spirits, when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, when storms were raging. The wood-thrush seldom commits a mistake, for no sooner are the sweet notes heard than the heavens gradually clear. I do not know to what instrumental sounds I can compare these notes, for I really know none so melodious and harmonical."

The wood-thrush's rain song has been observed by a certain anonymous poet:

"And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet."
—Anon ("Song of the Rain").

If Audubon finds no comparison for the notes, others have at least attempted it. Mabel Osgood Wright has succeeded, for she terms it a harplike melody, "in which some notes have the effect of a stringed accompaniment. The syllables are uttered deliberately, about four seconds apart: 'Uoli—a-e-o-li, uoli—uoli—uol—aeolee-lee!' . . . He is an exquisite vocalist, the tones having a rare quality of rolling vibrance, and often as he utters his placid notes, each one full and deliberate, the song seems like the music of a flute and an æolian harp in the trees. 'Uoli,' he begins, and after pausing contineus, 'Aeolee-lee' (the last syllable having the harp quality), 'Uoli-uoli—aeolee-lee.' First softly, then modulating, reiterating sometimes for an hour together, but compassing in these few syllables the whole range of pure emotion." One poet has not missed this flute-like quality:

"The dim ravine below
Echoed with voices in a golden trance,
Welled with the pure deliberate jubilance
Of flutes that none but wood-thrushes could blow."
—J. R. Taylor.

Bryant chooses an instrument almost too sharp in tone and seems to think so himself, since he uses a qualifying adjective later in this first line:

"I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more."
("Waiting by the Gate.")

"And while the wood-thrush pipes his evening lay,
Give me one lonely hour to hymn the setting day."
("A Walk at Sunset.")

Perhaps it is the harp-like nature, the "stringed orchestra effect," that cause many poets to remark the liquidity of the notes. "The liquid song of the wood-thrush pours forth in joyous lay," says Phœbe Holder in "A Woodland Hymn," or as Madison Cawein puts it: "A wood-thrush gurgled in a vine." Or two others:

"The wooing air is jubilant with song,
And blossom swell,
As leaps thy liquid melody along
The dusky dell,
Where Silence, late supreme, forgets her wonted spell."
—John B. Tabb ("The Wood-Robin").

"at even,
Like liquid pearls fresh showered from heaven,
The high notes of the lone wood-thrush
Falls on the forest's holy hush."—J. T. Trowbridge.

A few lines from Mr. Mifflin's "The Fields of Dawn" might be credited to this species, since *by the thrush* wood-thrush is usually implied, particularly if capitalized:

"Until we hear—
The thrush outpour from coverts still unseen
His rare ebuliency of liquid song."

Mr. Parkhurst finds a third instrument duplicated in the "golden, richly modulated undertone, like the melting of the French horn in the morning's orchestra. It has a short and stately cadence, giving a sense of the reserve power of a mature and genuine artist." He also states that the bird's call note is his very loudest and richest sound, being repeated two or three times in a vigorous, sparkling, delicious style. He finds the bird's "fiery animation startling," and says that "if his song were proportionate to his call note, he would almost rival the human songster." Mr. Torrey, however, considers the wood thrush's call "extremely sharp and brusque, usually fired off in a little volley." Neltje Blanchan goes even farther:

"Pit-pit-pit" you may hear sharply, excitedly jerked out of some bird's throat, and you wonder if a note so disagreeable can really

come from the wonderful singers on the branch above your head. By sharply striking two small stones together you can closely imitate this alarm call.

His name bell-bird suggests another musical instrument for Audubon's use:

"Bell-like tones the laden breeze
From his throat is bringing;
Lo, sweet summer harmonies
In the twilight."
—Ray Clarke Rose, Rondel ("The Wood Thrush").

"And where the shadows deepest fell
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell."
—Whittier ("Seeking the Waterfall").

"Again the sultry noontide hush
Is sweetly broken by the thrush,
Whose clear bell rings and dies away
Beside thy banks, in coverts deep."
—Anna B. Averill ("Birch Stream").

Mr. Sill uses the pretty idea that the bell-bird awakes in response to a rival note, and in two lines he paints a morning scene of great freshness and calm beauty:

'But the bell woke a thrush, and with a call
He roused his mate, then poured a tide of song."
—E. R. Sill ("At Dawn").

"*'Here am I'* come his three clear, bell-like notes of self-introduction," says Neltje Blanchan. "The quality of his music is delicious, rich, penetrative, pure and vibrating like notes struck upon a harp. If you don't already know this most neighborly of the thrushes—as he is also the largest and brightest and most heavily spotted of them all—you will presently become acqauinted with one of the finest songsters in America. Wait until evening when he sings his best. *'Nolee-a-e-o-lee-nolee-aeolee-lee!'* peals his song from the trees. Love alone inspires his finest strains; but even in July, when bird music is quite inferior to that of May and June, he is still in good voice. A song so exquisite proves that the thrush comes near to being a bird angel, very high in the scale of development, and far, far beyond such low creatures as ducks and chickens."

Alexander Wilson approves this hint of angelic fervor and beauty:

"Deep in the thickest shade, with cadence sweet,
Soft as the tones that heaven-bound pilgrims greet,
Sings the wood-robin, close retired from sight,
And swells his solo 'mid the shades of night."

Florence A. Merriam, too: "The call note of the wood-thrush is a rapid *pit-pit,* his song a calm, rich melody which, heard beside the chorus of spring songs . . . sets vibrating chords that none of the others touch. As a young woman told me once, after first hearing the thrush: 'I don't know what it is, but,' putting her hand on her heart, 'it makes me feel queer.' Indeed, the song is so distinct one does not need to build up associations in order to appreciate it, as is the case with so many songs, but can at once feel the quieting touch of its hymn-like melody."

Mr. Keyser, "In Bird-Land," overhears one of these evening hymns: "As the sun sank, I seated myself on the grass far up the steep! and looked down on the beautiful valley below me. There was the broad Ohio, wending its way between the sentinel hills, the green clover fields and meadows smiling good night to the sinking sun, and the brown ploughed fields with their green corn-rows. A wood-thrush mounted to a dead twig at the very top of a tall oak some distance below me, and poured forth his sad vesper hymn, so bewitchingly sweet and far-away."

"What was it the mournful wood-thrush said?" asks Whittier in one of his poems, to which Mr. Abbot in his "Bird-Land Echoes" makes reply: "Of all our New Jersey birds, the wood-thrush is held to be the chief singer. It may be true, but I do not believe it. I object to the melancholy that permeates the whole song. A poet once wandered as far as my house and, after sitting in the shade of the old oaks for half the afternoon, remarked, 'Your thrushes have been calling in vain for *Geraldine, dear Geraldine.* I do wish she would come or else that the birds would forget her.' There was something in the way he put it that expressed more than the crankiness of a poet. There is a sadness that will tell at last upon even a soured old man, and the thrush's song comes within this category." To Mary Brotherton it is

"the 'Marguerite!
Marguerite!' of constant thrush in love so long."

Though to one who is sad there is a joyousness in the spring song that is trying:

"Spare me that clear triumphant song of praise,
Sweet thrush, with which thou welcomest the morn."
—Anon ("Spring Sorrow").

While one not melancholy finds an echo of his spring ecstacy in the bird's welling melody:

"Lo where the blooming woodland wakes
From wintry slumbers, long
Thy heart, a bud of silence, breaks
To ecstacy of song."
—John B. Tabb ("To a Wood-Robin").

Mr. Abbott is not always in a fault-finding mood: "We are apt to forget (other song birds) when for the first time, through some long pathway in the forest, floats the matchless melody of the wood-thrush. There may be sweeter sounds the wide world over, but he is blessed that has heard this one. That this thrush is a bird of the evening, too, adds to the charm, for the song fittingly blends with the fading light, is meditative and vesperine rather than matutinal and rejoicing. But the wood-thrush sings at other times." With which last sentence James S. Compton agrees:

"Teach us in the glow of morning,
In the flare of bright noonday,
In the dim of lengthening shadows
To brighten with music the way."
("To the Wood Thrush.")

Continues Mr. Abbott: "At various times I have praised the wood-thrush—which is a ridiculous assumption on any one's part when we reflect upon it—and suppose I shall be ready yet again if called upon to do so; but why should I? These frantic efforts to put music into print are painfully weak and unavailing. The proper comment is, go into the woods and hear the bird, not simply stay at home and hear about it. Is not this the proper purpose of a book describing the outdoor world, to offer an inducement to tarry longer in the garden and less beneath the roof-tree, to take a walk with open ears as well as open eyes? And that walk is well taken that has a singing thrush at the far end of it. . . . How we should miss them if the birds failed to come. This, however, I have never known them to do. There are old apple trees in the lane

whereon they have nested for half a century; there is a springy hollow, filled with grape-vines, green-brier and sumac, that has always been a summer home to them, a seckel-pear tree that has weathered the storms of half the last century, and all of this still affords them shelter as the sun goes down, when their sweet-sad song is heard above all others—a song as rich, as cloying as the fruit of the famous tree. But among the lilacs lining the path to the springhouse is, perhaps, the place that I love best to hear these thrushes; for, however grand the music, however perfect the melody, however complete every requirement that science demands, is not the charm, the subtle essence that reaches the heart due to the thoughts that well within us as we listen?

To me the song of the wood thrush is an invitation to dream when it does not unlock the door of the dead years. Given a dewy evening in early June, when freshness is stamped upon every living thing; given the color of the season's brightest blossoms and the scent of its choicest odors, given that mysterious purple light that fills the whole earth at the close of day and with these the songs of many thrushes, and there remains no trace of harshness in the world. The thorns are dulled, the angles are rounded off, we listen, for the time at peace, as if the dross of our imperfect selves had been taken away."

It is as Oliver Wendell Holmes implies in his "After a Lecture on Wordsworth":

"Though still the lark-voiced matins ring
The world has known so long;
The wood-thrush of the West shall sing
Earth's last sweet even-song!"

Wood-thrush is choice of his melody, but not ungenerous. As his name implies, he is a woodland bird, but not thereby unknowable, as one has only to seek him out to enjoy him. Rose Terry Cooke finds him in such fragrant, retired nooks as the "Trailing Arbutus" loves. "There the wild wood-robin hymns your solitude," she congratulates the pretty blossom. Lowell records the bird's fondness for brooksides:

"By beaver brook a thrush is ringing
Till all the alder-coverts dark
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing."

In his poem "To Whittier," he compliments the shy poet on his success with the reserved bird:

"Thy steps allure us, which the wood-thrush hears
As maids their lovers', and no treason fears."

When heard from a distance and in strictly sylvan scenes, the rise and fall of the melody takes on an echo-like character:

"The wood-thrush singing in the pine trees' twilight shade
As if one-half his melody the boughs' low murmur made."
—Lucy Larcom ("Friend Brook").

"From tangled runnels girt with daffodils
Bare echoes reached us of wood-robin trills."
—Lloyd Mifflin.

"Their secret; they thought it was hid,
But the wren and the bobolink knew it;
And a wood-thrush, the alders amid
To his mate in a flute-echo threw it."—Lucy Larcom.

Mr. Torrey finds the bird an inventive genius, saying that the variations he uses sometimes makes it "impossible not to feel that the artist is making a deliberate effort to do something out of the ordinary course, something better than he has ever done before. Now and then he prefaces his proper song with many disconnected, extremely staccato notes, following each other at every distant and unexpected intervals of pitch. It is this, I conclude, which is meant by some writer when he criticizes the wood thrush for spending too much time in tuning his instrument. But the fault is the critic's, I think; to my ear these preliminaries sound rather like the recitative which goes before the grand aria."

The hermit thrush, too, has this liking for commencing his slow, rapturous song with a preliminary clause that is rich and entrancing:

"Serene and undismayed,
He runs the measure over,
Perfection still delayed.
No hurry and annoyance;
Enough for him to try
The large few notes of prelude
Which put completion by."
—Bliss Carman ("The Breath of the Reed").

As his name indicates, the hermit thrush, or swamp angel, is still more reserved than the wood thrush, preferring the darkest, most marshy swamps and canebrakes to be found. Yet his shyness is of a dignified sort, Mr. Torrey finds his demure taciturnity very curious and engaging. "The fellow will neither skulk nor run, but hops upon some low branch, and looks at you, behaving not a little as if you were the specimen and he the student! And in such a case, as far as I can see, the bird equally with the man has a right to his own point of view."

Emerson, in his poem "Walden," says that the "hermit thrush comes there to build," which is a delicate tribute to Thoreau's nature-loving soul that could enjoy the wild life about him without being intrusive. Other nature-lovers have spied the retiring bird in his protective colorings:

"In the tangled underbrush
Flits the shadowy hermit-thrush."
—Maurice Thompson ("In the Haunt of Bass and Bream").

"Through the dim arbor, himself more dim,
Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
The withered leaves keep dumb for him."
—James Russell Lowell ("Al Fresco").

"In the swamp, in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song,
Solitary, the thrush,
The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song."—Walt Whitman.

Mr. Parkhurst says of the quiet, brown-clad woodland chorister: "His every aspect of plumage, form and melody holds acknowledged supremacy among his brothers, until it is no wonder he loves music, seeing everything in his own character is harmony." John Burroughs calls his song the "finest sound in nature," "as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. . . . I open his beak and find the inside yellow as gold; I was prepared to find it in-laid with pearls and diamonds or see an angel issue from it." Henry Van Dyke, among others, finds the same spiritual quality in the rendition:

"O wonderful! How liquid clear
The molten gold of that other real tone,
Floating and falling through the woods alone,
A hermit-hymn poured out for God to hear."
—("The Hermit Thrush").

Mrs. Merriam, too: "The songs of the wood thrush and hermit resemble each other in their spiritual quality; but the hermit has a more chant-like utterance, and its first high strain arouses emotions which its regularly falling cadences carry to a perfect close. The song is one for which many of nature's devotees make long pilgrimages; and to my mind it excels that of any bird I have ever heard, being, above all others, serene and uplifting." This Mr. Burroughs has put well in verse form:

"In the primal forests's bush,
Listen! . . . the hermit thrush!
Silver chords of purest sound
Pealing through the depths profound,
Tranquil rapture, unafraid
In the fragrant morning shade.

Pausing in the twilight dim,
Hear him lift his evening hymn,
Clear it rings from mountain crest,
Pulsing out from speckled breast,
Day is done, the moon doth soar,
Still the hermit, o'er and o'er,
In the deep'ning twilight long
Holds and swells his cadenced song."
—("The Hermit Thrush").

This "cadenced song" has been more carefully described by Olive Thorne Miller after listening to one day after day: "The bird began to sing his way down to us about ten o'clock in the morning. I heard him first afar off, then coming nearer and nearer, till he reached some favorite perch in the woods behind, and very near the farmhouse, before noon, where he usually sang at intervals till eight o'clock in the evening. I studied his song carefully. It consisted of but one clause, composed of a single emphasized note, followed by two triplets on a descending scale. But while retaining the relative position of these few notes he varied the effect almost infinitely by changing both the key and the pitch constantly, with such skill

that I was astonished to discover the remarkable simplicity of the song. A striking quality of it was an attempt which he frequently made to utter his clause higher on the scale than he could reach, so that the triplets became a sort of trill or tremolo, at the very extreme of his register. Sometimes he gave the triplets alone, without the introductory note; but never, in the weeks that I studied his song, did he sing other than this one clause. . . . It was only with an effort that I could force myself to analyze the performance. Far easier were it, and far more delightful, to sit enchanted, to be overwhelmed and intoxicated by his thrilling music. Often when listening to the hermit song I wondered that at the first note of the king of singers all other birds were not mute. But evidently the birds have not enthroned this thrush. Possibly even they do not share human admiration for his song. . . . But the hermit thrush goes on with sublime indifference to the voices of common folk down below. Sometimes he is answered from afar by another of his kind, who arranges his notes a little differently. The two seem to wait for each other, as if not to mar their divine harmony by vulgar haste or confusion."

"O singer serene, secure!
From thy throat of silver and dew
That transport lonely and pure,
Unchanging, endlessly new."
—Charles G. D. Boberts ("The Hermit Thrush").

"Within the woods the hermit-thrush
Trails an enchanted flute along."—Madison Cawein.

This fluted, ascending, richly modulated song, now loud, now soft, John Burroughs attempts to interpret in words, with more or less success: "O spheral, spheral! O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" The first phrases are beautiful and appropriate, but the last one leaves the spiritual plane to drop into an almost petulant, worldly note, almost a travesty on the original theme and on the bird's professions:

"A hermit he, from the world hiding;
Like anchorite,
In solitude of the Thebiad;
With morning light
Intones his matins and his vespers
At fall of night."
—Zittella Cocke ("The Hermit Thrush").

"While from his nest
In deeper woods the hermit thrush intones
With heavenly mind his morning orisons."
—Zitella Cocke ("Sunrise").

Bryant, too, with his indolent choice of the word "pipe" to describe a bird's performance, gives the hermit thrush much too dapper and hilarious a tune, even for a spring song, "Among the Trees:"

"The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring,"

though, as Mrs. Merriam says, this loud, rich melody, "at a little distance is probably the most beautiful song of our woods," and is not amiss when sung in an alder swamp to the timid adder-tongues and spring beauties and squirrel corn blossoms: "In the midst of all this mute loveliness the minstrel of the forest came to sing for the flowers their lay of the spring. Sitting almost motionless on the dead branch of a fallen tree top, the thrush poured forth his *'oh-tir-a-lee-lee'* in ever varying tone and melody, till the woods seemed enriched by the marvelous song."

As one poet hints, the bird finds joy and inspiration in serving the beautiful, in voicing the music dormant within his mute audients:

"Dweller among leaves
And shining twilight boughs that fold
Cool arms about thine altar place,
What deity receives
Thy fluent tribute gold?
What joyous race
Of gods dost serve, whose service gives
The heart to sing as thou hadst passed no way
Save beauty's since the unsleeping wand
Tipped thee with life, and overfond
Gave thee a perfect woodland lay?"
—Olive T. Dargan ("Lines to a Hermit Thrush").

Continues Mrs. Merriam: "The hermit thrush chants the forest Te Deums for sunrise and sunset. Ever since I was a child, in the long summer evenings we have walked through the woods to 'William Miller Hill' to see the sunset and listen to the hermit's vespers. As we went along, watching the red light slant across the trunks of

the trees, we would sometimes be thrilled with his song, but not till we had reached the brow of the hill overlooking the village in the

valley, and the dark line of wooded hills beyond, not till the sun dropped behind the dark hills and the rosy cloudlets training across the sky had gradually disappeared; not till the afterglow of the sunset was turning to pale serene light, would the song of the hermit stir us with its full richness and beauty. Then from the wooded hillside it would come to us, filling the cool evening air with its tremulous yearning and pathos, and gathering up into short waves of song the silent music of the sunset—nature's benison of peace."

"And best of all, through the twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm."
—Henry Van Dyke ("An Angler's Wish").

"And across the solitude
The hermit's holy transport peals serene."
—C. G. D. Roberts ("The Clearing").

"Who rings New England's Angelus?
A little bird so plainly dressed
With robe of brown and spotted vest,
He rings New England's Angelus."
—Mrs. Nelly Hart Woodworth ("The Hermit Thrush").

Mabel Osgood Wright describes both the morning spring song and the evening: "The wonderful melody ascended gradually in the scale as it progressed, now thrilling, now legato, the most perfect, exalted, unrestrained yet withal finished bird song that I ever heard. . . . Those who have heard the nightingale say that it is the surroundings and its continuous night singing that make it even the equal of our hermit; for while the nightingale sings in numbers in the moonlit groves, the hermit tunes his lute sometimes in inaccessible solitudes, and there is something immaterial and immortal about the song. Presently you cease altogether to associate it with a bird, and it inspires a kindred feeling in every one who hears it."

"Its dreamy dells, in solemn twilight hush,
Echo dulce warblings of the hermit-thrush."
—William H. Venable ("Fairyland").

"The hermit thrush begins again,
Timorous eremite,
That song of risen tears and pain,
As if the one he loved was far away:
'Alas, another day—
'And now good night, good night,
'Good night!'"
—Duncan Campbell Scott ("The End of the Day").

"The glory of the sunset sky
Fades in violet and gray,
As from the wooded copse near by
A voice in music floats away.
It soars on wings of rapturous flight;
It trills with undertones of pain;
It languishes to reach the light,
Then mounts and soars again."
—Edith W. Lynn ("The Hermit Thrush").

The tawny thrush, named Wilson's after the great ornithologist and veery from its call-note, is a delightful songster with plenty of admirers:

"But far away and far away the tawny thrush is singing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing:
And when my light of life is low and heart and flesh are weary,
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery."
—Henry Van Dyke ("The Veery").

Says Mrs. Merriam: "When sought in its natural woodland home (veery) will meet your friendly advances with confidence, answering your whistle with its own sweet wavering *whee-u*, till you feel that the woods hold gentle friends to whom you will gladly return. Hold a stiff beech-leaf at right angles to your lips and whistle softly a series of descending *'whee-u, whee-whee-u's,* and you will get a little of the reed-like quality and phrasing of the veery's song. To me it has all the restfulness of the sunny beech woods in summer, for it is one of my best loved home-birds."

"By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes
That whistle to cheer it
All day in the bushes,
This woodland is haunted."
—Lowell ("The Fountain of Youth").

Mrs. Merriam describes a Sunday afternoon in a pine grove: "And when the symphony of wind spirits softly touching their harp-strings in the tree-tops had soothed every sense into rest and peace across the grove, from the trees on the hillside and the bushes by the river in antiphonal chorus rang out the low thrilling chant of the veeries. . . . Although his song is the least remarkable of the three thrushes, his conversational notes and calls are both varied and numerous. His regular song is a series of trills descending the scale, and may be rendered as a trilled *'trea, trea trea.'* Another form of this is *'tree, tree, trum, rea, rea.'* I have drawn a number of veeries about me by imitating their *'kree-ah,'* and one of the rarest forest concerts I ever listened to began with this call. It was on a June afternoon, with a touch of golden enchantment in the air. *'Kree-ah kree-up,'* came the sweet, rich call, first from one side and then another, till a dozen thrushes gathered. Then from their leafy covers rose the grave beautiful song. It seemed the choral of a dream, in which each note came forth as an inspiration."

"One hears the veery's golden flute,
That mixes with the sleepy hum
Of bees that drowsily go and come."
—Madison Cawein ("Midsummer").

"The veery his wildest enchantment renewed."—Bliss Carman.

Mabel Osgood Wright has also enjoyed a veery serenade in a hollow of laurels and hemlocks and waterfall music: "Suddenly from the woody banks the veeries began their song. They had been singing by twos and threes ever since sunset, but now the sound was as of a full chorus compared to the humming of a few notes. From all sides the notes rang: *'Taweel 'ah, taweel 'ah!'* and then a tone lower: *'twil-ah, twil-ah!'* no two birds seeming to sing precisely at once, but continually echoed themselves and each other. Why is not this bird called the echo thrush? The name would reveal its identity to any one who had ever heard the song. The music lasted until after

nine o'clock, when it died away in a whisper like a benediction of the night."

"the veery threw
Its mellow trill from spray to spray."
—Julia C. R. Dorr ("The River Otter").

According to John Burroughs, "he utters a few soft, mellow, flute-like notes, one of the most simple expressions of melody to be heard." But Oilve Thorne Miller does not find it simple, at least not in effect: "Still we went on, climbing the steep hills, loitering through the valleys, till suddenly a bird note broke the stillness, quite near us, a low, yearning *'wee-o!'* . . . Again it came, more plaintive than before; once more, in an almost agonized tone, and so it continued, ever growing higher in pitch and more mournful, till we could hardly endure to listen to it. Then arose the matchless song, the very breath of the woods, the solemn, mysterious, wonderful song of the bird, and two listeners at least lingered in ecstasy to hear, till it dropped to silence again. . . . No bird that I know can impart such distance to his notes, and few can get around so silently. A great charm in his song is that it rarely bursts upon your notice; it appears to steal into your consciousness, and in a moment the air seems full of his breezy, woodsy music, his 'quivering, silvery song,' as Cheney calls it."

"And veery's song
Like the tinkle of altar bells."
—William J. Long ("The Woodland Spring").

Here is Neltje Blanchan's opinion or one expression of it: "The veery prefers wild, wet woods, and there its ringing, weird, whistling monotone, that is so melodious without being a melody, seems to come from you can't guess where. . . . It is as if two voices, an alto and a soprano, were singing at the same time: *'Whee-you, whee'you;'* the familiar notes might come from a scythe being sharpened on a whetstone were the sound less musical than it is."

"When the morning wind comes up the mountain,
Stirring all the beech-groves of the valley,
The first tawny-thrush disturbs the twilight
With his reed-pipes, eerie calm and golden."—Bliss Carman.

Parkhurst calls him a "notable singer, whose call notes are but the chrysalis of his song, at first soft and seldom heard, gradually becoming louder and more frequent, breaking into a rich and modulated chant. "But otherwhere he is more critical." Veery is more melodious at dusk, and prolongs its song later into the evening than almost any other bird. He is refined, but tantalizing and disobliging in his vocal performance, with a soliloquizing, sotto voice strain which is the foretaste of what never comes. One feels a desire to spur him on a little, just to test his full capacity for once, and see what he might do under the impulse of a really enthusiastic thrill. He seems to be harboring a few latent talents in unused napkins. His tone, which near at hand sounds faint and veiled, seems to be magnified by distance, particularly if near water."

"The veery thrush blows in his flute
When all but thou and he are mute—
Reverb'rant note in leafy halls
That echo to his fluty calls."
—John Burroughs ("The Hermit Thrush").

Perhaps the highest tribute of all is Mr. Torrey's, too long to be quoted in full: "Here, if nowhere else, might be heard music fit to be called sacred. The veery's mood is not so lofty as the hermit's, nor is his music to be compared for brilliancy and fullness with that of the wood thrush; but more than any other bird song known to me, the veery's has, if I may say so, the accent of sanctity. Nothing is here of self-consciousness, of earthly pride or passion. . . . Yet for all the unstudied ease and simplicity of his strain, he is a great master of technique. He gives to his melody all the force of harmony . . . it must be by an arpeggio, struck with such consummate quickness and precision that the ear is unable to follow it, and is conscious of nothing but the resultant chord. Moreover, he will favor you with a delightful feat of ventriloquism, beginning to sing in a single voice, and anon, without any noticeable increase in the loudness of the tones, diffusing the music throughout the wood, as if there were a bird in every tree, all singing together in the strictest time. . . . Music so devout and unostentatious does not appeal to the hurried or the preoccupied. I have sometimes pleased myself with imagining a resemblance between it and the poetry of George Herbert—both uncared for by the world, but both prized all the more dearly by the few in every generation whose spirits are in tune with theirs."

As Whittier knew, "there in spring the veeries sing the song of long ago." So "in the mellow month of June when the tawny-thrushes sing," as M. F. Smith describes it, is a good time for the bird-lover to be abroad in the woodland. Like Thoreau, who "found the tawny'thrush's brood," as Emerson tells us, any gentle soul may enjoy the bird.

"'June! June!'
The veery sings,
Sings and sings,
'June! June.'
A pretty tune'"—Richard Hovey (Spring").

"Of summer days and summer joys
The tawny thrush his voice employs,
In chorus with the warbling throng
To fill his measure of the song."
—G. H. Cooke ("A Day in June").

"Circle in circle the notes go 'round
Clear as the tone of a bell;
Tinkling forth like a liquid sound
Up from the depths of a well.
Moist and cool is the peaceful song,
Ringing the same sweet lay,
Not to a bird the light notes belong
But to a wandering fay."
—Anon ("The Veery in June").

Naturally those who know and love each one of these charming thrushes try to pick a favorite among them. Their attempts are enlightening and interesting.

Thoreau frankly states that the wood-thrush is his favorite songster among birds and among thrushes; Burroughs calls him the "crowning glory," which makes one suspect the order in which he places these three as heading the list of American songsters gives the best first. Olive Thorne Miller thought the wood-thrush the best singer until she heard the veery, which was supplanted by the hermit, though she qualifies her decision by confessing: "For me the hermit voices the sublimity of the deep woods, while the veery expresses its mystery, its unfathomable remoteness." She tells of a bird lover who came to visit her and to hear the hermit thrush, and whose verdict was, "I am already paid for my long journey." "Yet," com-

ments Miss Miller, "after the first surprise and wonder were over, she swung loyally back to her first love, the wood thrush, of whose sublime voice she says: 'The first solemn opening note transports you instantly into a holy cathedral.' For myself, I have never been able to choose permanently between these two glorious singers."

Mr. Abbott seems to incline wood-thrushward: "The hermit is thought by very many our finest song-bird, and no praise bestowed by enthusiastic admirers upon it has by others been considered excessive. Its song is not unlike that of the wood-thrush, but richer, more flute-like and dreamy. . . . But I am confident that no hermit in the wilds of Maine ever excelled a wood thrush that for four consecutive summers nested in an apple-tree in my lane." . .. . "It is down in the books that as a musician the hermit thrush outranks all others of its kind. It is claimed to have a more spiritual song—to reach in this direction a little beyond all others. . . . I have heard it at its best, but is its song superior to that of all wood-thrushes? I honestly doubt it. . . . May it not be that the primeval forest the hermit loves so well, with all its grandeur of giant trees, mossy rocks, still ponds, wild waterfalls and the companionship of nature's fiercest forms of life, inspires this thrush to efforts that we seldom hear in the tamer haunts of its cousin? but is not the less pretentious wood-thrush sometimes impelled to an unusual effort, and, so moved, does it not accomplish all that makes the hermit one of the musical marvels of the country?"

The wood-thrush wins Mr. Keyser's vote, too, though he shows himself an unprejudiced listener: "To my ear the veery's song was sweet, almost hauntingly so. Some notes were quite like certain strains of the wood-thrush's rich song, but others seemed more ringing and bell-like, and the whole tune was more skilfully and smoothly rendered—that is, with less labored effort. Still, I am loath to say that the general effect of this bird's song is more pleasing than that of the wood-thrush, for there is something far-away and dreamy about the minstrelsy of the latter that one does not hear in the song of any other species."

Mr. Torrey calls them all patricians, "with their modest but rich dress and their dignified, quiet demeanor, they stand for the true aristocratic spirit. . . . Their songs are in keeping with this character; leisurely, unambitious and brief, but in beauty of voice and in high musical quality excelling all other music of the woods. However, I have not found even these thrushes perfect. The hermit, who is my favorite of the four, has a habit of slowly raising and depressing his tail when his mind is disturbed—a trick which is

not a mark of good breeding; the Wilson, while every note of his song breathes of spirituality, has nevertheless a most vulgar alarm call, a petulant, nasal, one-syllabled *'yeork.'* . . . When I have fooled the wood thrush with decoy whistles, I have found him more inquisitive than seemed altogether becoming to a bird of his quality."

He owns that one cannot help wishing that he might hear them singing by turns in the same wood, but that one must hear them at various times and places, and "trust his memory to make the necessary comparison." He states that "the song of the wood thrush is perhaps the most easily set apart from the rest, because of its greater compass of voice and bravery of execution." Once, when he hears hermits everywhere at all hours he settles a question "already settled several times—whether the wood thrush or the hermit is the better singer. This time my decision was in favor of the former. How the case would have turned had the conditions been reversed, had there been a hundred of the wood thrushes for one of the hermits, of course I cannot tell. So true is a certain old Latin proverb, that in matters of this sort it is impossible for a man to agree even with himself for any long time together." Still later he says of the first thrush note of the year, uttered by a hermit, "Never was voice more beautiful." Yet in the next paragraph he states: "All in all, I must esteem the wood thrush our greatest singer; although the hermit might dispute the palm, perhaps, but that he is merely a semi-annual visitor in most parts of Massachusetts. If perfection be held to consist in the absence of flaw, the hermit's is unquestionably the more nearly perfect song of the two. Whatever he attempts is done beyond criticism; but his range and variety are far less than his rival's, and, for my part, I can forgive the latter if now and then he reaches after a note lying a little beyond his best voice, and withal is too commonly wanting in that absolute simplicity and ease which lend such an ineffable charm to the performance of the hermit and the veery. Shakespeare is not a faultless poet, but in the existing state of public opinion it will hardly do to set Gray above him."

Of course, if wood-thrush be the Shakespeare of the three, Milton and Gray must yield him the laurel crown.

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THE SYMPHONY OF THE HOURS.

CONTINUATION OF PART II.—"THE PASSION IN THE LITTLE HOURS." TO THE END OF FERIA VI.

FERIA SEXTA—(continued).

Sext. Ps. lxxxiii.: "Quam dilecta (2): and Ps. lxxxvi.: "Fundamenta ejus."

None. Ps. lxxxviii.: "Misericordias Domini." (3).

"PRO TORCULARIBUS;" these somewhat mysterious words are found in the title of the exquisite psalm we are now to consider, the "Quam dilecta;" the full title being "Unto the end, for the wine-presses, a psalm for the sons of Core." What the wine-presses originally indicated, will perhaps never be known with certainty; but the mystical significance of the expression, as given by the Fathers, is not only beautiful in itself, but floods the whole psalm with the crimson light that told of the setting of the Sun of Justice on Calvary's height. The prophetic description of Isaias will readily come to mind: "Why then is thy apparel red, and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press? I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the Gentiles there is not a man with me . . . and their blood is sprinkled upon my garments, and I have stained all my apparel." (lxiii., 2, 3). At the Hour of Sext, therefore—the third watch of the day—we may well begin this psalm by a kind of composition of place, in which we represent to ourselves the Redeemer of the world treading the wine-press alone. To this can be added the further mystical development of St. Athanasius, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, "qui per torcularia mystice intelligunt ecclesias Christianorum, in quibus reperitur expressum vinum sanguinis Christi, gratiarum et virtutum" (Cfr. Paraphr. Molshem.); fitque sanguis Christi merum.

Quam dilecta Tabernacula! Theology and devotion are here admirably linked together. We need not delay to consider the circumstances of suffering and depression under which the psalm was written; when perhaps the singer was in exile and at a distance from the Sanctuary he loved so well; there is more here than the expression of a tender yearning for any earthly tabernacle; as Schouppe remarks: "Alii vero, ut Augustinus, Cassiodorus, Bellarminus, Lindanus, Bertherius, verba hujas psalmi ampliora et altiora esse censent, quam ad Tabernaculum terrenum et ad bona temporalia restringi possint." And Bellarmine's words may be given: "Nos cum Patribus, existimamus tam ardens desiderium,

quale in hoc psalmo legimus, *etiam ad litteram, ad aeterna Tabernacula pertinere.*"

At the outset of the psalm, therefore, we discover two leading thoughts the first based on the typical interpretation of the "wine-press;" the second on the anagogic significance of the "tabernacula" of verse 1, with the subsequent "domus" et "atria Domini." St. Paul gives the theology which binds them together: "But Christ being come, an High-Priest of the good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hand . . . by His own blood, entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption." Heb. ix., 11; and verse 15, "Therefore He is the mediator of the New Testament: that by means of his death . . . they that are called may receive the promise of eternal inheritance." The two sections into which the psalm is divided are two clearly distinguishable strophes; the one of meditation, the other of prayer. The soul, ravished by the contemplation of the joys of heaven, betakes itself to the thought of the merits of the Redeemer and pours out its pleading prayer that it may one day arrive at the heavenly mansions for which it now so ardently longs. "Concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini." First the voice of the Psalmist is uplifted in a transport of joy: "Vox est contemplantis, mirantis et amantis;" (Schouppe). It is as though he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of the glittering abode where dwelleth the Lord of Hosts—the eternal inheritance promised to the elect. Soul and heart and flesh are ravished with the bright vision, as on another Thabor. True he expresses his ecstacy in terms of the earthly tabernacle and of the joy with which he yearned for the "courts of the Lord;" but he rises easily and freely on the wings of contemplation till his whole being is permeated through and through with a sense of the Majesty and lovableness of God. In the forty-first psalm (which, as the commentators point out, has many points of resemblance to this,) he had expressed his "thirst for the strong living God" by the beautiful comparison "As the hart panteth after the fountains of waters; so my soul panteth after thee O God," so here again in the words "For the sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest for herself," is a ready illustration of the final term of his longing. The tender care of God is here most touchingly alluded to; care for the very least of His creatures, for the worthless restless sparrow, and for the timid solitary dove. Like these, oftentimes had the psalmist been far from home, wandering now from place to place, at other times hiding away in some lonely cleft of the rocks. He had benefitted spiritually by the untoward vicissitudes

that had befallen. Earthly unrest had taught him the sweetness of heaven's repose. He longed for a place of security, a shelter from storm, a covert to hide himself in; a place for the spirit to nestle in, away from the turmoil of life. His prayer of contemplation enables him to visualize such a soul-satisfying repose: "Altaria tua, Domine virtutum;" his haven of rest must needs be in closest proximity to God's altars. One cannot fail to notice especially in the first few verses, the almost hurried sequence of ideas with which the inspired writer pours out his joy. He cannot stay to elaborate them; sometimes he is content to leave the sentence unfinished, being satisfied merely with an exclamation of rapture: "How lovely are thy tabernacles!" "Thy altars, O Lord of Hosts!" And the supreme source of all his joy appeals to him in so many ways: "Lord of Hosts;" "the living God;" "my King and my God;" "the Law-giver;" "the God of Gods;" "Lord God of Hosts;" "God of Jacob;" "God our Protector." It is as though the psalmist has had a moment of tense spiritual experience which no human language is adequate to unfold in all its fulness; that like St. Paul "he had been caught up into Paradise; and heard secret words, which it is not granted to man to utter; nevertheless the few pregnant sentences with which he has outlined the yearning of the soul for the eternal joys of heaven, have given to the world for all time, a most entrancing rhapsody, which saint and sinner alike, have ever loved to make their own. It is said that St. Thomas Aquinas owed his monastic vocation to the eleventh verse of this psalm, "I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God, rather than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners." Of St. Francis de Sales it is written that after receiving the Last Sacraments on his death-bed, he awaited the coming of the Bridegroom with resignation, repeating the words which form the first and second verses of the "Quam dilecta": and similarly with the account of the last moments of the holy widow St. Paula, the standers by heard her murmuring almost without intermission the same sweet refrain. And so it is, all through the precious story. The Psalmist has given a simple formula which gathers up the scattered forces of prayer and bids them converge in life-long yearning towards the Tabernacle of the New Jerusalem.

The prayerful contemplation of the majesty of God embraces also the happy vision of the elect who stand by the great white throne. Already the phrase "Lord of Hosts" has indicated for us the joyous presence of numberless legions of angels; now the Psalmist records the beatitude of those who had sojourned in the "vale of tears," who also "are come to Mount Sion, and to the City of the Living God,

and to the company of many thousands of angels . . . and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus, the Meditator of the New Testament, and to the sprinkling of Blood, which speaketh better than that of Abel." Heb. xii. This passage from St. Paul to the convert Jews in Palestine is very interesting in our study here, because of the striking resemblance it bears to the subject matter of the psalm. First there is the sequence of thought from type to reality; from Mount Sion and the earthly tabernacle to the celestial abode of the "Living God."

Then the glorious inhabitants of the heavenly courts. The "spirits of the just *made perfect,*" are those who "have disposed to ascend by steps," who have so ordered their lives as to rise step by step up the ladder of perfection; who have inherited the "blessing of the Law-giver," and in consequence, "go from virtue to virtue" till they attain even to the beatific vision "videbitur Deus deorum in Sion."

In both passages transition is now made to the meritorious cause of this happy consummation: "Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament;" though the Psalmist clothes the allusion in the language of prayer "respice in faciem Christi tui" . . . respice verum principem populi tui, Messiam, Christum Jesum; et propter ejus merita protege nos (Schouppe), "nos in quibus reperitur expressum vinum sanguinis Christi, gratiarum et virtutum." (Aug.) We too breathe the same prayer. Our yearning, as that of the Psalmist, is for the "dilecta tabernacula" beyond the veil; and the source of our consolation on earth, "in the place which he hath set," is the self-same; still does the prayer rise heavenwards to "God our protector," "Look on the face of thy Christ," who by the greater and more perfect tabernacle of His suffering humanity, "by His own blood entered once into the Holy of Holies" thereby obtaining for us eternal redemption.

God who "loveth mercy and truth" ever faithful to His promises, "will give grace and glory" grace now, while we linger "in the vale of tears;" glory hereafter, when we shall realize to the full that "better is one day in thy courts above thousands:" which verse St. Augustine amplifies thus: "Men long for thousands of days and wish to live here long; let them despise these thousands of days, let them long for one day, which has neither rising nor setting: one day, an everlasting day, to which no yesterday yields, which no to-morrow presses. Let this one day be longed for by us. What have we to do with a thousand days? We go from the thousand days to one day; let us hasten to that one day, as we go from virtue to virtue."

It will not be out of place to recall here the Church's choice of this psalm as the first of the five that are said as a preparation for Holy Mass. We need not delay over the devotional beauties that lie on the surface of the psalm. Morning after morning the priest turns to the tabernacle as David did. His whole life has been a turning to the tabernacle, since the first grace of his vocation; since first he "aspired" to the priesthood. During the long years of his apprenticeship he prayed and longed for the courts of the Lord; "in his heart he disposed to ascend by steps," marking each rung of the ecclesiastical ladder as he progressed through the sevenfold Orders, with a higher perfection of grace and a yearning ever fresh and youthful and vigorous; till the morning of his ordination dawned at last, and his "heart and flesh rejoiced in the living God." Then day by day the music of the "Quam dilecta" falls sweetly on his ear; the tabernacle and all that it stands for, is still the goal of his labors and his longings: "altaria tua Domine virtutum, Rex meus et Deus meus." And as he stands at the altar, in the solemn moments after the Consecration, all the joy of this "psalm for the sons of Core" (sons of Christ, as St. Augustine interprets) returns with renewed intensity; for the second strophe of the psalm especially, in a truly remarkable way is woven into the texture of the post-elevation prayers of the Sacred Liturgy. Thus the "respice in faciem Christi tui," of the Lamb that was slain from the beginning, the "hostiam puram, hostiam sanctam, hostiam immaculatam," is taken up by the Church in the "supra quae propitio ac sereno vultu respicere digneris, et accepta habere;" the psalmist's vision of the heavenly altars with the thronging hosts "altaria tua Domine virtutum" is the vision of the Church also: "supplices te rogamus . . . jube haec perferri per manus sancti Angeli tui in sublime altare tuum, in conspectu divinae majestatis tuae;" and so again with the comforting assurance of the words "The Lord will give grace and glory;" both are coupled together at the end of the same prayer "ut quotquot ex hac altaris participatione. . . . Sanguinem sumpserimus, omni benedictione coelesti, et gratia repleamur."

These considerations should serve to stimulate thought and devotion when we meet the psalm at Sext on Feria sexta. As we look in spirit on the "face of Christ" crucified we see more than the pallor of death. "Tu devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum." He was disfigured that we might be transfigured. He died to extract the sting of death; He was the great High-Priest of Sacrifice, of the good things to come; we are incorporated in that same eternal priesthood.

And so the psalm becomes a kind of crystal into which we gaze

and behold "things hidden from the foundation of the world." It need not surprise us that the shadow of the Great Sacrifice should fall aslant the psalmist's ecstacy over the joys of heaven; in the economy of Redemption the two thoughts are inseparable; even amidst the glories of the Transfiguration, the same shadow is in evidence, for "whilst he prayed and the shape of his countenance was altered, and his raiment became white and glittering, Moses and Elias appearing in majesty *spoke of his decease that he should accomplish in Jerusalem*" (Luke ix.); whilst at the very centre of the Apocalyptic description of the "Heavenly Jerusalem," in the midst of the throne . . . and in the midst of the ancients, is the *"Lamb, standing as it were slain."*

Sext on Feria VI. concludes with the "Fundamenta ejus" (86), another of the psalms "for the sons of Core," whose office it was to "prophecy with harps, and with psalteries, and with cymbals." Par I., xxv., and here they extol in mystic imagery the glory of the Church of Christ, the city set on a rock "cujus civitatis sanctae, fundamenta posuit Altissimus in montibus sanctis, in Sion et in Calvario." (Schouppe). The contents of the psalm make it clear that our vision must extend far beyond the confines of the earthly Jerusalem. Certainly the first verse wafts us thither in thought: "The Lord loveth the gates of Sion above all the tabernacles of Jacob . . . the foundations thereof are in the holy mountains;" i. e. Mount Sion and Mount Moria; the former of which was graced at its summit by the stately towers of the royal palace; whilst on Mount Moria was the temple itself; but it is soon evident that the inspired writer scans a more distant horizon. In the middle distance is Calvary's height; beyond it even to the confines of the earth, a wonderful sight. "Memor ero Rahab (Aegypti) et Babylonis scientium me . . . alienigenae et Tyrus et populus Aethiopum, hi fuerunt illic (tanquam cives genuini)." This is in reality a remarkable prophecy of the triumph of Calvary in establishing a world-wide spiritual kingdom. Egyptians, Babylonians, Tyrians, Ethiopians and outsiders generally, are to be brought into the number of God's own people. "Homo et homo natus est in ea;" men of every clime, of every nationality, in great multitudes shall do homage to revealed truth; (scientium); and more than this; the "natus est" introduces an idea which makes this passage perhaps unique in Old Testament prophecy, in as much as it makes this future union of nations a new birth into the glorious city of God. The whole passage is a singular forecast of St. Paul's message to the Gentile Church at Ephesus: "But now in Christ Jesus, you who some time

were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ . . . you are no more strangers and foreigners: but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God." Eph., ii. It is not merely that the Apostles had to go and "make disciples" of all nations, but men individually (homo et homo) had to be enrolled as citizens of this new Jerusalem; and furthermore they were to be "born again" through the appointed waters of regeneration which should impart to them a newness of life deriving all its vigor from the Cross. Finally, as if anticipating a possible objection, the psalmist urges that the new City of God was not to be the handiwork of man, for "the Highest himself hath founded her . . . (et ipse fundavit eam Altissimus)."

Verse six is somewhat obscure. "Dominus narrabit in scripturis populorum et principum: horum qui fuerunt in ea." But the force of the words would appear to be in the rhetorical question and answer: "Numquid Sion dicet?" "Dominus (ipse) narrabit." No ordinary herald could "tell such good tidings to Sion;" that a new spiritual progeny should be born of her; that One especially, should be born within her domain who should become the upbuilder and protector of the new spiritual kingdom: "Homo natus est in ea . . . ipse Altissimus fundavit eam:" God alone knows such future wonders, and God Himself shall tell them; "Dominus narrabit," and not only "tell" them, for there shall be a duly-inscribed Book of the Elect (narrabit in scripturis principum et populorum); God's own census of the citizens of the New Jerusalem of which it is written that "there shall not enter into it anything defiled . . . but they that are written in the Book of Life of the Lamb." Apoc., xxi., 27.* The Psalm ends almost abruptly by recounting in one

*The figurative application here is based on an interesting fact in Jewish history after the captivity; and brings out the full significance of the use of the word "scripturis." Those loyal souls whose sturdy religious patriotism remained untarnished throughout the long period of the nation's exile, returned at long last, only to find that many of their own kinsmen had sadly fallen from the high ideals of their former history; many indeed had even lapsed into paganism and degraded the service of the true God by heathen rites. Such surely could not be allowed to co-operate in the great work of rebuilding the holy city and re-inaugurating the solemnities of the Temple. In due course therefore an enrolment was made of the faithful few, and a large book was kept in which the families were duly registered. The qualifications for entry on the register were exceedingly strict, for the names that figured thereon were of those who should constitute the new Israel, the new people of God; for "the Lord had said: I will bring you again to the place, for I think towards you thoughts of peace and not of affliction." The psalmist's idea, therefore, is clear. "Vincenti dabo manna absconditum"; those only who have come victoriously through the conflict can qualify for membership in the City of God; just as those only who survived successfully the ordeal of captivity and maintained the traditions of their fathers pure and unadulterated, could be trusted to take up the great work of restoration, and be honored by having their names inscribed on the nation's Roll of Honor.

short but telling verse of the joys that needs must flow from the privilege of enrolment in the Eternal Sion: "The dwelling in thee is as it were of all rejoicing." It is the joy of the Church triumphant; of all those "who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb . . . and thou hast made us to our God a kingdom . . . and hast redeemed us to God, in thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation." Et ipse Altissimus fundavit eam: on earth He founded the Church militant, and the foundations were laid in His Precious Blood; and in heaven, "that city that hath foundations: whose builder and maker is God" (Heb., xi., 10) the joys of the Blessed is seen to rest on the same sure foundation: "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb . . . they shall not hunger nor thirst any more . . . for the Lamb shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Apoc., vii., 17.

The "Misericordias Domini" of None is a long psalm of fifty-three verses and is divided into three sections which accurately coincide with a three-fold treatment of the subject-matter. The first is a majestic and melodious song of praise, telling of the mercies of God, His power and fidelity; and the happiness of a people who have such a God for their protection; practically a development of verse three. The second is a similar development of verse four . . . "juravi David servo meo . . .". "the terms of the covenant being rehearsed at some length. The third embodies a spirit of apprehension, for all seems so dark; and advances a pleading petition that the covenanted mercies fail not.

It would be difficult to select a psalm more appropriate than this, for recalling at once the tragedy of Calvary and the triumph of the Redemption: told as they are in terms of a nation's history. The key-note for our meditation, is founded in verses 45-46. "Sedem ejus in terram collisiti. Minorasti dies temporis ejus." "Thou hast cast his throne down to the ground. Thou hast shortened the days of his time." The psalmist is mournfully contemplating the closing days of the dynasty of David and of Juda's place among the nations; the days of Jechonias and Sedecias with whom perished the last hopes of David's house. "Thus saith the Lord, write this man barren . . . for there shall not be a man of his seed that shall sit upon the throne of David, and have power any more in Juda." Jer., xxii., 30. Dark days hung like a pall over the nation; chaos at the moment, hopelessness ahead. The covenant of God, so oft re-

peated, which had been their anchor in many a storm, seems now at any rate to have failed them, for even the throne of David is tottering to its fall, and there is none to save.

The Psalmist's statement of the facts is exceedingly vivid, and is cast in the form of an expostulation; of reproach even; "Ubi sunt misericordiae tuae antiquae Domine, sicut jurasti David in veritate tua?" ". . . distulisti Christum tuum . . . laetificasti omnes inimicos ejus . . ."

Lord where are thy ancient mercies, according to what thou didst swear to David in thy truth . . . thou hast overthrown the covenant of thy servant . . . thou hast made all his enemies to rejoice . . ."; and all this with importunate haste, following immediately on an outburst of joyous confidence in the mercy and truth of God: "My mercy I will not take away from him, nor will I suffer my truth to fail. Neither will I profane my covenant. . . . I will not lie unto David: his seed shall endure for ever, vv., 34, 35,36."

It was exactly the same problem that presented itself to the faithful followers of Christ, when in the dark hour of His Passion, no human eye could descry a single shaft of light revealing either the mercy or truth of God. "We *hoped* that it was he who should have redeemed Israel; and now besides all this i. e.—(how our chief priests and rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and be crucified) —to-day is the third day since these things were done." Luke xxiv., 20, 21. The Psalmist experiences the same grief and anguish of soul in presence of the nation's disaster; but his presentment of the idea is more fully developed; he analyses more deeply; and though he speaks in terms of a nation's distress, his poignant utterances are frequently like a word-painting of scenes of the Passion: "Exaltasti dexteram deprimentium eum . . . thou hast set up the right hand of them that oppress him . . . thou hast made his strength fear . . . thou hast been angry with thy anointed . . . all that pass by the way have robbed him . . . he is become a reproach to his neighbors. . . . He shall cry out to me: Thou art my Father, my God . . . thou hast shortened the days of his time: thou hast covered him with confusion . . . thou hast cast his throne down to the ground."

Daring as the Psalmist is in his description here, there is no need to adopt the suggestion of some timid writers, that he is really expressing the scoff of enemies; obviously we have one of those recognized rhetorical devices in which contrasts are heightened by juxtaposition; and the psalm never finally loses its hold on the main

theme so melodiously enuntiated in the first verse: "Misericordias Domini in aeternum cantabo;" . . . a theme so rich and fertile that from its divine depths there springs up another, co-eternal with it: "In generationem et generationem annuntiabo veritatem tuam."

Mercy and truth, throughout the whole of this majestic psalm, are blended together in the most sublime harmonies, which lead up to and find their mystic climax in the Divine economy of Redemption. The psalmist takes his inspiration now from one source now from another. His aim is to rise, and to raise the sad hearts of his compatriots, high above the discouragement of the moment; and so he opens out the pages of the past; telling of the promise even of God Himself: "Tunc locutus es in visione . . . et dixisti . . . inveni David servum meum . . . brachium meum confortabit eum." The enemy shall have no advantage over him: nor the son of iniquity have power to hurt him." vv. 19-21. Then the inspired writer ascends to higher ground that he may get a better view of the attributes of God which it is his purpose to emphasize especially now: power, mercy, truth. But suddenly he seems to recoil from the magnitude of his task; and as Bellarmine comments: "seeing himself incompetent to return adequate thanks for all the favors conferred on him, he calls upon the angels to do it for him; *the heavens* shall confess thy wonders O Lord . . . confitebuntur coeli mirabilia. I am not equal to the task . . . but the *heavens,* the angels dwelling therein, will do it for me, will recount the extent of your wonderful mercy, 'and thy truth in the church of the saints.' The same Angels who surround your throne in such numbers, will praise and glorify your mercy and your truth. They know the extent of that mercy better than we do who lie grovelling on the earth."

And because mercy and truth, or fidelity in the keeping of one's promises, are dependent on the power to keep them, the psalmist makes a slight digression showing that in this respect also there is nothing to fear: for "who is like to thee? thou art mighty O Lord. . . . Thou rulest the power of the sea." This is not merely a general reference to the supreme dominion of God over the greatest forces in the created universe, but it is introduced as a reminder to the people of a particular instance of God's power: "Thou hast humbled the proud one, as one that is slain" . . . "in brachio virtutis tuae dispersisti inimicos tuos," v. 12, to be understood of Pharao and his army drowned in the Red Sea.

Verily they must confess the might of God when they consider their liberation from a most powerful and obdurate foe, "brachium tuum cum potentia;" but not yet is the psalmist content; his vision

takes a wider sweep; God is omnipotent everywhere; "Thine are the heavens and thine is the earth;" He has laid the very foundations of the globe; "orbem terrae et plenitudinem ejus tu fundasti . . . aquilonem et mare . . . Thabor et Hermon . . . signifying the four points of the compass, for the "sea" means the South; Thabor et Hermon, the East and West; those mountains lying east and west of Jerusalem; (Bellarmine) and all shall rejoice in the great goodness and mercy of the Lord.

These few verses, however, form but an interlude; and the psalmist returns somewhat abruptly, to the original theme: Misericordia et veritas praecedent faciem tuam, v. 15—which appeals to him now in another light. He sees the logical consequences to the nation of God's power, truth and mercy; guaranteed to them by covenant; and the spirit of exultation clothes his every word. "Blessed is the people that knoweth jubilation . . . in thy justice they shall be exalted . . . they shall walk in the light of thy countenance . . . thou art the glory of their strength . . . in thy name they shall rejoice all the day." What signifies it even if at the moment we are moving through the cloud? God is still with us; His promise must assuredly hold good; away with all unnecessary sadness; in God's name let us rather rejoice.

And now the lyric strains of psalmody blend with the stately measures of prophecy. "Inveni David servum meum . . . ponam in saeculum saeculi semen ejus; et thronum ejus sicut dies caeli." vv. 21-30, and vv. 34-38 . . . "my mercy I will not take away from him, nor will I suffer my truth to fail. . . . His throne as the sun before me;" returning to the original theme of the mercy and truth of God; not now, however, as embodied in the people's past history, but stretching forward to future glories, when their king shall be "high above the kings of the earth" . . . excelsum prae regibus terrae. These promises, so sure, so firm, so open, so unquestioned, were made concerning Christ; thus St. Augustine, who continues: "For although some are mysteriously veiled, yet some are so clear, that all that is obscure is easily revealed by them." The Saint then points out that many of these promises enumerated by the psalmist are unfulfilled in David, and we must look to another quarter for their fulfilment. . . . "He promised from his seed something for evermore . . . but Solomon fell, and gave room for hoping for Christ . . . the fulfilment is taken from this David, that it might not be looked for in that David." And later, on verse forty-nine "Quis est homo, qui vivet, et non videbit mortem:" St. Augustine says there is no such "except Him who died for

mortals. That thou mayest be sure it is said of Him, consider the sequel; 'what man is he that liveth and shall not see death?' Did He never die then? He did. How then shall He live and never see death? He shall deliver His own soul from the hands of hell. He is spoken of alone indeed . . . because although the rest of His faithful shall rise from the dead, and shall live themselves for evermore without seeing death, yet they shall not deliver their own souls from the hands of hell." (v. 38).

The mercy and truth of God find their most perfect expression in the redeeming Sacrifice of Calvary; and consequently our devotion in reciting this psalm at None on Friday will instinctively turn to the Cross of Christ. Nor are we left entirely to our own initiative, or our own devotional fancies. The Church has given a clear lead. Thus we find the opening words "Misericordias Domini in aeternum cantabo; in generationem et generationem annuntiabo veritatem tuam in ore meo . . ." especially consecrated to the Passion; in as much as they form the second part of the Introit of the Mass on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Feast of the Precious Blood, the Votive Mass of the Passion, and in the Mass that used to be said of the Five Wounds, and of the Holy Winding Sheet.

Altogether, it may well be said that we find in this psalm a full and convincing summary of the covenant of Redemption.

It is the synthesis of "Passion" themes; a majestic and comprehensive survey of the thoughts already dealt with in the course of the Friday Little Hours, and which have flowed on like so many silver streams till now we find them converge in one mighty river of surpassing grandeur. There are moments of deepest anguish when the psalmist is almost driven again his will into the language of reproach; but his prophetic vision pierces the gloom and leads him on through avenues of light to a final outburst of confidence and praise. "Blessed be the Lord for evermore. So be it." Shafts of heavenly light play around the nation's sorrow: the power of God; His justice tempered with mercy; His truth that must in the end prevail. Even so with the ignominy and defeat of Calvary. As Bishop Bellord puts it: "We find in the Passion a combination of the deepest abasement and the highest magnificence. Extremes meet. The cross is at once a malefactor's gibbet and a royal throne. Christ abased himself in the supper-room to wash the feet of His disciples, and in the garden by the exhibition of His weakness and prostration. . . . Yet at the same time what grandeur He exhibits. Angels ministered to Him in His agony, His capturers were thrown to the ground by His mere word. . . . He calmly asserts His Divinity before the

Sanhedrim, and cites them before His tribunal as Supreme Judge. The stern Roman Governor is perturbed, and quails before His silence. While dying He speaks as God to the repentant thief. . . . His very executioners confess Him to be the Son of God." Behold then, the convincing and final response to the Psalmist's plaint: "Usquequo, Domine avertis in finem . . . Lord, where are thy ancient mercies . . . be mindful of the reproach of thy servants." The mercy and truth of which the Psalmist sings with such tuneful enthusiasm; the ruling power of God; His justice and judgment are all marshalled with telling force on the stage of the Passion; each plays its part; and the parts are woven together in the course of this eighty-eighth psalm in a way so compelling, so searching, as to put it high up indeed among the Messianic compositions; and to make it a glorious landmark in the Divine Office.

(To be continued)

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PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

THAT great literary and art movement known as the Italian Renaissance extended, in due time, beyond the Alps, into France, into Germany, into the Netherlands and into England. It was in Italy, however, that it touched art most deeply. In countries such as England and Germany the warm seed of the Italian Renaissance found lodgment only in a literary soil, leaving the vision of the painter and to a great extent the vision of the sculptor untouched.

It was quite otherwise, however, in Italy. There the stirrings of the new sap transformed the whole face and form of art. When Niccola Pisano, the Pisan sculptor, turned his new classical dream into a glorious Pisan pulpit, a new art era dawned on Italy. It was not as yet a full vision. Pisano was born about the same time as the great humanist, Petrarch, and while the genius of a Dante was making of the Tuscan dialect the language of all Italy.

Italian art of the eleventh and twelfth centuries was of little value or consequence. It was an art divided between the native and Byzantine styles; the one as utterly rude as the other was deeply sunken. It was truly the latter half of the thirteenth century which really developed the new tendency in art. Well, indeed, might Dr. James J. Walsh write a book bearing the title, "The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries," for was it not during this century that St. Thomas Aquinas gave the Christian Church his "Summa"; that the great epic poet Dante dreamed out his "Trilogy"; that the Gothic Cathedral embodied in splendor the mystic and spiritual aspirations of man, and that universities springing up on every side under the sanction and guidance of the Papacy, added new meaning and new value to the scholarship of the day?

It will be remembered that the thirteenth century began with the Papacy of Innocent III., under whose great gifts and triumphant measures the See of Rome attained a power and splendor unknown before. The glowing devotion of St. Francis of Assisi inspired all hearts. At this period, too, commences the true nationality of Italy, announced among other signs by the rise of a splendid literature in the vernacular tongue. Let us not forget here the part which sculpture played in this remarkable period of art renaissance in Italy. I have already referred to the work of Niccola Pisano, who was born in Pisa in 1300. Then followed in succession, during the next two centuries, Ghiberti, Donatello, Luca Della Robbia, Verrocchio and Michelangelo. Note, too, that art remains still the handmaid of religion in the early Renaissance. Speaking

of this, Ruskin says: "These early masters used their powers of painting to show the objects of faith, whereas the later schools used the objects of faith that they might show their powers of painting." Early in the art renaissance of Italy two principal tendencies or schools may be distinguished. The centre of the one was Florence and of the other Siena. The distinctive feature with the Florentines is their richness of thought and composition and the aim at reality of character; the distinctive feature with the Sienese is the intense and heartfelt grace of their single figures.

Italian painting practically begins with Giotto. As an art critic says: "He it was who loosened the tongue of art." What he paints has a voice and what he relates becomes an experience. Giotto is the last of the Gothic school and the first of the Renaissance. Giotto and Dante were born about the same time, a little beyond the middle of the thirteenth century. Their cradles were rocked in little gray Gothic Florence, that knew not yet the Duomo nor the Palazzo Vecchio, nor the Campanile. Giotto's art reached its highest expression in the frescoes of Santa Croce, in Florence, and the basilica of San Francesco, in Assisi. Giotto, like to the preachers and poets of the school of St. Francis of Assisi, undertook to expound the sacred story and to elucidate it by intimate details. The essence of his achievement is in pictorial presentment. The best portrait we have of Dante is the work of Giotto, in the Chapel of Bargello, once the Palace off the Podesta, in Florence. Dante refers to it in the "Divine Comedy" in these words: "Cimabue thought to lord it over painting's field, and now the cry is Giotto's and his name eclipsed." There is also a fresco by Giotto in the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome, representing Pope Boniface VIII. in full pontificals announcing the opening of the jubilee of 1300. It was while engaged in painting the Chapel of the Arena at Padua in 1303 that Giotto met Dante, then an exile from Florence.

Passing over Masoccio and Ghirlandajo, who continued the great work of Giotto, we come to one of the rarest and most versatile artists in the history of painting in the person of Leonardo da Vinci. It might be well to add here that the work of Ghirlandajo can be seen in the frescoes that cover the walls of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence. There you will find, too, the portraits of many of the most representative men of the time. Machiavelli is there as the exponent of the dominant political ideas of the age; Poletian represents the highest point attained by its scholarship; Guiccardini is its exact and impartial historian and Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola unfold its fashionable philosophy.

Leonardo da Vinci, who was born in 1542, was a man of marvelous and varied talent. Though he has but few paintings to his credit, he occupies a first place among the great painters of the world. Da Vinci was, properly speaking, the founder of the Italian process of oil painting. He made great use of light and shade, and possessed a refined sentiment, somewhat similar to the Umbrian school. His method as an artist, was most original. There were three art periods in the life of Da Vinci: the Florentine, from 1469 to 1482; the Milanese, from 1483 to 1499, and the Nomadic, from 1500 to 1519. It was while at Milan that Leonardo completed his first large picture, a very wonderful one—"The Virgin of the Rocks." Leonardo painted two of these, one being in the National Gallery, London, and the other in the Louvre, Paris. The Louvre painting is the better of the two. His famous painting, "Mona Lisa," which was stolen from the Louvre a few years ago, is one of the most highly finished works of art existing. Leonardo's great fresco painting, "The Last Supper," which is in a monastery near Milan, is now much faded and damaged. In his Italian campaign, it is said, Napoleon I. stabled his horses in the monastery.

Outside the Venetian school, almost all of whose members were colorists, three Renaissance painters still remain to be dealt with: Raphael, Michelangelo and Correggio. Raphael was the painter of grace; Michelangelo the painter of energy, and Correggio the painter of contrast—the great master of the chiaroscuro. Raphael has, indeed, glorified the art galleries of Europe. He, too, is one of the four great portrait painters of the world, the other three being Titian, Rembrandt and Velasquez. Needless to speak here of his many Madonnas found in the museums of Europe, from the Hermitage at Petrograd to the Prado, in Madrid. At the beginning of the sixteenth century both Raphael and Michelangelo were at work in Rome; and some writer points to these years as far as painting was concerned, as the veritable culmination of the Renaissance. Michelangelo was engaged on the vault of the Sistine Chapel and Raphael in the Camera della Segnatura, in the Vatican. No other painter of any age could have represented the "Creation of Man" as Michelangelo has done in the vault of the Sistine Chapel. The sublimity of the theme suited his genius. Nor, indeed, could any other painter have given us the "Disputa" and the "School of Athens" and "Parnassus" as has Raphael in the Camera della Segnatura. Raphael's peculiar element was grace and beauty of form, in as far as these are the expression of high moral beauty. It may be said that Michelangelo overwhelmed Italian art like a mighty mountain torrent, at once fertilizing and destructive. His

conception of the world was that of the sculptor and of the four arts, painting, architecture, poetry and sculpture; he has always seemed to me decidedly greatest in the last. But withal Michelangelo was irresolute. Like Coleridge, the English poet, he began much that he never finished. The history of the monument to Pope Julius II., the façade of San Lorenzo and the tombs of the Medici is proof of this. There probably never was a more Christian artist than Michelangelo. At no time was there any doubt in his faith. At the time the illness and death of his father and brothers, his first concern was that they should receive the Sacrament. He had, too, boundless confidence in prayer, "which he regarded as more efficacious than all the medicines of the world." His old age was surrounded by as much glory as that of Goethe or Hugo. But he was a man of another metal. He had neither Goethe's thirst for popularity nor Hugo's middle-class respect for the world and established order.

Correggio, who was born in 1494 and died in 1534, is the great master of the chiaroscuro—light and shade—among Italian painters. The principal work of Correggio is the great fresco painting in the cupola of the Cathedral at Parma, in St. Paul's Church, in the Church of St. John, and in the Benedictine Convent in Parma. On seeing these frescoes, Titian is said to have exclaimed: "Were I not Titian, I should wish to be Correggio." Some of the best known of Correggio's paintings are: "The Nativity (Holy Night)" and "The Marriage of St. Catherine," which is in the Louvre. Correggio is the most skilful artist since the ancient Greeks in the art of foreshortening, and was the first to introduce the rules of aërial perspective. Radiant light floods his pictures and is so delicately graded that it passes subtly into shade, with that play of reflection among the shadows which give transparency in every modulation.

When the seed of the Italian Renaisance fell on soil beyond the Alps—in the Netherlands and Germany—it touched into new life, too, the art of those countries. But as already stated, it affected rather the literature of Germany than its sculpture or painting. During the first half of the sixteenth century Germany produced Albert Dürer, Hans Holbein and Lucas Cranach. Dürer was born in Nuremberg in 1472, and by some critics he is given a place side by side with Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo. In 1490 he went to Colmar, Basle and Venice, where he came under the influence of Bellini and Mantegna. Nuremberg at this time became the centre for the humanists and Dürer became their painter and friend. Dürer was more or less associated in sympathy with the Reformers in Germany, but, like Erasmus, never fully allied himself with them.

Some of his masterpieces are "The Adoration of the Magi," "Melancholy," "St. Jerome" and "Death and the Knight." Though Dürer lived in Nuremberg, little of his work is to be found in its museum. In this, Nuremberg differs from Seville, in Spain, which has conserved some of the best work of Murillo, who was a native of that city. It is interesting to note here, by way of interpolation, what different conceptions painters and poets have of women. For instance, Giargione, the Venetian painter, in painting woman felt the beauty of womanhood; Titian, its grandeur; Raphael, its noble sweetness; Michelangelo, its Sibylline and Pythian possibilities, and Paul Veronese, its health and magnificence.

Holbein, who may be termed the second great master of the German Renaissance, was born in 1498. Holbein has no affinities with Dürer. He is the only German artist who shows a strong tendency to idealism. Indeed, it is the lack of this idealism in both German and Dutch painting that places it necessarily below the work of Italy or Belgium. Reinach, the art critic, in summing up German painting of the fifteenth century, says: "Italian art dreamed of beauty and realized its dream; Flemish art was in love with truth and held the mirror up to nature; German art rarely achieved either truth or beauty. But it succeeded in rendering, with a fidelity that was often brutal, the character of the German people immediately before and after the Reformation." Early in life Holbein passed over to England, where he became court painter to Henry VIII., painting the King and his family, his ministers and several members of the English aristocracy. Scattered throughout the museums and private art collections of England and the Continent we come across some excellent portraits by Holbein: a Jane Seymour at Vienna; an Erasmus in the Louvre; an Archbishop Warham at Lambeth Palace, England, and a Sir Thomas More in Mr. E. Huth's collection.

Two Flemish painters stand out during the Renaissance period in Belgium—Rubens and Van Dyck. Rubens is certainly among the great painters of the world, and Van Dyck, while not on the throne, is very near it. Rubens is one of the most prolific painters of all times. It is claimed that there are two thousand paintings to his credit. In the Prado of Madrid alone there are sixty-six Rubens. Of course, Antwerp is the city of Rubens. There, in the Cathedral, are his two great canvases, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Raising of the Cross," the former painted in 1612, the latter in 1610. Of Rubens' paintings Antwerp has one hundred; Munich, ninety-three; Vienna, ninety; the Hermitage, Petrograd, sixty-three; the Louvre, fifty-four, and there are more than two hundred in England. Rubens has painted everything—fable,

mythology, history, allegory, portraits, animals, flowers, landscapes. He rises to the sublime heights of art with Homer, Dante, Michelangelo and Shakespeare. Both Rubens and Van Dyck were much influenced by the Italian schools of painting, especially the Venetian. While in Rome, Van Dyck painted for the great Barberini and Colonna families. He visited England several times, and in 1632 remained there, becoming court painter to Charles I., whose portrait he painted, as well as that of his Queen and children. He received knighthood at the hands of Charles I., and died in London in 1641, one year after the death of his art tutor, the great Peter Paul Rubens.

Van Dyck is credited with 854 paintings. Of these, 350 are in England; sixty-seven in Vienna; 167 in Munich; thirty-eight in Petrograd, and twenty-four in the Louvre. Van Dyck made possible the English school of portrait painters—Reynolds, Laurence and Gainsborough. Indeed, it might be said further that the gave rise to all the genre painters who followed the English tradition. Among the Dutch painters, two stand out preëminent—Franz Hals and Rembrandt. Of course Ruysdael, born in Haarlem in 1629, was a great landscape painter. Hals was one of the most practical craftsmen and expert masters in painting that ever existed. With Velasquez and Van Dyck, Hals forms the trio of the great portrait painters of the seventeenth century. Among some of the best of Franz Hals' works are: "The Laughing Cavalier," in the Wallace collection, London; "Banquet of St. George's Company," in the Town Hall, Haarlem, and "Nurse and Child," in the Berlin Museum.

It is through Rembrandt, who was born in 1606, and studied at Amsterdam, that Dutch art reached the clear expression of its character. Rembrandt's art is purely Teutonic. He is a Dutchman through and through. Rembrandt is a realist, and almost all his personages are simple or homely and some are even ugly. Four of his best paintings are "The Lesson in Anatomy," which is at The Hague; "The Syndics," "The Disciples of Emmaüs," a marvelous piece of work in the Louvre; and "The Night Watch," at Amsterdam. As to the latter, perhaps it is the indefiniteness of the theme which has rendered this painting so famous.

It may be interesting in conclusion here to designate some of the great painters by their peotical qualities. Michelangelo is epical, Correggio and Rubens are lyrical, Perugino is elegaic, Giotto is dramatic, and the great Spanish painter, Goya, is satirical. So the painter, the sculptor, the poet and the musician are really one in truth and beauty.

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GOD'S ACRES IN PARIS.

"Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mold below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empires held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excell'd,
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven."
—Fickell on the Death of Adonis.

WASHINGTON IRVING in his "Sketch Book" has given us some very touching descriptions of old English churchyards, and the poet Gray has left after him his own "In Memoriam" in his inimitable "Elegy," in which he alludes most touchingly, too, to

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

I have myself in many a vacation outing, when in the country, wandered among the little mounds in out-of-the-way burying grounds, read the inscriptions suggested by simple and loving hearts on the modest tombstones of men and women famous in their neighborhoods, unknown to the outside world, but whose simple and kindly works of charity were not overlooked by the recording angel.

The world war just closed has dotted the soil of France with many well-filled cemeteries, in which the bodies of friends and enemies lie side by side, and the patriotic Catholic women of France have cared for the graves of the unknown dead with characteristic devotion. Monsignor John Ayscough, in his highly interesting book, "French Windows," in the chapter entitled "Thoughts and Crosses" gives a very touching account of his visit to one of these cemeteries. He tells about "a very gentle French lady who spent all her spare time decking the graves of the hundred English soldiers buried there. It was a work of pure tenderness and charity. She knew well that their friends could never know, could never see what she did and thank her. 'That,' she said simply, 'is why I do it. They cannot come, those wives and mothers and sisters. I have to be mother and sister to these sleepers.' "And he?" said the Monsignor, pointing. There was one wooden cross with a German officer's name upon it. He had died among the English and had

been buried among them. His cross was like all the others, but the French custom is to paint a tear upon the cross, and there was one upon each English cross; on the German there was none, and on the German grave only the red sand, no plant or flowers. 'He, monsieur, he was an enemy,' said the gentle little lady.' "In the grave there are no enemies,' said the Monsignor. Next time the Monsignor came there the stranger's grave was no longer bare. Patriot, flaming patriot, as every French woman is, she had set sweet herbs to grow upon it and pansies. 'Pansies for thoughts,' thought the Monsignor."

But if the country churchyard has the power to reach the heart and the mind and the more tender feelings of human nature, the famous cemeteries of the world appeal to the admiration of the student of history; they tell him in language he can neither distort nor ignore that the glory of the world is but transitory and that in many cases the very names of the world's greatest heroes, statesmen, scientists and the like, cease to exist save upon the "storied urn," the "animated bust" or the marble tablet upon which they are inscribed.

This brings to my mind the request of a noted French philanthropist, nay, a man of unbounded Christian charity—who escaped from the massacre of the negro revolutions in Santo Domingo, settled in Philadelphia and was well known to the Church authorities, if not by the world at large, for the interest he took in Catholic progress. He gave most of his wealth, if not all of it, to the Church and Seminary. At his death, nearly half a century ago, he requested that no name be inscribed on his coffin-plate nor upon his tombstone. In referring to this matter, he said to me one day when I visited him at St. Joseph's Hospital: "I have outlived my generation; my name means nothing to the people of to-day; Christian souls will pray for the departed regardless of who they were; fame means nothing to me, prayer means everything." In deference to his wishes, the only words on the plain silver plate at the foot of his coffin and on the flat slab that covered his grave were: "Marie conçu sans pêchĕ, priez pour moi."

Many will gaze upon this stone—if, indeed, they condescend to glance at it—and turn away from it with a sad smile upon their faces. "What a queer inscription." If devout souls, they will say: "Lord, have mercy upon him!" And this is all he wanted.

To thinking minds that stone will tell another story. The unusual form of the inscription will arrest attention. "There lies the body of one who knew the hollowness of human fame; that inscription tells us that he was a Christian, a philosopher and, no doubt, a benefactor of his race."

How many in Philadelphia remember him to-day? His name lives only in the grateful hearts of the students of the Seminary at Overbrook, who on the anniversary of his death remember him at the altars, beyond this . . .

I have wandered through many of the great cemeteries of our own and foreign lands; I have stood in awe and reverence beside the shrine at Mount Vernon, looked down upon the massive red granite mausoleum that holds the remains of the "Man of Destiny" in the famous Hotel des Invalides, in Paris; I have gazed upon the tombs of the mighty dead in Pantheons of Paris and Rome; I have placed my hand on the oaken coffin of the "Great Agitator" in Glasnevin Cemetery, and looked with admiration at the gorgeous tombs in Westminster Abbey, and always the words of the "Elegy" came to my mind:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The simple mound with its wreath of immortelles, with the single word "Ricorda," "Souvenir," "Mother," "Father" made the deepest impression upon me. They are the heartfelt prayer of the living for their dead. The marble shaft, the stately tomb tell of men and women who were great in the eyes of men—deservedly or undeservdly so—the simple mound with its unpretentious headstone and the inscription "spelled by the unlettered Muse," tells of those who were loved of God and man. They are the graves of buried hopes and human affections; they are holy places where devout souls come to pray because their prayers have been prompted by affection and their belief in the doctrine of "the communion of saints." The mausoleum inspires awe and admiration; the simple mound raises the soul to God.

In this paper I propose to visit a necropolis whose inhabitants belong to all classes; where the humble mound nestles close to the "storied urn"; where rich and poor sleep their last sleep in that bed which levels all distinctions.

Before the world war just closed, we were accustomed to regard the Parisians as a gay and frivolous people. The war has taught us that there are some serious people with hearts and deep feelings in that once gay and ever beautiful capital. Yet in times gone by Paris' own sons have spoken of it as sadly irreverent and totally skeptical. How true this may be it is not for us to discuss here. We do know, however, that with all its frivolity, it is not devoid of heart, and as regards respect for the dead, it is unequaled by any city in the world. No sooner does a hearse appear along its streets or boulevards than all noise seems to cease and the stranger would imagine that animation had suddenly become suspended. Rich or poor, young or old, that lifeless form that two days ago might have

passed along the same street unheeded by the busy throng, is now an object of the deepest respect and veneration. The flying vehicles that during this life would have run over him in their hurry now stop suddenly to give him passage. Soldiers on guard "present arms," women make the sign of the cross and men bare their heads.

Nor is the conduct of the Parisians less respectful in the cemeteries. In no city in the world are they visited more frequently nor more reverentially. The crowds that repair to them converse but little and that little is in subdued tones. Those even who are so fortunate as to have neither friend nor relative buried in them rarely fail to visit the cities of the dead at least once or twice a year. But it is on the first and second of November, the feasts of All Saints and of All Souls, that the cemeteries are most frequented. On the approach of those days withered floral pieces are replaced by fresh ones, faded wreaths give place to new ones, growing flowers or plants are carefully trimmed and watered, graves are cleared of fallen leaves and everything that friendship and affection can devise is done to show that the departed are held in loving remembrance. The man who scoffs at religion three hundred and sixty-five days in the year on this day remembers that there is a God, and he prays to Him and is not ashamed to do so. He would be ashamed not to do so. How account for this? We might say there is no such a thing as human nature and there is such a thing as French nature. Beyond this it might not be safe to speculate. One thing, however, is certain: if we analyze the works of Rousseau, Renan, and many other unbelievers, we shall be sure to find some latent spark of religion still smouldering in their hearts, and *le jour des morts* is the wind that fans them into life, if only for a moment.

When these days come around to remind us of those who have gone before us, the mortuary stores that line the streets leading to the cemeteries do a thriving business. Garlands of immortelles and of beads and appropriate plants of all kinds find ready sales. The natural effect of sorrow for the dead is under Christian influence to elevate the mind, hence it symbolizes its belief in the immortality of the soul and its faith in "the communion of saints" by the selection of sweet-scented evergreens and flowers that betoken the love of the living and the immortality of the departed.

Let us visit Père Lachaise, the best known and most beautifully located of Parisian cemeteries. It is situated on a height, often called Mont St. Louis, from its being the point from which Louis XIV. when a child witnessed the engagement of the Faubourg St. Antoine. The ground passed into the possession of the Jesuits in 1705, and it was from their superior, Père Lachaise, the confessor of Louis XIV., that the cemetery takes its name. In 1765 the

Jesuits were expelled from France and their property was sold. It is a noticeable fact that whenever the treasury of Masonic governments begins to run low, a convenient way of replenishing it is by confiscating the property of religious orders and selling it.

In 1804 this property was laid out as a burial ground and the name of Père Lachaise was given it. Additions have been made to the property from time to time, until it covers an area of from 110 to 120 acres, laid out with regularity and taste. The trees are majestic and the shrubbery is appropriately selected and well cared for. Broad walks and drives extend through the grounds, lined with perhaps the handsomest, most costly and most historically interesting monuments to be found in any cemetery in the world. But it is not so much the monuments, the shrubbery nor the beautiful trees that give the place its greatest attraction. It is rather due to the fact that it is the resing place of so many disinguished men and women, the artistic, literary, scientific, military and political celebrities of France. Here are musicians, actors, painters, sculptors, poets, authors, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, agnostics, infidels, good and bad, the "cockles and the tares," all widely separated in life, but all united here in death.

From the heights of the cemetery a fine view of the city may be obtained when the smoke of the Faubourg St. Antoine does not float in heavily through the atmosphere. The busy, noisy streets below present a strange contrast to the silent avenues within the great necropolis we are visiting, and to which many of those who tread their way through the gay thoroughfare are now hastening. Only a few years, and they will lie here, perhaps in the Fosses Communes, and their places in the bright, gay city will be filled by others as careless as they are now.

Everything around the heights is so peaceful now that it is hard to realize that they were ever disturbed by the roar of the cannon and the flash of the sabre. Yet it was here when the Allies attacked Paris on March 30, 1814, that three determined assaults were made by the Russians before they were successful. Here, too, in 1871 the Commune made their last stand. Nine hundred of them fell in defense of the cemetery or were shot after its capture, and 200 of them were buried in quicklime in one large pit and 700 more in another.

The entrance to the cemetery of Père Lechaise is in the centre of a semicircular recess, over the gate of which is inscribed: "Scio enim, quod Redemptor meus vivit, et in novissimo die de terra surrecturus sum" (St. John xix., 25). On the right: "Qui credit in

me etiam si mortuus fuerit vivet" (St. John xi., 25). On the left: "Spes illorum immortalitate plena est" (Wisdom iii., 4).

We enter the Avenue Principale and find on our right the office of the conducteurs, or guides, who are waiting to make a fee of three francs. Further up the avenue, at the top of a gentle slope, we come to the "Aumonerie," or chaplain's quarters, whose services are solicited, we were going to say, for the bad as well as the good. Soon we cross the Avenue des Puits, on the left, and the Avenue Circulaire on the right of the Avenue Principale, the slight ascent of which we are following. On the left we come to the Visconti monument. Visconti, père, the noted philologist, who died in 1818, is seen resting upon his marble bed and the inscription upon this monument tells us that his son, the architect, was laid beside his father in 1854. Adjoining this is the beautiful tomb of Beulé, the archæologist, who died in 1874. Nearby is the elaborately wrought family vault of Dantan, the sculptor, and next to it another family vault, but less pretentious, of Achille Foulet, Minister of Finance, who died in 1869. Just beyond this is the tomb of Gioachino Antonio Rossini, well known in America for his celebrated "Stabat Mater." It was said at one time that no Italian composer could write anything to compare with German compositions in the way of gravity and harmony. This brought out the overture to Rossini's "William Tell," and later on Verdi's "Aida." Rossini was born in 1792 and died in 1868. A bust of the great composer is seen upon his monument, but his remains are no longer at Père Lachaise; they were exhumed in May, 1887; the coffin was opened in the presence of Charles Gounod and other distinguished composers and the remains were transferred to Florence on the occasion of the grand celebration of the completion of the magnificent Cathedral and described by one in the pages of the REVIEW

Music and poetry are inseparable, and it would seem that even in death they must needs go together, for next to the tomb of Rossini we read upon another monument some beautiful lines suggestive of eternal youth and written by Alfred de Musset himself. He died in 1857. A few steps further up the avenue brings us to the monument of Generals Clement, Thomas and Lecomte, the first victims of the Commune, who died in 1871. This monument is a masterpiece of its kind. It represents an altar-table, on which rest a profusion of mortuary wreaths. In the centre stands the figure of Victory, with outstretched arms symbolizing the triumph of the cause for which these valiant soldiers gave up their lives. The whole is backed by a massive tapering shaft in three sections, ornamented with crossed palm branches. This monument is the work of the sculptor Cugnot.

The engineer Lebas (died 1873), who in 1836 erected in the Place de la Concorde the famous obelisk of Luxor, on the very spot where so many thousands perished by the guillotine, sleeps his last sleep only a few steps before we reach the "Monument du Souvenirs," erected to the memory of the dead whom poverty or the ingratitude of their kin have left without a fitting memorial. It is a sort of all souls' monument. Who lies buried beneath it? Few, if any, can tell, but the fact that they are the friendless and "unknown dead" appeals to the Catholic heart and on All Souls' Day (and on other days, too) garlands and flower pieces are placed on and around this monument, and a "De Profundis" is recited for the repose of the souls of the unknown but not forgotten dead.

Crossing the Avenue Principale and returning the way we came up, we find the monument of Thomas Couture, the painter (died in 1879), with a bust under a canopy supported by bronze genii. Beside this tomb we come to another in which a bronze bust of Ledru-Rollin (died 1875) looks down upon us from an imposing pedestal. The iron railing that surrounds this tomb is covered with wreaths bearing the word "Souvenir." We now come to the sarcophagus of Victor Cousin, author and a philosopher, who died in 1867. This tomb is on the same Greek style, and reminds us very much of the tomb of Curran, in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin. Beyond this and nearly opposite the now empty tomb of Rossini, we come to a tall shaft bearing in relief a bust of Auber, the composer of "Fra Diavolo." It is the work of the sculptor Dantan. Standing beside this tomb we seem to hear the distant echo of those melodies that have delighted Parisians and the music lovers of the New World for more than half a century. Further on we come to the tomb of Dominique François Jean Arago (died 1853), one of the most popular physicists belonging to the nineteenth century. It is embellished with a bust by David.

We are now once more near the main entrance, but before turning into the Avenue des Puits, let us look into the Jewish section of Père Lachaise. It is separated from the cemetery proper by a wall and is closed on Saturdays. Here we shall find the tomb of Rachel, the celebrated tragedienne, who toured the United States in the early '50s, and who died in 1858. It is a little stone chapel, with a grated door, built over the grave. Over the door is the single word, "Rachel." Admiring friends still keep the flowers fresh and hang bright immortelles upon the walls. A basket is placed in the chapel to receive the cards of visitors to the tomb.

Behind this tomb is the rich Epstein chapel, and further on, to the left of the path, is the chapel of the Rothschild family. This family has furnished money to the different governments of Europe from

time to time and have wielded the power and influence that wealth commands. They were not above doing deeds of charity in their own way, and in this way they were unlike a certain multi-millionaire who died recently in America. He left thousands to people who have already an abundance of this world's goods; not one cent to the poor, who helped him make his millions. We almost think we hear a voice calling on Lazarus to bring him a drop of water.

At the northwest end of the path is the Mohammedan section, for the burial of persons of that faith, and is separated from the rest of the grounds by a high wall. The Queen of Oude and her son, who died in Paris, so far from their Oriental home, are buried here.

Just north of the Jewish section is an imposing tomb that never fails to attract attention. It is built from the ruins of the Abbey of the Paraclete and is the common resting place of Abelard and Eloise. The former died in 1142 and the latter in 1164. It is a sarcophagus with recumbent figures of the illustrious dead, clad in the "habit" of their order. Over them is a Gothic canopy. This tomb is often decorated with fresh flowers and garlands, the offerings of disappointed lovers, to whom this enclosure is holy ground.

Many of Napoleon's marshals have found a resting place in Père Lachaise — Lefebvre, Masséna, Davourt, Macdonald, Junot, Grouchy, Mortier and Suchet—and in the middle of a pretty flower bed, with no stone or inscription to mark the spot, Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," sleeps his last sleep, not unhonored, if uninscribed.

Beranger, the people's poet, full of sentiment, wit and too often obscenity, without vulgarity, however, slumbers hard by, as he requested, in the same grave with Manuel, the orator. He died in 1857. Not far from him are Fay, the soldier-author; Barras, the chief of the Directory; Benjamin Constant and Caulincourt, the grand chamberlain of Napoleon. A few steps farther brings us to the semi-Oriental mausoleum of the Countess and of Prince Demidoff, members of a wealthy Russian family. Turning to the right, we come to the tombs of La Fontaine, the fatalist, and Moliere, the dramatist, and a little further on of Laplace, the mathematician.

If we follow the Avenue des Acacias, to the left we shall find the magnificent monument of the Thiers family. Adolphe Thiers was the first president of the Third Republic. It was his misfortune to have to smart under the arrogance of Bismarck when compelled to sign the Treaty of Peace, which terminated the Franco-Prussian War, and which Foch arranged at the signing of the peace terms at the close of the recent war with Germany. Thiers was no friend of the Second Empire, and a very poor Catholic—if a Catholic at all

—but it is to his credit that he denounced the action against Pope Pius IX. at the time of the invasion of Rome in 1870.

Near the Thiers monument is Maret's temple, with its Doric columns, but no inscription. Next is De Biré's chapel with its beautiful bas-relief of "Christ as the Vanquisher of Death," by Duseigneur, and close to it the monument of General La Valette. It is divided into three parts. The upper part shows a bust of the famous Directeur des Portes, who was sentenced to death in 1815; the centre section represents his rescue from prison by his wife, who exchanged clothes with him and courageously remained in his place, while the lower portion is the vault containing the remains of the faithful and devoted pair.

On our way further up the hill and nearly at the top we find Gericault, palette in hand, resting upon a splendid tomb executed by Etex, and ornamented by a striking bas-relief representing the "Wreck of the Medusa."

The monument to the "soldiers who fell in 1870-71" is a pyramid of granite with four bronze statues of soldiers by Schroeder and Lefèvre. It was erected by the government. On the iron railing that surrounds this pyramid may be seen hanging a profusion of garlands, and many more strewn on the ground around the enclosure. French mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, as many of our boys who have been "over there" can testify, never forget their beloved and heroic defenders—"les enfants de la patrie." Their bones may be buried in a heap, with no inscription or token to mark their identity, but "ils sont morts pour la patrie," and that is enough. The wreaths and the "souvenirs" are for all, and so are their prayers.

It would be impossible to name even a fair portion of the celebrities buried in this famous cemetery. In the course of a ramble through its numerous paths the eye will rest upon some of the brightest names in France. Here, too, as we have said, are the good and the bad, the great and the humble. Here lie Mlle. Lenormand, the famous Sybil; Mlle. Maro, the actress; Hérold the composer of the opera of "Zampa"; Eugene Scribe, the author; Sydney Smith, who held Acre bravely against Napoleon; Dupuytran and Nélaton, the famous physicians. Let us pause a moment at the grave of Dupuytran. I recall that he had once attended a poor country curé, who came to him to be treated for a terrible carbuncle on the back of his neck. The poor curé had no means with which to pay the great practitioner, but as he was about to leave the office, he quietly laid a five-franc piece on the table and bowed himself out. He was obliged to make a number of visits. Sometimes he would bring a chicken, or half a dozen fresh eggs, or a

few vegetables, the offerings of his poor parishioners. Dupuytran was a brusque man, but under that brusqueness there was a tender heart. One day it became necessary for the curé to go to the hospital, with the blunt assurance that he might not leave it alive. "God's will be done," the priest answered with great calmness and humility, that did not escape the notice of the surgeon. The operation, a most painful one, was performed without the administration of an anaesthetic—they were not in such frequent use in those days as they are now. Not a groan nor a move on the part of the aged patient. When it was over the doctor left orders that every attention and care should be given to that "brave man," and that he would be responsible for any extra expense incurred. The patient required little ,and as soon as possible returned to his people, not forgetting to call at the doctor's office to express his thanks. Some months passed away, during which the doctor, from time to time, received presents of fresh eggs, a chicken or a hare from an anonymous patient. One day the good curé was surprised at receiving the following message: "The doctor now has need of the priest." The priest was soon at the bedside of the dying doctor. His debt was paid.

As we proceed along our way we come to the tomb of David, the famous painter; Bizet, the composer of the favorite opera of "Carmen"; Pradier, the sculptor, whose masterpiece, the "Bath of Atalanta," may be seen in the Louvre; Mme. Blanchard, the aëronaut, who perished while making an ascent; the tomb of the national guard killed at Buzenval January 19, 1871 and that of the Fédérés, whose memory is kept alive by the countless wreaths that decorate the walls and which the revolutionists still hang there.

In all Parisian cemeteries there are three classes of graves. The first, those over which splendid monuments and chapels and even more modest stones are raised, belong absolutely to the family or friends of the deceased, and can never be disturbed unless the cemetery is removed. These are called "Concessions à Pérpétuité." The next class is the "Concessions Temporaires," which provides that a grave shall not be disturbed for ten years. The last of all are the "Fosses Communes," or common trenches, which contain from forty to fifty coffins. In some cases the graves are dug to a great depth and the coffins are deposited on ledges, one above the other, on either side of the excavations. Here are buried the poor and uncared for. In the trenches the coffins are placed in rows and close together; they are often rough pine boxes, and it not infrequently happens that they contain rare and beautiful forms. The name of each occupant and the date of interment is marked on each box. When the fosse has received its allotted number, the earth

is thrown in, well mixed with lime to assist the process of decomposition and destroy the poisonous vapors which might arise from so much decaying humanity. Every five years the fosses are cleaned out. It seems hard, but in a great city like Paris it is deemed unavoidable. To persons unaccustomed to scenes like these the fosses have a revolting appearance, but the birds sing gayly over them and the sunshine falls tenderly upon them, and in many cases the dead are better off even in their crowded resting places than the still more crowded and wretched ones who mourn them in the stern city below.

Look down into that trench and read the lines written with red chalk upon the poor boxes within it. Here is an old ouvrier, as rugged, perhaps, in life as the box that now contains his remains. Here a tiny case encloses a baby form. Alas! poor mother, place your pretty flowers here while you may, when the fosse is filled up, it will be only a few short years when the spot where your darling now lies will be the cold bed of another! Here is a better casket, one of oak or covered with cloth, holding one too dear to be put to rest in a common box. The next one, plain and rough, bears a tender legend in the coarse, red chalk marks: "Marie, bien aimé." Yes, so well beloved and yet she, too, must come to such a place! The little crosses over these temporary graves are hung with wreaths of flowers as well as those over the tombs of the lordly or great, for love and tenderness are not limited to the rich.

All burials within the Department of the Seine (which includes Paris) are conducted by the Compagnie des Pompes Funèbres, whose charges were regulated by a tariff varying from twelve francs and seventy-five centimes to ten thousand francs. Two chaplains are attached to each cemetery for the gratuitous performance of funeral services for the poor.

But Père Lachaise is not the only cemetery in Paris worth seeing. At the foot of the Butte Monmartre, between Barrière Blanche and that of Clichy, is the Cemetery of Montmartre, the oldest burying ground in modern Paris and long known as the Champ de Repos, or the Field of Rest. It was the first formed outside the city, and was originally a gypsum quarry, but has been so much enlarged and improved that it now almost rivals the famous Père Lachaise in beauty. A portion of it is laid out as a burying ground for the Jews, and among the various handsome monuments it contains is that of Halévy, the composer of the opera "La Juive." While Montmartre does not contain as many historical celebrities as Père Lachaise and is regarded as a little more bourgeois, yet its monuments bear the names of great men, too. Here are buried Daru, the historian of Venice; Marat, the Republican writer and

president of the National Assembly of 1848; the Duchess d'Arbnantés, wife of Marshal Junot, whose monument is decorated with a medallion by David d'Augers; Heinrich Heine and his wife Mathilde, who repose under a simple tombstone with a marble tablet, while a large block of marble marks the last resting place of Paul Delaroche, the painter. Here, too, we find the heart of Marshal Lannes, whose body has found a glorious resting place in the Pantheon. In the first avenue to the right of the Avenue Principale are four tombs of Polish refugees, the first of which bears the inscription: "Exorciare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor," ("May an avenger some day spring from our ashes").

Along the Carrefour de la Croix we come to a cross, at the foot of which are buried the "Victims of the Coup d'Etat of 1851," and further on the vault of the Cavagnac family, to which belonged the author Godefroy, who died in 1845, and the general, Eugéne, who died in 1857 and who was President of the French Republic in 1848. The recumbent figure of the general, in bronze, is by Rude. A gigantic angel sent from Florence by Carniero marks the tomb of Miecislaus Kamienski, a Polish volunteer who fell at Magenta in 1859.

In the Avenue Condier we shall find a sarcophagus with a statue of Calliope by Godenski. It is erected to the memory of Théophile Gautier, the poet, who died in 1873. The inscription is worth reproducing:

"L'oiseau s'en va, la feuille tombe,
L'amour s'éteint, car c'est l'hives.
Petit oiseau, viens sur ma tombe
Chanter quand l'arbre sera vert."*

At the end of the Avenue des Anglais reposes Jacques Offenbach, the opera-bouffe composer. Why he was not buried in the Jewish section I do not know. His father was a cantor in a Jewish synagogue in Cologne. He was born June 21, 1819, and went to Paris at an early age. Among musicians he was regarded as being rather witty than learned. His operas were mostly light, the best-known in this country being "La Grande Duchesse," "La Belle Helene," "Madame Favart," and his last and most pretentious work, "Tales of Hoffman." He died in Paris in 1880, and sleeps under a

* "The birds fly away, the leaves begin to fall; love is benumbed, for winter is at hand. Little bird come again and sing on my grave when the trees are green once more." A poor translation, but the idea of the poet is expressed. He evidently believed in a future state, when the trees are green once more.

rich monument of porphyry, with a lyre and palm branch of bronze.

Victor Massé (1822-1884), another musical composer ("Paul et Virginie"), is honored with a marble column ornamented with a lyre and surmounted by an urn. A tall stala, ornamented with a medallion and surmounted by a group of rays, displays the name of Berlioz (1803-1869), another composer, against the gray sky. He is best known as the author of the "Damnation de Faust." These composers seem to be remembered by many who no doubt have been delighted by their compositions, as evinced by the wreaths and fresh flowers that constantly adorn their graves.

Of all the cemeteries of Paris, Montparnasse is the least attractive. The ground is flat, the walks painfully straight; there is little shade and the graves are ranged in severe rows. In place of the galaxy of elegant light and amiable literary characters who rest in Montmartre, Montparnasse contents itself with such academic writers as Desiré Nisard and St. Rose Taillandier; linguists like Littré and Egger; eccentric philosophers, like Proudhon; historians, like Henri Martin; jurisconsults, like Ortolan; lexicographers, like Larousse; more or less austere professors like Albert Dumont and Valette; the theologian Besnard and Th. Olivier, the founder of the École Centrale. The only poet who has sought rest in this enclosure is the unfortunate Koreau. Among the savants may be mentioned Leverrier, the astronomer; Malte-Brun, the geographer; Niepce de St. Victor, the inventor of photography, and Admiral Dumont d'Urrille, who after twice circumnavigating the world perished by a railroad accident on the Versailles road.

But we must not imagine that art has been banished from this cemetery. Near the entrance, on the right, is the tomb of Henri Martin, the historian, who died in 1883, It is a small pyramid, the corners of which are enriched with palms. Behind it, a space enclosed by a railing is the burial place of the Sisters of Charity, and among them lie the remains of Sœur Rosalie Render, who received the decoration of the Legion of Honor in recognition of her Christian charity and heroic conduct on the battlefields of the Crimea. In the recent world war many a heroic Sister has been decorated by the French Government, and many others are awaiting their well-merited decorations in a better world. In a more recently acquired part of the cemetery rises a large monument to the soldiers who fell in the defense of their country. Opposite is another to the prompiers, or firemen, who lost their lives in saving the lives and property of their fellow-men.

In the Avenue de l'Ovest we shall find the tomb of the distin-

guished Admiral Dumont d'Urrille, alluded to above. It is a grotesque monument with scenes from his voyages.

Montparnasse is one of the more recently opened of Parisian cemeteries. Until 1824 it had been used only as a burial place for the unclaimed dead from the hospitals and for the victims of the neighboring place of public executions.

In the Rue de Picpus is the small cemetery of Picpus—not public. It contains the tombs of some of the oldest families in France, such as the Montmorency, De Noailles, Gramond, Crillon, Montalambert, etc. At one end is the "Cemetiére des Guillotines," where 1,300 victims of the Revolution, executed at the Barriére du Trûne, are buried.

In one corner is a simple, unpretentious slab much visited by American people. Beside it floats the standard of the American Union, and it is to this tomb that in July, 1917, General Pershing led the first contingent of the American troops to land in France. It was here, too, that this great commander uttered those memorable words: "Lafayette, we are here!"—words which should be consecrated to this commander's memory for all time to come. Yes, Lafayette, the sons of America, that America you loved and served so well, are here to repay the debt which your love of liberty and your invaluable services in the hour of her severest trial, imposed upon our nation.

The sight of the tomb of Lafayette was an inspiration to our men. They saw the flag of their country floating over a hero's tomb, and they then learned that the body of the soldier over whose tomb they deposited their wreaths and flowers in token of their undying gratitude was reposing on American soil, though under the sun of his beloved France. They learned that on his last visit to the United States, in 1824, the great Lafayette, on leaving our shores for the last time, had caused a large quantity of earth, gathered from the battlefields upon which he had fought for American freedom, to be placed on board the ship that was to bear him back to France. And here to-day in the Picpus Cemetery, interred in American soil, in a silent and noble cemetery, used only by a limited number of the noble families of France, Gilbert du Mortier du Lafayette, the friend of Washington and of America, awaits the reveille of the resurrection. He died in Paris, May 20, 1834.

It would take too long to describe the tombs of the men and women who have sought their eternal rest in the cemeteries of Paris. They are, nevertheless, attractive, not only on account of the memories they awaken, but for the lessons that may be learned while wandering among them. For a few years affection

decorates the tombs of departed worth, but as one generation follows another, we learn to realize the bitter truth contained in the words of the French poet:

"L'oubli c'est une fleur qui pousse sur la tombe."

But it is not alone in the cemeteries of Paris that we are to find the finest speciments of mortuary marbles. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, St. Nicholas du Chandonnet, St. Gervais, Ste. Eustache, St. Roch, Notre Dame des Victoires, and, indeed, nearly all the old churches of Paris are adorned with monuments erected to the memory of the illustrious dead, which command our interest and attention, even from the artistic standpoint.

In the Church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, in a chapel dedicated to St. Charies, is the monument of the painter Lebrun and that of his mother. The memorial to Lebrun stands under a beautiful stained-glass window; it consists of a pyramid, at the base of which is a bust of the great artist by Santuil. The whole rests on a marble altar-like tomb in the face of which is a medallion flanked by two allegorical figures representing the art of the illustrious deceased. The monument of the artist's mother was executed by Colignon. It represents the lady in the act of rising from the tomb on hearing the trumpet of Resurrection, sounded by the angel that soars above the tomb.

At St. Gervais is what was once the magnificent tomb of the Chancellor Le Tellier. It was originally surmounted by a superb arch of black marble ornamented by festoons and foliage in gilded bronze with weeping genii, and on the archivolt rested the figures of Justice and Prudence. This monument, like many in other churches, has suffered not a little from the ravages of Time and still more from the violent and iconoclastic hands of the revolutionists.

Another example of this is to be found in the Church of St. Roch. The monument to the Duke of Créqui, sculptured by Mazeline and Hurtrelle, lost its base when transported from the convent of the Capuchins, in which edifice it was originally located. Of the beautiful monument of Le Nôtre, a landscape painter (who died in 1700), executed by Cotton, there remains only the bust by Coyesvox. The monument of Pierre Mignard, by Lemoyne, has shared the same fate. It originally consisted of three large figures, two genii and a kneeling statue of the Countess de Feuqúieres, daughter of Mignard, there now remains nothing but the bust by Despardins. The tomb of Cardinal Dubois still shows the kneeling figure of the Cardinal, a beautiful work by Couston, but is in no better condition than the others just mentioned. Old

Father Time finds victims among marble statues as well as among human forms.

In the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires—which is constantly filled with devout worshipers at all hours of the day and on every day in the week, are to be found some old tombs that have escaped mutilation. Those of Lulli and his father-in-law, Lambert, the two most celebrated musicians of their time, occupy the second chapel to the right on entering the church. They are by Michel Cotton and possess no little merit. More eloquent than the memorials of the dead are the countless tablets which cover the entire interior walls and columns of the church, and which tell of the miraculous cures that have been effected through the intercession of Notre Dame des Victoires. I have almost walked over the kneeling worshipers in going through the church, and they seemed unconscious of any presence near them save of that One upon which their eyes were riveted. I served Mass at 5 o'clock one morning at the "Privileged Altar," and the number of devout communicants seemed endless. Notre Dame des Victoires is really the home of deep devotion.

In the Church of St. Eustache may be seen the monument of Colbert, the able Minister of Finance of Louis XIV. It consists of a sarcophagus of black marble, with a kneeling figure of Colbert in white marble by Coysevox. On one side of the sarcophagus is a figure of Abundance, by Coysevox, and at the other one of Religion, by Tuby.

The great Cathedral of Notre Dame contains many monuments which command the attention and admiration of the visitor, not only as works of art, but for the historic characters they bring to our minds. The one that is of most interest to the American is that of the unfortunate Archbishop Darbois, shot down by the Commune in the prison yard of La Roquette despite the strenuous efforts to save him made by Mr. Washbourne, at that time American Minister to France. The figure of the Archbishop, clad in plain cassock, is represented in the act of falling under the fire of his assassins, the fingers of the right hand raised in benediction over the shouting squad, shattered by their bullets. I have stood in the prison yard of La Roquette and had the spot pointed out to me where the great Archbishop fell, and I could not help recalling the words of Madame Roland: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" In this case the crimes were not committed in the name of Liberty, but in the name of license The blood-stained cassock is still reverently preserved in the sacristy of Notre Dame, where I have seen it more than once and of which I possess a photograph.

But the tomb that attracts the most attention in Paris is the beautiful work of Viconti, and situated under the magnificent dome of the Invalides. In an open circular crypt, twenty feet in depth and thirty-six feet in diameter, is the sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of Napoleon Bonaparte. It rests upon a mosaic pavement which represents a wreath of laurel and is thirteen feet long, six feet six inches wide and fourteen feet six inches high. The sarcophagus consists of a single block of reddish brown granite weighing sixty-seven tons: it was brought from Finland at a cost of 140,000 francs. The walls of the crypt are of polished slabs of granite adorned with ten marble reliefs representing some of the great reforms introduced or fostered by the mighty dead. The twelve colossal Victories between these reliefs were among the last works of Pradier. The six trophies consist of sixty flags brought from the Luxenburg. On the pavement around the sarcophagus are recorded the names of battles. One hundred and sixty feet above the crypt arises the lofty dome, through the stained glass windows of which a faint bluish light falls upon the tomb below and enhances the solemn grandeur of the scene.

The remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena in 1841 and were received in Paris with great pomp and magnificence. The streets leading to the Invalides were appropriately decorated in honor of the one-time Emperor, and little children were held up in the arms of their parents that they might be able to say in future years that they had seen the funeral of the great Napoleon. I happened to be one of the children held up as the imposing cortege passed by, so I can say, "I saw the funeral of Napoleon."

By special permission I have been allowed to go down into the crypt to visit the adjoining rooms or sections which contain the remains of some of the great marshals who fought under Napoleon and shared his glory and his downfall. As I contemplated my surroundings, I experienced a feeling of awe. The archives of the glories of France lay before me in mortuary splendor, but as I looked upon the greatest tomb of all, I could not help saying: "Sic transit gloria mundi."

The beautiful Church of St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris, was originally dedicated to the service of the one and only God. It was begun by Clovis at Mont-lè-Paris in 511. St. Genevieve died in 512, and when it was finished the remains of the saint were buried within its walls and this fact caused the church to be placed under her invocation. During the Norman invasion of 847 the Church was pillaged and partly destroyed. It was rebuilt, but not

finished until 1177. Then it was neglected and fell into ruin. Louis XV. restored it in 1764. In 1791 the revolutionists took possession of it, changed the name to the Pantheon and made it the mausoleum of distinguished Frenchmen. Again from 1821 to 1852 it was restored to Christian uses, only to be finally secularized in 1885. The body of St. Genevieve was permitted to rest here for centuries, but in 1793 the revolutionists destroyed most of her relics, and what they left was scattered to the winds by the Communist mob in 1871. A large relic, however, is still preserved at Vermeuil. Thus a church dedicated to the one and only God has been transformed into a temple for the many great of France, good and bad. Thus in 1791 the body of Mirabeau found a resting place here. It was followed in the same year by that of Voltaire, and in 1885 its vaults were opened for the reception of the remains of Victor Hugo.

Whether we wander among the stately tombs in Père Lachaise, Montmartre, Montparnasse, Picpus, or gaze with admiration upon the mortuary marble under the brilliant dome of the Invalides, or those that adorn the walls of the grand Cathedral and churches of Paris, the fact impresses itself upon us that

> "There lay the warrior and the son of song,
> And there in silence till the Judgment day,
> The orator whose all-persuading tongue
> Hath moved the nation with relentless sway."

They lie there in their last abode, as if they had never been. They came into the world naked and weak and they went out of it owning nothing but the space that pride or charity has allotted to them. They have had their day. Some have enjoyed the transitory pleasures of life: others have toiled through it; all have trodden upon more thorns than roses, and all alike may be concreted in the one word, "Fuimus." Neither the gilded crown nor the wealth that came to them through the mere right of inheritance, nor the pick and the shovel of the laborer could stay the march of the Angel of Death, nor close the portals of the grave against them. Their lives began by inflicting suffering on the mother that bore them, and with their own infant wailings, and they ended in death throes and perhaps the tears of others as they heard the clods fall upon their now unheeding forms. If they have known God, and loved Him and served Him in this life, there is hope that they have found a true abiding place in "that house not made with hands." They have passed through this world amid transitory triumphs, and countless trials and tribula-

tions, and have at last, let us hope, like weary pilgrims, reached their heavenly home.

"When self-esteem or others' adulation
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexioned flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are."

MARC F. VALLETTE.

A GREAT CHURCHMAN, MONSIGNOR TACHE, FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF SAINT BONIFACE.

AMONG the missioner-Bishops who, aided by zealous priests, both secular and regular, have laid broad and deep the foundations of the great and growing Church of Canada, the first Archbishop of Saint Boniface occupies a foremost place. "Monsignor Taché's life," says his able biographer,[1] "sums up fifty years of immense progress for the Catholic religion and French influence in a region eight or nine times as large as France." Auxiliary and successor of the saintly and heroic pioneer-prelate, Monsignor Provencher, the founder of the Red River mission in the mid-West, he had a larger and more important sphere of action, ecclesiastical, social and political, than his predecessor. His influence in Church and State was such that his career is so identified with the history of Western Canada, to which it has added an important chapter, that he might without a trace of egotism have said in the words of the Latin poet: *"Quorum pars magna fui."* He has written his name large across every page of it. As the historian of Boucherville wrote in 1890: "Monsignor Taché's life is written; it is written and related daily in our national conventions, in our cities and even in the cottages of the Canadian colonist and the shifting tents of the natives of the prairies and Rocky Mountains."[2]

Of distinguished ancestry, a descendant of Louis Hébert, the first who harvested the golden grain of New France; of Joliette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, of the heroic Gauthier de Varennes de la Vérandrye, who discovered the vast regions of the West from Lake Superior to the Rockies, the Red River, Saskatchewan and the Upper Missouri, and of the Venerable Madame d'Youville, the foundress of the Grey Nuns, he was a typical French-Canadian, Catholic and French to the core. The Tachés came originally from Garganvillars, in Guienne, in the Diocese of Montauban, the first of the name who settled in Canada in 1739 having been Jean Taché, the Archbishop's great grandfather. His mother's family, the De la Brouqueries, had settled there a century earlier. One of them, Pierre Boucher de Boucherville, a distinguished soldier, in 1651, saved the Three Rivers and the whole French Canadian colony from a formidable invasion of

[1] "Vie de Monsignor Taché, Archeveque de Saint. Boniface Pae Dom Benoit, Superieur des Chanoines réguliers de l'Immaculée Conception au Canada." 2 vols. Montreal, 1904.

[2] R. P. L. Lalande, S. J., "Une vieille seigneurie," Boucherville, p. 327.

the Iroquois. Sent to Versailles to represent to Louis XIV. the abandoned state of New France, as Canada was then called, he arranged that regular course of colonization, one of the achievements of the French Minister, Colbert. The King ennobled him before his return to Canada, where for several years he was Governor of the Three Rivers settlement, of which he was one of the principal founders. He was the builder of an historic old manor house, the château de Sabrevois, which still subsists, and where he died in 1717 at the patriarchal age of 97, the father of a family of sixteen children and the grandfather of a hundred, of whom seven were priests and thirteen nuns.

Alexander-Antonin Taché, son of Charles Taché and Louise Henriette de la Broquerie, was born on July 23, 1823, at Wolf River, now Fraserville, and baptized on the same day in the Church of St. Patrick. After six years of married life his father died, when his still young widowed mother went to live in the village of Boucherville, near the river St. Lawrence, consecrating the rest of her life to the care of her children, to whom her brother, Joseph Antonin de la Broquerie, was equally devoted, his affection and solicitude being concentrated in his nephews. Inheritors of the Catholic spirit of old France, the France of Bossuet and Fenelon, which is traditional among the French-Canadians, their lives were regulated by solid piety and a high sense of duty, which they infused into the minds of their young charges. After the death of his maternal grandfather and grandmother, they removed to the château Sabrevois, which had been for several generations the ancestral home. Near it the founder had built on his lands the first chapel, in which the illustrious Jesuit, Father Marquette, administered the first baptism registered there. In this very place the venerable Marguerite Bourgeois taught the little children and in some sort founded the great institute which now covers America with its swarms of religious and educates thousands. It was a model Catholic household, and the Archbishop always cherished the memory of the happy and holy days he spent there in his youth. Recalling them in after years he said: "Prayer, that of saints above all, extends its powerful influence beyond time and space. Who knows if that of Marquette does not count for something in the call which has invited me to tread in his footsteps in going to Christianize the natives of the extreme West? What is certain is that it was in the house of the Boucherville, whence he set out for distant lands, that I offered to God the most painful sacrifice that my missionary vocation inspired, and it was in hearing talk of his courage in this very place that I

felt my own fortified. As a child I played in this place embalmed by the sweet odors of devotedness and heroism, and in the midst of those plays, those amusements, a grave thought drew me, an eloquent voice, like that of a monument, pointed out to me the road I was to follow and I went."[3]

Sent in 1833 to the College of Saint Hyacinth, a semi-lay, semi-ecclesiastical institution, founded in 1811 by the Abbé Antoine Goiouard, where he had among his fellow-students Monsignor McIntyre, Bishop of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Monsignor Prince, first Bishop of Saint Hyacinth and Monsignor Fabre, Archbishop of Montreal, his vocation to the priesthood was early fixed, and when, at the close of 1841, the first four Oblate Fathers arrived in Montreal—the first religious seen in Canada since the conquest of the country by Great Britain—their presence and bearing so captivated young Taché, the youngest of the seminarists, that he made up his mind to join the congregation. As he truly observed in the speech quoted from, "There are glances which have a marked influence over a whole existence; that which I then fixed upon Fathers Honorat and Telmon not a little contributed to the direction of my whole life." During his novitiate he wrote to his mother: "Called by God to the religious life, I felt arise within me a great desire to devote myself to the Indian missions, to the preaching of the Gospel among the wild tribes of the West, which Father Marquette, setting out from Boucherville, had begun to discover, which the La Vérandryes, starting from the same place, had continued to make known, of whom such a large number had never yet seen a Catholic missioner."

He was an Obalte through and through and from the very start. His special vocation had its origin in an act of oblation. When his mother was seriously ill and in danger of death he repaired to the oratory, and prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, made an offering of himself for the Indian missions of the West for her restoration to health. His prayer was heard; her life was prolonged for twenty-six years, and Western Canada obtained its greatest apostle.

The scene of his future labors was then designated by the names of Pays d'en haut, Red River territories, Great Northwest or simply West, and comprised Manitoba, part of the province of Ontario, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabaska-Mackenzie; with a frontier on one side of over 1,500 miles and on the other of more than 1,300 miles, with a superficies of 1,790,000 square miles. In

[3] Discourse of Monsignor Taché on the erection of the monument to Antoine Goiouard, August 24, 1879.

1844 the Pays d'en haut was peopled by Whites, Metis and Indians. In 1869 Monsignor Taché estimated the whole civilized population at 4,000; when he entered the district as a young missioner it was much less. The Metis, or half-breeds, numbered 15,000, while the Indians, of whom there were 22 tribes, were grouped in five families, the Algonquins, Assiniboines, Blackfeet, Montagnais or Chippewayans and Esquimaux. Father Laflèche depicts the wild Indians of the prairies as the worst from a moral viewpoint, and says it is no exaggeration to say that they represent man descended to the lowest degree in the human scale. A deplorable picture is drawn by Monsignor Taché of the degraded position that woman occupies among uncivilized races. "From whom descend the savages?" he asks. "They are men, then they descend from Adam. I should add: Noah was their grandsire, Sem their father, for the red or American is linked with the Mongol race, from which it differs less than races sprung from the sons of Noah differ from each other. The question of America having been peopled by emigrations from Asia, or even from the north of Europe, is no longer a problem. Everybody knows how easy the thing is, even supposing that at the epoch of those peregrinations travelers had not other facilities than those they possess now. This latter supposition is not probable; for my part, I am convinced that the natives have been more civilized than they are now, that they have been debased through forgetfulness of the traditions which bound them to God, just as they will recover their position by accepting the teaching which brings them close to their Author and their end."[4]

Monsignor Provencher and his missioners had converted all the French Metis. In the absence of any Catholic priest for a long space of time, most of them had relapsed into complete unbelief and were not baptized, but they had heard their fathers say that one day "the men of prayer" would come into the country, and that they would be recognized by two signs: they would wear "a black robe" and would have no wives. When the Catholic priests arrived, the Metis recognized the envoys their sires had announced. It came about in this way. Despite many solicitations and journeys, Monsignor Provencher in twenty-six years had only been able to procure the services of twelve secular priests to aid him in the immense district he had to evangelize. Most of them, after sojourns ranging from one to ten years, returned to Quebec, worn out or disgusted. "I resemble," he said sadly, "an oak which alone stands erect in the midst

[4] "Esquisse sur les Missions du Nord-Ouest.," pp. 252-253.

of a plain where a storm has swept away all the other trees." After appealing to Rome and praying to Our Lady Immaculate and the saints, he addressed himself to the founder of the Oblates, realizing from experience the need of the coöperation of a religious order. Monsignor de Mazenod, who had the great human heart and human sympathies of the saints, like all true followers of Him who had "compassion on the multitude," and who was doubtless moved thereto by Our Lady, at once consented to supply the mission on the Red River, a country then almost completely unknown in France, where his order was still in its infancy. As soon as Brother Taché, then only twenty-one and who wanted some months to be ordained deacon and make his religious profession, heard of it, he earnestly solicited permission to consecrate his whole life to the work. "The manifestation of the ardent desire that animated me," he wrote to his mother, "was regarded as the effect of the will of God: my offer was accepted. Father Guigues, provincial of the Oblates of Canada, designated me as companion to Father Aubert, charged with founding the mission."

Traveling in Canada then was not so easy and rapid as nowadays. The 1,400 miles between Montreal and Saint Boniface had to be traversed partly by land and partly by water by what was known as *portage* and *demi-portage,* that is ascending the numerous rivers and lakes in a canoe,[5] lightening the cargo when they had to shoot the rapids, or completely unloading and carrying both the canoe and their luggage until they pitched their camp for the night, to resume their journey at daybreak. There were seventy-two *portage* and almost as many *demi-portage* stages to be done. The Hudson's Bay Company had established a regular bi-annual canoe service between the commercial capital of Canada and the immense territories to the west of Lake Superior. It was the way Monsignor Provencher had first gone to his distant apostolate; it was the route followed by the first Oblates when they went to the relief of the grand old pioneer-prelate of the Red River. What then took two months is now done from forty-five to fifty hours by rail.

The two first Oblates arrived at Red River on August 25, 1845, the feast of St. Louis IX., King of France. When Father Aubert presented his companion, Brother Taché, sub-deacon, "Sub-deacon!" exclaimed Monsignor Provencher. "But it is priests we want!" "I know, Monseigneur," replied Father Aubert, "but he was not of the

[5] Constructed of birch tree bark and cedar, they unite lightness with solidity and capacity, can carry a large load, float over the smallest streams and the largest lakes, and, impelled by six rowers, cover from sixty to ninety miles a day.

canonical age to be ordained deacon when he left Montreal; as the journey was long, he is now of that age; your Lordship can ordain him deacon and priest when you like." Casting a furtive glance at Taché, the prelate murmured: "They send me children. It is men we need." He soon altered his opinion and wrote to the Bishop of Quebec: "You may send me Tachés and Laflèches without hesitation." It was not long before he confided to this youthful subdeacon what was dearer to him than life, his Church of Saint Boniface and the mission of evangelizing the whole West.. Availing of the special privileges accorded by the Holy See to missioner-Bishops, he ordained him priest on the twelfth of October, when he was only a little over twenty-two. The next day he made his vows as an Oblate; they were the first religious vows pronounced in the Pays d'en haut, and made by one of the grand nephews of the discoverers of the Red River and the adjacent country; for the greater portion of the immense basin of Lake Winnipeg was discovered by Varennes de la Vérandrye, related through his mother and one of his nieces to the Broquerie family, maternal ancestors of Father Taché.

The first five years of Father Taché's apostolate were devoted to founding a permanent mission at Ile-à-la-Crosse, 900 miles from Saint Boniface, on the highway between the west and the north, within reach of the three great lakes, in coöperation with Father Laflèche, a saintly secular priest much beloved of the Indians and of the Oblates; four visits to Lake Caribou and Lake Athabaska and to the forts or commercial depôts of the fur-traders; employing whatever leisure time he had to mastering the Indian dialects under the tutorship of Father Belcourt.

One of Monsignor Provencher's oldest missioners, the venerable Father Thibault, had said: "When the last bison is killed, one may then try and do something on the prairies"; that is to say, that it was useless to think of converting the Sauteux and wild tribes of the plains as long as they had abundance of game. In 1842 he asked the Bishop's permission to direct his steps towards the natives of the wooded regions, and repaired to Devil's Lake, where he had the consolation of finding hearts better disposed, and where, along with Father Bourassa, he established a very flourishing mission under the invocation of St. Anne, the patroness of the Canadians. In 1845 he found his way to the Fort of Ile-à-la-Crosse, about 450 miles distant, where he was cordially received by Roderick McKenzie, who, although a Protestant, had the greatest regard for the Catholic missioners. He led the way; Fathers Taché and Laflèche followed. Their departure left Monsignor Provencher, old and infirm, the only

ecclesiastic in the Red River colony for three weeks, Father Aubert having gone to Wabassimong. Though dysentery was then epidemic and he had to bury ninety-six victims, he preferred to face all the fatigue and danger rather than put an obstacle in the way of the conversion of the Indians by his absence. Father Laflèche was stricken with the same malady at Norway house, where Father Taché nursed him day and night, and often afterwards spoke of "the mortal anguish he experienced when he saw his traveling companion in danger of death, and he, a young missioner, hundreds of miles from any of his brethren, sent to convert an immense country." It was not the only anguish he had to endure. There were oftentimes when, wanting food, he had to tighten his cincture with a big knot to allay the pangs of hunger. To this was added the suffering occasioned by intense cold and the innumerable dangers and difficulties of traveling. He thought, for instance, to make the return journey from Lake Caribou to Ile-à-la-Crosse in May in ten days, but it took twenty-one; for though the rivers were free, the lakes were frozen. On the eve of his return from Athabaska he wrote to his mother: "I confess (pardon me this weakness) that I did not regard without uneasiness the moment when I was to undertake a journey of about 130 leagues (390 miles) without any other support than my limbs, without any other shelter than the firmament, in a country where the thermometer sometimes goes below fifty degrees Fahrenheit. What disturbed me most was that the previous winter I suffered much from a malady of the feet in going to Lake Caribou." Then think of the loneliness and isolation of living so far from civilization. For two years he had not seen another Oblate, until Father Henri Faraud arrived at Ile-à-la-Crosse to take the place of Father Laflèche, a martyr to rheumatism, who had to be recalled.

Hard as the life was, it had its compensating consolations in the avidity with which the majority of the Indians sought and received instruction in the Christian faith, a poor old Metis woman having walked for ten days, sleeping at night in the open air and enduring cold and other discomforts to get baptism. Multiplied instances like this filled them with courage and hope, and the work of gathering souls into the true fold became more and more endeared to them. When, therefore, a letter from Father Aubert brought news of the revolution in France and the dethronement of Louis Philippe and a fear was expressed that it would dry up the resources of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that perhaps they would be obliged to abandon the work begun in the West, and they were told not to push farther afield, but to confine themselves to Ile-à-la-

Crosse, it filled them with consternation. Fathers Taché and Faraud took counsel together, putting to themselves the questions: "What shall we do? Because resources are wanting, shall we abandon the poor Indians? Let us only have wine enough to say Mass; let us live, if need be, in an Indian hut, but let us not give up the work; the glory of God and the salvation of souls demands it." Of common accord, they replied to Father Aubert almost in these words: "Reverend father, the news your letter contains afflicts but does not discourage us; we know that you have our missions at heart, and we cannot bear the idea of abandoning our dear neophytes and numerous catechumens; we hope it will be always possible for you to supply us with altar breads and wine for the Holy Sacrifice. Apart from this source of consolation and strength, we only ask of you one thing, permission to continue our missions. The fishes in the lake will suffice for our subsistence and the skins of wild beasts for our clothing. Pray do not recall us." They dispensed with the two mission-servants and themselves undertook the cooking, fishing, digging, house-building, etc. Their magnanimity saved the Indian missions. Father Taché wished to erect a little chapel at Ile-à-la-Crosse, but their resources would not permit it, and they had to devote to that purpose the house McKenzie had made for them, mud-walled, with parchment for window panes, contenting themselves with a dwelling, twenty feet by twenty, which they had constructed the previous year with their own hands. "Vive le Nord!" wrote Father Taché. "I think it is the country in the world where one learns most effectively and practically how few things are needed to render man happy and how senseless are those who seek their satisfaction in what is truly the torment of life, in the thousand cares and disquietudes to which it requires they should give themselves up."

For nearly an entire year at Ile-à-la-Crosse he did not see any priests, being occupied along with Brother Dubé—an angelic lay-brother, the Fra Leone of this modern Poverello—catechizing the Indians or engaged in carpentry or agriculture. The natives were the object of unbounded devotedness. "Every day, and even many times during the day," he says, "I have received visits—visits from savages or savage visits, whichever you wish." He taught them with unwearied zeal. His biographer quotes from Monsignor Grandin an anecdote which shows how great it was. One evening he was catechizing some Indians, while Brother Dubé was at his ordinary housework, when Father Taché said: "Brother, sleep is overcoming me; I am going to begin a canticle, and while the sav-

ages are chanting the refrain, I shall sleep (for he slept with extraordinary facility and could take a nap during an "Ave Maria"). At the end of the refrain stamp on my foot to awaken me." He did so.

The mission of Athabaska, founded by Father Taché two years previously, became in 1849 the place assigned to Father Faraud, who accepted it with all the generosity that an ardent zeal and spirit of abnegation inspired. "How impenetrable are the designs of God," observes Father Taché. "Who could have suspected that one day those two young fathers would direct as first pastors the missions which at that moment fell to their lot?" As will be seen, Father Taché became Bishop of Saint Boniface and Father Faraud Vicar Apostolic of Athabaska.

Father Taché spent four years at Ile-à-la-Crosse, evangelizing the Indians scattered over a district of several hundred miles. Some were Crees, but the greater portion were Montagnais or Chippewayans, large numbers of whom were converted to the great joy of the grand old man of the Red River. It was the beginning of a new era in the Indian missions. He was greatly attached to the Montagnais; they were his dearest adopted children. He spoke of them in all the Canadian churches and in the cathedrals of France; they were the most honest of all the natives of the Northwest and even of all North America. Without any other light than that of reason, they had a knowledge of God, pure of that gross mixture of absurdities which one meets in the most enlightened nations of antiquity. They were the most peaceable of the tribes and had a horror of bloodshed, but among them, as among the others, polygamy prevailed and woman occupied a most degraded position until Christianity purified their morals and regularized the relations between the sexes.

The Holy See had erected the Vicariate Apostolic of the Red River into a diocese under the rather vague title of the Northwest on June 4, 1847. Monsignor Provencher, grown old and infirm, postulated for a coadjutor with the right of succession, and recalled Father Laflèche, with the view of having him as his successor; but the latter's weak health interposing an insuperable obstacle, Father Taché was chosen, and on June 24, 1850, nominated Bishop of Arath *in partibus infidelium*, the only objection, his youth, being only 27, having been removed by the counterbalancing fact of his great talents, his knowledge of the country, of the missions and the Indian languages. It was, besides, upon the Oblates Monsignor Provencher relied for the Christianization of the Northwest, and by Monsignor

Taché's nomination the congregation was more closely identified with the great work begun and pursued under such difficulties. With an Oblate Bishop directing it, its continuance was assured. Father Taché at the time was not aware of this, being away at Ile-à-la-Crosse, and when, in January, 1851, a letter from his Bishop informed him of his own elevation to the episcopate, he was naturally astonished, but frankly admits that he was flattered by the choice and pleased that he had given satisfaction to his superiors and gladdened them by his labors and his immolation.

It saved the Indian missions. Monsignor de Mazenod, it having been represented to him that the Red River settlement was beset with difficulties and that there was no chance of success, had actually written to Monsignor Provencher that he had decided to recall all his subjects; but when he learned, through the public press, that one of them had been summoned to share the aged missioner-Bishop's charge, he at once recognized that it was the will of God that the Oblates should persevere in the arduous labors of the missions of the Northwest. He wrote to Father Taché to accept the nomination and to repair to Marseilles, but with the simple title of "Père Taché," that he might have the consolation of giving him episcopal consecration. He embarked at New York on October 18 and arrived at Marseilles on November 9. A few moments and he was at the feet and in the arms of the saintly founder, who said to him, "You will be Bishop." "But, monseigneur, my age, my defects——;" putting forward such or such a reason. "The Sovereign Pontiff has nominated you, and when the Pope speaks, it is God who speaks." "Monseigneur, I wish to remain an Oblate." "Certainly, it is thus, I understand it." "But the episcopal dignity seems incompatible with the religious life." "What! the plenitude of the priesthood exclude the perfection at which a religious should aim!" Then, drawing himself up with that noble elevation of mind and religious impressiveness which characterized him, he added: "No one is more a Bishop than I am, and, certainly no one is more an Oblate. Do I not know the spirit with which I have wished to inspire my congregation? You will be Bishop; it is my wish, don't oblige me to write to the Pope about it, and you will be only the more an Oblate on that account, since, from this day, I nominate you regular superior of all our brethren who are in the Red River missions." After uttering these encouraging words and embracing him affectionately, he said: "Console yourself, my son. Your election, it is true, took place without my knowledge; but it appears quite providential and saves the missions in which you have labored

so much. Letters had represented to me those missions in such an unfavorable light that I determined to abandon them and to recall you all; the decision was come to in council, when I heard of your nomination to the episcopate. I wish you to obey the Pope, and I, too, wish to obey him; since the Vicar of Jesus Christ has chosen one of ours to better direct this nascent Church, we shall not abandon it." It was a crisis in the history of the Church in Western Canada fraught with failure or success, with the salvation or loss of innumerable souls. The young Oblate saved the situation. "I have never known nor wished to know the author or authors of the deplorable letters written against our missions," he said. "I do not even know if they were members or enemies of the family. To write in a way to compromise all the missions of that immense territory, what an injustice! What cruelty! What responsibility! Let us pray to God to forgive those writers; for, certainly, 'they know not what they were doing.' I am even convinced that they did not wish what they have almost accomplished."[6] His consecration by Monsignor de Mazenod, assisted by Monsignor Guibert (then Bishop of Viviers, later Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, another illustrious Oblate) and Monsignor Prince took place on November 23, 1851.

After a sojourn in Rome, where he twice had audience of Pius IX. and was much struck by "the noble simplicity with which one is received by this sovereign crowned with a triple diadem," and got Propaganda to change the Diocese of the Northwest into that of Saint Boniface, a second visit to Marseilles where he was joined by Father Henri Grollier, the future apostle of the Arctic Circle, and visits to Lyons and Paris in the interests of his missions, he embarked at Liverpool for Canada at the close of February. At Berthier he met a young priest who had spent a year at the Pembina mission and was then a curate. Wishful of devoting his whole life to the missions, he offered his services to the coadjutor of Saint Boniface, asking as a favor to be admitted into the ranks of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The missioner-Bishop gladly acceded to the request of the young priest, destined to become, under the name of Père Lacombe, one of the greatest heroes of the Cross in the Northwest.

Monsignor Taché and his two companions reached Saint Boniface on June 27, to find that the Red River colony had been devastated by a destructive flood—a veritable deluge like that of 1826, which swept away a large number of houses and rose to the level of the sanctuary of the church, although built on one of the highest sites,

[6] "Vingt années de Missions," p. 53.

making Monsignor Provencher "more than a prisoner" in his own "palace," where the water had almost reached the second floor. The inundation ruined the country, already so poor; the people and the herds took refuge far away in the prairies; no sowing of seed could take place and famine prevailed.

The arrival of the coadjutor was like a glimpse of sunshine amid the gloom. It gladdened the hearts of Monsignor Provencher, who said to the Archbishop of Quebec: "They tell me a thousand good things to his credit: I am very glad of it. Let us pray to God that He may cause him to produce abundant fruits during a ministry which should long exceed mine, seeing his youth; I wish it. I desired a coadjutor more capable than myself. I have no doubt I have found him. He knows languages enough to make himself understood by all his people; he has the activity of youth, the prudence of more than an old man. I do not think the despatch of business troubles him. One would say that God has a hand in it. I am very thankful to Him; may He have him in His holy keeping." To Monsignor de Mazenod he wrote: "I am charmed with the good opinion your Lordship has conceived of my young coadjutor; young, robust, very active, I think him very fitted for his place. I do not doubt that with the help of the prayers of his congregation, he will produce abundant fruit among the infidels and the faithful confided to him. All who have had occasion to know him congratulate me on my choice and lavish praises on the persons elected." The good Bishop did not conceal from the founder the hardships his subjects would have to face in the West. "I haven't more than four secular priests," he said. "The Bishops of Canada haven't enough for themselves; there's no great chance of getting them to come from a distance when they don't belong to a body. Let your sons, then, work this part of the Lord's vineyard; it is hard to cultivate. All the mission countries have their miseries—cold, heat, hunger, prisons, death, according to their position on the globe. The chief thing is to make sure of heaven; the road to it starts from here as from everywhere else."

When the Bishop of Arath, on July 8, 1852, left Saint Boniface for Ile-à-la-Crosse, along with Fathers Grollier and Lacombe, and knelt to receive Monsignor Provencher's blessing, the older prelate felt it was a final leave-taking and said prophetically: "It is not customary that one Bishop should bless another; but as I am going to die soon and shall not see you again, I bless you once more here below, awaiting the time when I shall embrace you in heaven." He did not see the Red River again for two years and a half. Then

and thus began a long episcopate of forty-four years, which was to reflect such lustre upon the name of Taché, upon the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and the Church in Canada. His painstaking biographer has related in minute detail every phase of that career which has entered into history: his multiform activity in every sphere, both public and private, in which his beneficent influence was felt and exercised, until a holy and happy death closed a life full of good works and whole-heartedly devoted to the service of God, the Church and the people.

It was exactly on the sixth anniversary of the first night he spent there that he got back to Ile-à-la-Crosse. "It would be difficult to express," he wrote to Monsignor de Mazenod, "what passed through my mind when I set foot in our poor chapel. It was at the foot of that altar I asked the blessing of Our Lord when starting on a journey which was to have such a great influence on my destiny for time and eternity, and it is to the foot of this same altar I come to thank Him for having rescued me from all the dangers of a voyage of more than five thousand leagues. I left a priest and I came back a Bishop: in that there is more than enough to suggest profound reflections. Then the recollection of past and a certain vague and involuntary apprehension of future miseries; this sojourn in the midst of woods that I sought from afar, and for which I had sacrificed all the charms of a world to which as yet my heart only feels too much drawn; above all the presence of my beloved confrères, who had had to suffer and toil so much, while I tasted all the delights of civilization: all that made a profound impression on my heart. I was in the midst of those savages, to whose happiness I have devoted my life, those savages who, they told me, had shown themselves so unworthy of God's graces and the sacrifices they cost. Oh! monseigneur, there are indefinable moments in life when the heart, the seat of varying impressions which bring with them great joy mingled with profound sadness, is the victim of both. My arrival at Ile-à-la-Crosse was one of those moments."[7] In a letter written shortly after to his mother he tells how he shed tears at the foot of that poor altar, which he had made himself and found just as he had left it. "How happy we are to be able to pray!" he says. "Prayer, that sweet offspring of heaven and of charity, is always ready to pour the balm of its consolations upon the worst wounds and calm the most violent griefs. My heart chilled, broken, so to speak, by all that a position such as that in which I found myself suggests, soon recovered its calmness."

[7] Letter to Monsignor de Mazenod, December 26, 1852. Archives of the Maison Générale of the Oblates.

The Indians were the chief objects of his solicitude. He found the dispositions of those who corresponded with the grace of conversion admirable. "How good it is then to be a missioner!" he writes. "The work, however, is fatiguing; the daytime is not enough to satisfy their zeal, part of the night must be devoted to it. The poor creatures are never so near God's envoy: one feels that it is the same Gospel which urged the Jewish people to gather round the first Missioner." In a letter to his mother, he says: "You cannot think of the happiness I experienced at the sight of these fervent Christians, who lately were infidels steeped in every vice." Referring to Holy Week celebrations in a letter to Monsignor de Mazenod, he writes in the same jubilant strain: "How can I tell you what I felt during the ceremony when I heard all those voices (no one was silent) repeating in their native idiom the Church's glorious hymns. . . . In that religious throng, with about two or three exceptions, fifteen years ago, not one was baptized, not one knew his God, not one blessed His Holy Name. The lake, on the banks of which is the church, was called Devil's Lake, and the inhabitants on its shores seemed to ambition the misfortune of being worthy of such a patron. How consoling is the change! The same lake is named Lake Saint Anne; its inhabitants are Christians; nothing delights them more than to sing the praises of the God of whom they were so long ignorant. So the happiness I experienced was a very sweet and very ample compensation for the fatigues of my journey." One Christmas the Indians journeyed 150 miles in the coldest time of the year and in the coldest region, and all the employes of a trading post, whose immorality had hitherto been proverbial even in a dissolute country headed by the chief factor, journeyed to receive Communion at the hands of Monsignor Taché; representatives of the civilization of two worlds, members of several savage nations forming only one people watching, praying, chanting, adoring and loving God, coming to be reborn in all those hearts. The month of May, Mary's month, was as religiously observed at Ile-à-la-Crosse as it is all over the Catholic world. "I don't regret the kind of occupation that absorbs my days;" he tells his mother, "to work for the good God, to work to make Him known and loved by poor savages who open their hearts to grace; I assure you there is a joy in that only fully appreciated by those who taste its sweetness." In 1859 he wrote to Mr. Dawson: "I have spent ten years of my life at Ile-à-la-Crosse; I knew personally the 700 Christians I left there and all who died during my sojourn. The affection I entertain for those poor savages and which, I think, they cherish for me; the

knowledge of their language; the strict obligation of neglecting nothing that could contribute to their happiness; all these reasons made me live in the most intimate relations with them. After that I do not think I am rash in asserting that I know these Indians better than any one in the world. I have seen with grief and I have bitterly regretted their faults—they are children of Adam; but, on the other hand, I have seen their good qualities, and they are numerous. During that lapse of ten years among these savages, who even yet live without any code of laws, who have only the sentiment of duty with which we have inspired them to curb the perverse desires of our poor human nature; during those ten years, I say, there has not been committed a single murder or any notorious act of cruelty: not a robbery of any moment. In a word, the conduct of our dear neophytes is a manifest proof of the change wrought in their hearts." "These words," comments his biographer, "contain a fine tribute to the Christians of Ile-à-la-Crosse, but also, at least we think so, to their missioners. This native church will bear the ineffaceable impress of the great Bishop: in the twentieth century, as in the mid-nineteenth, it is the gem of the northern missions."

The labors that effected this moral regeneration had to be undertaken under the most trying conditions. The cold was intense. The sudden transition at sunrise from the warmth of a bed formed of buffalo skins to a temperature of from forty to fifty degrees below zero he confesses was extremely painful. Writing in his tent, his "canvas palace," as he calls it, on his way to Athabaska, the coldest of all the posts, he says: "I am seated on the ground; I have only a small trunk as a table; my candle only gives me a flickering light. I am overcome with sleep; the night is cold; I am benumbed with the cold, although in July; I can hardly hold the pen. As we are traveling all the day, I must avail of the night for writing." It was the first visit of a Bishop to Athabaska, and the Bishop himself was the first priest who had begun the conversion of the natives six years before that. The only seat Father Rémas could offer him when he visited the mission of Our Lady of Victories at Lake la Biche was the trunk of a tree, from which he preached to a crowd of Indians, assembled from all parts, mostly Catholics; heard their confessions, and gave a number of them Communion, including an old Canadian of ninety-eight, who wept for joy; the patriarch of five generations of half breeds, in perfect possession of his faculties, with a prodigious memory which made him the living history of the country. In Europe the Bishop lays the foundation stone of a church; at Lake la Biche. Monsignor Taché

felled the first tree that furnished timber for the construction of one. At Ale-à-la-Crosse he built one, which was considered elegant and graceful, with a pretty belfry.

Meanwhile, by the death of Monsignor Provencher, on June 7, 1853, the Bishop of Arath had become Bishop of Saint Boniface. It was more than a year afterwards that he returned to take formal possession of his see; having, to do so, to make the most painful journey he had ever made—a thirty-seven days' journey; suffering acutely from cold, exceptionally severe in 1854, and several times nearly dying from hunger.

Like Monsignor de Mazenod, he was a model Bishop. Not content with presiding over the diocese he ruled, superintending missions and directing the priests he put in charge of them, he identified himself with the laity, with the flock he shepherded, regarding himself and acting as the spiritual father of the people. Saint Boniface had then upwards of a thousand inhabitants. He visited all the families in the Red River settlement, the poorest as well as the well-to-do. From that epoch until his death, he made himself personally acquainted with every person, Canadians, Metis or Indians; every head of a family making known to him his temporal as well as his spiritual affairs. He took an interest in every individual and knew them all by their names, nothing being indifferent to him; placing his time, his intelligence, his sympathies and very often money, food and clothing at their service. "We do not think," says Dom Benoit, "that in the nineteenth century there was to be met with in the whole world a prelate who knew more in detail all the families in his episcopal city, shared more intimately the troubles and joys of all his flock, was to a greater degree the counsellor and guide of all." That winter sickness greatly prevailed; he administered the last sacraments to a large number. Many children died in the spring; he blessed the graves in which were laid their innocent bodies and visited and consoled the afflicted families. "He was truly a Bishop in the full sense of the word," says his biographer; "the spouse of his Church, its chief, the pastor and father of all its members, the humblest as well as the highest. Such was he in the flower of his age the first winter he spent at the Red River; such will he remain in the infirmities of old age and even unto death." During the most rigorous weather he was seen scouring the country, seeking out the lost sheep to lead them back to the fold. A large number of Protestants abjured heresy and became good Catholics, attracted by his insinuating manners, touched by the unction of his penetrating eloquence. Poor orphan children, liable to be ensnared by prosely-

tizers, were the objects of his special solicitude. He was often seen returning with three or four ragged, dirty children he had picked up on the way in his carriage. The sight of suffering moved him to compassion. If in winter he met an old woman benumbed with cold, he would make her get into his carriage, wrap her round carefully in his furs and drop her at her cabin door. He always gave hospitality in his own palace to some infirm, derelict old men in whom he took an interest; often visited them, took them his own dessert and provided them with pipes and tobacco, and when they fell ill multiplied his visits. A woman,[8] whose face was then being consumed by a hideous, infectious cancer, was his favorite penitent whom he admitted into his apartments. As she lived rather far from the church, he allowed her to sleep at his house when she was to approach the sacraments. One winter day they told her there was no coverlet for her bed and to go and look for one in a neighboring house. But she knew that every one believed her disease to be contagious and would not lend her anything or give her hospitality. She then resolved to return home. As she was going away she met the Bishop who, when told the reason, took the coverlet off his own bed and gave it to her. He interested himself in the children of this unfortunate but virtuous old woman, placed her three daughters in an orphanage and sent her son to be educated in the college of Saint Hyacinth. He rendered the same service to several other young people.

In order to multiply his almsgiving, he lived in the strictest economy, and all his household strove to imitate his spirit of poverty. Monsignor Grandin notes that it was during this first sojourn of the Bishop at Red River that they ceased to use sugar at table, the missioners asking to be allowed to do so. This practice of poverty and mortification lasted about twenty-five years in the Bishop's house at Saint Boniface.

Here is an incident which assimilates this nineteenth century prelate to a thirteenth century saint, the saint of Assisi, another great lover of poverty and the poor. In one of his episcopal rounds the Bishop, who was riding, perceived far away in the prairie a small cabin from which went up a little smoke, indicating that it was inhabited. He went there and found in it a poor Indian, isolated by a purulent and infectious leprosy from every other habitation and consequently deprived of any succor. Touched with compassion, he addressed words of consolation and hope to the poor wretch, re-

[8] This person was still (1904) living and cured at Prince Albert. Dom Benoit, "Biography," vol. I., p. 301.

turned hurriedly to his house and sent a vehicle for the invalid, for whom he had a room prepared, when he daily visited and helped him and got the Grey Nuns to nurse him until he died.

From May to August, 1856, he made a pastoral visitation of all the missions, which involved a journey of nearly 3,000 miles. Those in the north were still in the heroic pioneer phase and the complete denudation which usually accompanied first efforts to gain a foothold. The missioners had suffered much and he was profoundly afflicted at the appearance of some of his brethren. "One should have seen the beginnings of a mission," he said, "should even have had to do everything with his own hands, have bedewed everything with his sweat, have wrung everything as it were by violence from the rigor of our climate, the multiplied disadvantages of these creations in the midst of the desert to believe and understand what they cost. I invite the successors of those of our fathers who have founded establishments and conquered the first difficulties not to forget the efforts of those who have preceded them, and to remember that, if it is possible for them to give free course to the happy and intelligent dispositions with which Providence has endowed them, they owe this facility to the colossal labor undertaken by their predecessors."

To have been sent on the mission himself when still a young novice, to have been ordained at twenty-two and mitred at twenty-seven, were not the only phenomenal events in his career. He was soon accorded the privilege of having a coadjutor Bishop, ordinarily only conceded to a prelate when incapacitated by the infirmities of old age or broken health from fulfilling all his functions. It was not the growth of the Catholic population, but the immense extent of the diocese and the great distance apart of the missions that necessitated it. It was a territory 1,520 miles long by 1,300 miles broad, scattered over which were infidel tribes roughly estimated as comprising 80,000 souls. For four years after Monsignor Provencher's death he had only been able to visit a portion of his diocese. It was considered that in the event of his demise, owing to the difficulty of communications, two years would elapse before they could appoint a successor, and that such a vacancy in the see would mean the complete ruin of the Indian missions. For this purpose he went to Canada and Europe, with the result that Father Vital Grandin, then twenty-eight, was nominated coadjutor and titular Bishop of Satala, receiving episcopal consecration on November 30, 1859, from Monsignor de Mazenod at Marseilles. Although he had been ill in France and during his sojourn in Saint Boniface, and had to be

actually carried from his sick bed to the vehicle which conveyed him to the place of embarkation the indefatigable coadjutor set out for Ile-à-la-Crosse in company with Father Seguin, who spent his life in evangelizing the savages of the extreme north.

The years which followed were years of strenuous activity. Missions and missioners, parishes, convents and schools were multiplied, and despite the opposition of heretical preachers, bigoted traders in league with them, the paucity of Catholic compared with Protestant resources, the drink evil and consequent demoralization and other obstacles, the work progressed. The Anglican Bishop had a different story to tell. The *Nor-Wester,* a Protestant organ, the first paper published at the Red River, issued in 1860, contained a speech of his in which he confessed their weakness and failure.

A request from a chief of the Blackfeet to send a missioner to his nation determined the Bishop of Saint Boniface to found a new establishment, whence he could more readily reach that tribe, encouraged thereto by the increasing number of Metis. One day exploring the vicinity of St. Anne's, in company with Father Lacombe, he planted his stick near the river Eturgeon, saying, "Here will be the new mission." The altar of the Cathedral of Saint Albert today rises over the very spot he indicated. An episcopal city at the voice of the great founder has arisen in places where the soil had never yet been ploughed. Monsignor Taché called it Saint Albert, in honor of the great martyr of ecclesiastical discipline in Belgium and in memory of Albert Lacombe, the Blackrobe *voyageur,* the heroic missioner of Saint Anne's and Edmonton, who with his own hands worked at the building of the first church and presbytery. St. Albert has now two churches and a convent and is the cathedral town or city of a Catholic Bishop, while Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan river, the flourishing capital of Alberta, with its population of about 73,000, has a large number of churches, a convent and a seminary. Monsignor Taché spoke highly of Mr. J. W. Christie, the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton, who gave the missioners many tokens of his respect and attachment in those pioneer times when Edmonton was only a trading post, erecting at his own expense in the interior of the fort a pretty little church and a residence for the fathers.

Monsignor Grandin, who made a visitation of the missions of Athabaska—Mackenzie, which occupied more than three years, was called "the saint of the northern missions." Pius IX. called the Oblates in this part of Canada "the martyrs of the cold." Twice he was near losing his life and being frozen to death; while Father

Goiffon, a secular priest, was very near being burned to death in the fire that, in 1860, destroyed the cathedral and Bishop's house at Saint Boniface. Shakespeare says: "When sorrows come, they come not single files, but in battalions." To the fire succeeded an inundation which plunged the population in the greatest misery. The Grey Nuns had to mourn the death of their superioress, Sister Valade, a heroine, who arrived at the Red River in June, 1844, and had been a mother to the poor, the sick and the little children; and to crown these sorrows, the Oblates all over the world, and nowhere more than in Western Canada, were stricken with grief by the death of their saintly founder, Monsignor Taché having to endure the double affliction of losing his spiritual father and the venerable nun who during seventeen years of self-sacrifices had done so much good in her adopted country.

Monsignor Taché had literally gone through fire and water, had suffered severe losses, but lost no time in repairing the disasters they entailed. He quested Canada in aid of the reconstruction of his cathedral and episcopal palace and met with such a generous response that he was able to reëndow the Red River with a handsome edifice; persuaded that religion would lose much, that its dearest interests would be compromised if things were allowed to remain as they were, in a state of ruin, if from the ashes hardened by the inundation something did not arise to attest the power of Catholicism, even under the most unfavorable circumstances.

The unanimous election of the Most Rev. Father Fabre as superior general and the division of the Diocese of Saint Boniface in order to give the Athabaska-Mackenzie missions a resident Bishop—Father Faraud being nominated Vicar-Apostolic and receiving consecration from Archbishop Guibert in the Cathedral of Tours on November 30, 1863—were among the events that took place during a journey to Europe, when he had two more audiences of Pius IX., who made his uncle, Sir Stephen Taché, a commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, a mark of distinction, his biographer notes, which rewarded illustrious services rendered to the Catholic cause and united still more closely, if possible, all the members of the Taché family to the centre of Catholic unity.

His heart, he says, "superabounded with joy in the midst of all his tribulations." He had seen Pius IX., he had obtained the division of his diocese; he had brought back new missioners, Oblates and secular priests, and new Grey nuns; all the missions had progressed during his absence; greater progress in the future might be hoped for, and he had thirty-three Oblates, one priest novice and three

secular priests in the Northwest. Meanwhile, during the rebuilding of his cathedral, he and his priests, after being lodged in the college garrets, lived in a hut which was hardly better than one of the savage's tents, a little timber house, in which the students took their meals along with the Bishop and the fathers, the divine office being said in a basement room. The remains of Monsignor Provencher, after being entombed for twenty years under the sanctuary, were exhumed from the ruins of the old cathedral and translated to the new edifice.

Pending Monsignor Faraud's arrival in 1865, it was Monsignor Taché's coadjutor who administered his immense vicariate and visited the missions and missioners, often at the peril of his life. Fathers Grollier, Clut, Gascon, Séguin, Eynard and Grouard made multiplied journeys in their snow shoes, in canoes, in carts drawn by dogs or on foot, Father Seguin, in 1862, going to the mission of St. John, in Yukon, the Russian territory famous for its gold mines, where he spent a whole winter, after a long and painful journey across the mountains, almost having to swim across icy torrents, risking the loss of health or life; visiting on his return his brethren at Good Hope, who had endured eleven months of complete isolation. The heroic Father Grollier, the advanced guard of the heralds of the Gospel to the natives of the North, attempted another journey in 1862. In eleven days he went or rather dragged himself, exhausted, asthmatic and almost dying, from Good Hope to Fort Norman, with the temperature falling as low as 43 degrees centigrade, but could go no farther and was constrained to return. For two years longer he lingered unwilling to quit the regions of the Arctic Circle until exhausted nature could hold out no longer, and after an apostolate of twelve years, he expired on June 4, 1864, in the poor retreat where to the last, with a zeal that surmounted every suffering, he catechized the Indians, lying on the ground on a buffalo skin, his eyes fixed on the tabernacle in the alcove where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. Such were the type of missioners who founded the Church in Western and Northwestern Canada.

In 1863 and 1864 drought and the locusts had destroyed agricultural produce in the Red River colony and a famine prevailed, the mission-houses being daily besieged by multitudes of starving natives, a spectacle which Monsignor Taché described as heartrending. Processions in honor of St. Joseph obtained partial deliverance from this scourge when the fields near the church were completely covered with these insects. For twenty-six years the locusts made terrible ravages at the Red River. The Bishop also ascribed to the

intercession of St. Joseph an extraordinary draught of fishes, which mitigated the suffering caused by the scarcity of food. In 1865 the locusts destroyed the whole harvest of the Scotch settlers and a portion of that of others. The Catholics fared better, but they had sown less. These ravages coincided with another affliction: the General Council of the Propagation of the Faith cut down by one-half the sum they had until then allocated to the missions, with a warning of its total discontinuance. "If this resolution is adhered to," observed Monsignor Taché, "I am going to take the wallet and staff. Alas! all the miseries come together: thus the country is abandoned: they are going to the United States, where things are still worse: they are going to the Prairie Fort, where one is not better off. Our population is dispersing, though it was, however, thin enough. Everybody is suffering from hunger with few exceptions." To add to this, the smallpox made its appearance among the Blackfeet and other tribes, raging with extreme violence among the former, of whom twelve hundred succumbed. But "out of evil cometh good." Those ferocious savages, who had always displayed the most obstinate resistance to the Gospel, seeing their country desolated by this scourge, sent a deputation to Saint Albert to Father Lacombe, begging him to come to their relief. The heroic missioner did not hesitate, despite the dangers and difficulties he had to face. He baptized nearly four hundred of them. The locusts, later on, in 1868, made greater ravages among the crops than in the previous years. Following all these misfortunes came news of the burning of the mission house at Ile-à-la-Crosse, the first mission among the Indians founded by Monsignor Taché, which he visited often and where resided his *alter ego,* his coadjutor.

In 1867 he and Monsignor Grandin journeyed to Rome to take part in the celebrations which signalized the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the canonization of twenty-five servants of God. After another audience of Pius IX., who nominated him assistant at the Pontifical Throne, he made a pilgrimage to Loreto, visiting the battlefield of Castelfidardo, where a modest wooden cross marked the graves of the gallant soldiers of the Pope's Brigade, and reached Autun in time for the eleventh chapter-general of the congregation, returning to Canada after securing a reinforcement of new missioners.

At the instance of Monsignor Taché the missions of the Northwest were erected into a vicariate independent of that of the Red River and preluded the division of the Diocese of Saint Boniface as well as the creation of the Bishopric of Saint Albert, of which

Monsignor Grandin ultimately became the titular. All Canada until then formed one ecclesiastical province. Since the establishment of the Confederation, after the progress the Catholic religion had already made and in view of still greater progress, it became necessary to erect several metropolitan sees. A council had been convoked at Quebec for May 7, 1868, to deliberate on the opportuneness of replacing the province of Quebec by several new provinces. Canada naturally formed two divisions—the civil province of Quebec, in which the French were dominant, and that of Ontario, in which the English prevailed. The council unanimously decided to recommend the Holy See to erect three provinces, namely, those of Quebec, Toronto and Saint Boniface—the first for the French-Canadians, the second for the English-speaking races and the third for the Indians. They also sent a letter to the superior general of the Oblates thanking him for sending so many holy missioners, heroes of the Cross and of Christian civilization, into the New World.

"The fact which dominates the history of North America," observes Dom Benoit, "is the struggle between the two races that have colonized it, the English race and the French race. They continued there the war they had made in Europe two centuries earlier." That contest has long ceased: both races in the Red River colony and in the whole Northwest, where they have settled since the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, live side by side in perfect harmony. "Nowhere perhaps in the world," remarks Monsignor Taché in his "Sketch of the Northwest of America," "reigns there a greater harmony between people of different origin. Not only is there no point of antagonism, but, as an almost invariable rule, one may say that all feel that they are brothers and seem bent on rivaling each other in good behavior." This harmony was momentarily disturbed by two events—the constitutional resistance of the Metis in Assiniboia to the arbitrary proceedings of the Ontario Government in 1869-70 and the rebellion of the half-breeds, led by Louis Riel, in 1885. During all the troubles which ensued Monsignor Taché brought all his powerful influence to bear to restore harmony; he filled the difficult rôle of pacificator between the contending parties, effectively seconded by his Oblate brethren, particularly Father Lacombe, who restrained the Indians and prevented much bloodshed; he pleaded for annesty and, if it were possible, would have saved the life of Riel, whose execution many considered a judicial murder and that the claims of justice would have been satisfied by the retention in a lunatic asylum of the fanatical and insane insurrectionist. The loyalty to the British crown and constitution of Riel

and his Metis followers had been put to a severe test during the Fenian invasion when, had they acted otherwise than they did, in all probability Assiniboia or Manitoba, one of its most flourishing provinces, might have been lost to the Canadian Dominion.

During the Vatican Council, which Monsignor Taché attended, he crossed the ocean in the company with eleven Bishops, his was among the 369 names appended to a petition to define the infallible magisterium of the Roman Pontiff; considering that its opponents in declaring it inopportune rendered it necessary.

On September 22, 1871, the Holy See erected Saint Boniface into a metropolitan see, with the Bishopric of Saint Albert, the Vicariates-Apostolic of British Columbia and Athabaska-Mackenzie and all the dioceses or vicariates that might in the sequel be erected in that part of America as suffragans, and two months later, on November 7, the bulls establishing Monsignor Taché Archbishop of Saint Boniface and Monsignor Grandin Bishop of Saint Albert reached Quebec. Saint Boniface in 1870 did not yet present the appearance of a city or even a village; it only possessed religious establishments, the Cathedral, the Bishop's house and the old college, since enlarged and became the Provencher Academy. On the south side were the Vicarial House of the Grey Nuns and the former boarding school, situate where in now the Hospice Taché; on the north one small house, inhabited by Metis on the site of the present offices of the newspaper *Le Manitoba*. What is now the Avenue Provencher formed the southern limit of a cultivated field comprising what to-day is called the Point, and on it a log hut, inhabited by an old Canadian, demolished in 1902. In all there were only five or six houses within a radius of a mile on each side of the Bishop's residence. It has now four churches, an orphanage, a boys' academy, a convent, four public schools, a college, a seminary and two hospitals and a population, according to the census of 1914, of 12,095, while new bridges to connect Saint Boniface and Winnipeg have been constructed.

A party in Ontario having designed to colonize Assiniboia and the whole Northwest with English Protestants and streams of immigrants having poured into the country threatening to submerge the French and destroy the Catholic religion in the whole territory, Monsignor Taché, as a counterpoise, promoted Catholic colonization. For twenty-five years he summoned to his aid men of good will, wrote to Bishops and other personages in the province of Quebec, and to the friends and defenders of the Church in Europe in fur-

therance of this scheme. "If we have not Catholic immigration," he wrote to the Bishop of Three Rivers, "we are lost forever; the Ontarians are flooding us on all sides." All the Bishops of the Province of Quebec subscribed in response to a circular; they remembered that the Canadian West had been discovered by French Catholics; that those countries are of great importance in the present and will be more important in the future; that it was a religious and patriotic duty for the French-Canadians of Quebec not to let those immense regions pass into the exclusive possession of another race. He sent several of his priests to Quebec and even to the United States to bring back French-Canadians. "Work for our colonization," he wrote to the indefatigable Father Lacombe, whom he sent to Lower Canada and the States, "otherwise we are lost. The enemy are making gigantic efforts." Although he met with opposition, his efforts were crowned with success. A current of immigration set in from Lower Canada and the United States: the old Catholic centres were strengthened and new ones created. "It is a kind of providential law," comments Dom Benoit, "that the French race is developing in Canada in dependence on a rival and heretical race, as formerly the Hebrews under the dominion of idolatrous Egypt. This law is particularly verified in the former Pays d'en Haut at the epoch we have reached. Far from disappearing, the French Catholic race is increasing in numbers and power, but ordinarily experiencing the domination of the rival race." The arrival of two groups of French-Canadians from Montreal in 1871 and 1872 was followed by the formation of new parishes, a procedure which yearly signalized the advent of fresh colonists. At the time of the absorption of the West by the Confederation both creeds were nearly equal in numbers; but the volume of Protestant immigrants became yearly greater than that of Catholics, disturbing the equilibrium to the advantage of the Protestant majority and the detriment of Catholic interests. The Archbishop could not see this without dismay. "We have need," he said, "of strength and energy. We are swamped on all sides by men who have strength, energy, numbers, and hatred in their hearts. There is a fund of fanaticism in the Protestant which easily shows itself and may produce disastrous effects. Number is everything under a parliamentary administration: what will become of us when we no longer count?" His constant aim was to save the Catholic population from political annihilation by opposing Catholic to Protestant immigration. He made innumerable appeals for Catholic colonists, securing the coöperation of Bishops, clergy and laity, who displayed the

greatest zeal in endeavoring to preserve for the French race and the Catholic religion a large place in the West. He tried to get one or two families from each parish in Lower Canada to settle in Manitoba, to form in that province a Catholic population capable of maintaining its rights and being an effective ally of their co-religionists in Quebec. The result was that the missions in the West developed, new churches arose and the French Catholics, far from disappearing, increased.

Monsignor Taché gave land to several of the six hundred French-Canadians who settled in Manitoba in 1876. These reinforcements rejoiced him the more, as many Metis had left the country. "All our Metis here are leaving us," he wrote to Monsignor Grandin. "Happily, Canadians are arriving; otherwise we would be submerged, never more to reappear." Colonization societies organized at Saint Boniface and Montreal gave a great impetus to the movement, of which the Archbishop was the heart and soul and directing mind. In 1879 there was an immense influx, hundreds arriving daily, undeterred by the intense cold which prevailed, 850 reaching their destination in March. "Who would have imagined twenty years ago," said the newspaper *Metis,* "that this little corner of earth called now Manitoba, unknown then and lost in the midst of deserts, would become a new promised land, whither one would come to seek, if not honey, at least milk and bread?" The greater number of the immigrants, however, were Protestants, chiefly from Toronto, the Belfast of Canada. Monsignor Taché bewailed the fact that nine-tenths were strangers to our faith. "The English element is seizing on our country," he wrote to Father Lacombe. "The country is full of them, and we are almost nothing." The French were losing, or had lost their hold. "The French element," said the local organ, "which formed half the population six years ago, forms no more than a fourth or fifth. It can only count on five or six seats in a chamber of twenty-four members."

Before the transference of the colony of Assiniboia to the Canadian Confederation, Monsignor Taché prevailed upon Catholics to get possession of lands and settle on them, with the result that important centres of French influence, which, of course, meant Catholic influence, were formed. He gave the same advice to Catholics in the Northwest, which was followed with equally satisfactory results. After the transference Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, where the first Mass was said in 1869, rapidly developed, the incursion of Protestant immigrants being somewhat counterbalanced by

the arrival of Irish, Scotch and English Catholics. It is now a place of great commercial importance, being the largest grain market in the world, with an enormous mercantile territory under development and a population of about 250,000.

About this time began that malady which imposed upon him a burden of physical suffering which weighed upon him almost continually for the rest of his life. For three months during the beginning of his illness he could hardly go farther than from his bed to the sofa, suffering from a tremor in the right leg, which also attacked the left, and only said Mass seven times. Writing to Father Lacombe, then in France, to thank him for having remembered him at the altar at Lourdes, he adds: "I do not know if you have done well to ask for my cure. Perhaps it would be better I should disappear from the scene. In any case, I am content to ask of the good God that His holy will may be done; I don't refuse to live and I don't trouble myself much at the thought of living infirm; it is for this, that my life will be useless to others; pray that it be useful to myself." His life, far from being useless to others, was, to the very end, one of the greatest utility, one of unrelaxing activity. To him, to live was to labor. No detail of the administration of his diocese escaped his attention. From his sick couch he supervised everything in his palace, in his cathedral city, in all the missions, foreseeing and providing for everything. In the spring of 1873 his whole household was stricken with illness; nearly every one was laid low: the house became a regular hospital. To add to their calamities, a fire destroyed the bakehouse and a hundred sacks of flour in it.

"The illness of 1873," notes Dom Benoit, "marks a division in Monsignor Taché's life. Up to that time the prelate had traveled much, in canoes, on horseback, on foot, in carts; in future his mind will lose nothing of its activity, and he will still travel, but very often he will be confined, as he has been, to his room and even to his bed." For twenty-seven years, from 1845 to 1872, his journeys covered 173,000 kilomètres,[9] or nearly 6,500 kilomètres a year, without counting short trips, which were very numerous, and marches and countermarches in Europe and Canada.

The fracture of a bone in his left foot, occasioned by a carriage accident in 1874, confined him to bed for six weeks. He recovered, but his limbs and his whole body remained weak. An infirmity of two years' standing fatigued him and made work very difficult.

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[9] An English mile is equal to 1,609 mètres.

Though habitual weakness was sapping his energies, he continued to fulfil all his sacred functions. At times, however, he was tempted to resign his office. "I candidly confess to you," he wrote to Father Fabre, "that if I could get rid of everything and confine myself in a corner or some retreat, I should be very glad." He did not do so, preferring to remain at the post Providence had entrusted to him as long as it was not certain he was called elsewhere. "I have been ill, confined to bed for several months, almost powerless for nearly two years," he wrote to the Bishop of Saint Albert, tempted, like him, to lay down a very heavy burden on account of frail health. "I have thought of begging for rest, of asking the Holy See to replace me; now I do not know if I should have done well. God knows better than us what is needful for His work, and since we are working for Him, let us do it in conformity with His holy will." He dismissed the idea and did not allow it to influence his line of conduct.

In 1875 his episcopal silver jubilee was celebrated with great *éclat*. In 1877 when a university was founded in Manitoba, he took an active part in its organization, favoring its establishment on the lines of the London University as an examining body, conferring degrees, in place of a teaching university; for teaching is inseparable from religion, and uniform religious teaching could not be given by an institution comprising persons of different creeds. Three constituent colleges were established in the province, that of Saint Boniface, for Catholics; St. John's College, for Anglicans, and Manitoba College, for Presbyterians. "Our university is not all that we would wish," he wrote to Monsignor Grandin, "but it is all that we could hope for under present circumstances." To Father Fabre he said: "This creation, without being perfect, ensures us advantages, particularly that of encouraging studies and making the merit of Catholic teachers known to the Protestant world." Eight of the twenty-six members of the University Council were Catholics, while the College of Saint Boniface, in accepting filiation, nominated seven persons to represent it, its direction being transferred from the Oblates, who had held it for fifteen years, to secular priests.[10] In the sequel the Protestants caused quasi-neutral professional chairs to be established in the university, despite the opposition of the Archbishop and the Catholics. Displeased with the attitude of the Protestant dignitaries on the council, who ignored the rights of

[10] It was finally placed under the direction of the Jesuits.

Catholics, he ceased to personally attend its meetings, sending a deputy, the Rev. M. Cherrier.

This dissonance was the first rift in the lute which broke the harmony that had hitherto existed, the first discordant note struck by the secularists, bent on laicising education and excluding dogmatic teaching. The Catholics of St. Boniface, joined by many Protestants, opposed it, but a number of the latter, who had lapsed into religious indifferentism, favored it, knowing that education, theoretically neutral, would in effect represent the religion of the majority, which, in the altered conditions in Manitoba, was the Protestant. It led to the introduction of mixed education on the plan of the English Board schools and preluded that long educational contest known as the Manitoba school question, which clouded the closing years of the good Archbishop's life. Its originators were the Orange-Protestant wire-pullers in Ontario, whose organ, the *Globe*, unceasingly attacked the Catholic religion and French influence, which meant the influence of Catholicism in the mid-West. Monsignor Taché, the great champion of the rights of the Church and Catholic education, published in the *Metis* a series of articles on "Education and Instruction" (two things often ignorantly confounded), in which he contended that the mixed or neutral schools are contrary to the natural law, the Gospel the general Constitution of Canada and the particular Constitution of Manitoba, proving that they lead to moral degeneracy and quoting Agassiz and other writers in support of his contention. The *Globe* was compelled to admit that these public schools violated the rights of the Catholic minority, guaranteed by the act of Manitoba. Still the Winnipeg secularists kept up the agitation. As most of them did not know French, he published his articles in English in pamphlet form in 1877, and obtained an amendment of the school law exempting Catholics from contributing to the maintenance of Protestant schools and vice versa, which was observed for a time.

For seventy years the country possessed denominational schools, recognized and more or less helped by the public authorities, and similarly the official use of the French language, sanctioned by laws based on the civil and political equality of the two races. When the Protestant immigrants in Manitoba largely outnumbered the Catholics and caused a displacement of the former equilibrium, Monsignor Taché foresaw the storm that was about to break. Originally the province was not divided between conservatives and liberals, but gradually these two parties were formed. When in 1888, the liberals attained to power, it was on their undertaking to leave intact the separate or denominational, that is Catholic schools

and the official use of the French language in Parliament and at the bar, as solemnly guaranteed to the Red River delegates to Ottawa in 1840 and incorporated in the act or Constitution of Manitoba. But they only "kept the word of promise to the ear and broke it to the hope." They were no sooner firmly seated in office when they violated the compact. In July, 1889, the funds set apart for the Catholic schools had to be handed over to the Provincial Treasurer, to be added to the consolidated funds of the province, an illegal spoliation and a flagrant injustice, against which Monsignor Taché publicly protested. By the famous, or infamous, laws of 1890, passed by 25 to 11 after a stormy debate, the Catholic schools were suppressed, and by the same mechanical majority also the official use of the French language. The opponents of Catholicism went farther and legally abolished four Catholic festivals out of the six hitherto recognized by the statutes of Manitoba. In Canada when a law has been passed by a provincial legislature, it is presented to the lieutenant governor for his sanction. Monsignor Taché and the Catholics appealed to him to withhold his sanction, as his predecessor had done, but he declined.

In a pastoral instruction the Archbishop recalled that fifty years and more before the annexation to Canada, Catholic missioners had established and opened Catholic schools, as well as the Protestants, each supporting its own school and its own church, and that for twenty years no serious complaint was heard, not a symptom hostile to the system had been manifested until the cry "Down with the French language! Down with the Catholic schools!" was raised by ignorance, bigotry and prejudice, and the Legislature, while abolishing the Catholic schools, passed laws not only maintaining the Protestant schools, but securing them, although denominational, all the share of the public money to which Catholics had a right. Such laws, he declared, were "radically unjust." The Catholics unanimously resolved not to send their children to the new schools, but to private or free schools exclusively under parental or ecclesiastical control.

To the framers of these laws, who posed as the advocates of popular education, he replied: "The love of knowledge is of the very essence of the Church, since its supreme end is to lead humanity to God; now, God is light, knowledge, intelligence; one does not attain to Him through ignorance, that darkness of the understanding and the heart, the consequence of sin, but through knowledge which has its principle in the infinite Being who knows everything. So the mission given to the Church necessarily implies teaching: 'Go, teach all nations.' Reflection of 'the Light that

enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world,' and guided by the Holy Ghost, the Church has taught all nations; it has dispelled the darkness of paganism, explained the enigmas and figures of the synagogue and caused to shine upon the old and new world the rays which have led humanity out of the chaos into which ignorance and superstition had plunged it. Not content with converting nations, the Church has lavished erudition upon them. It is this same Holy Roman Church which has covered the world with schools of all kinds, brilliant centres of light. It is from her the erudite for centuries have derived human as well as divine knowledge. She has been the guardian of sacred as well as profane literature. The world owes to her the preservation of all that it admires in ancient civilization and the reception from her of all that is best in modern civilization. Public schools and free schools are of Catholic institution. From age to age not a university has been founded without the concurrence and blessing of Popes or of their brethren in the episcopate. The munificence of Pontiffs has rivaled that of princes in endowing France, Germany, Spain, England, Ireland, Scotland, etc., with those luminous centres, to this very day the pride of the nations which have the advantage of possessing them."

He made a strenuous effort to have these laws annulled. To that end the Constitution in force in Canada provided three remedies—disavowal of the law, recourse to the law courts, appeal to the Governor General in council. Recourse was had to these, with the result that it was ultimately referred to the judicial committee of the English Privy Council, which, on the 30th of July, 1892, delivered judgment in favor of the respondents, upholding the laws that practically banished religious teaching from the Manitoba public schools to the surprise of everybody and to the great grief of Monsignor Taché. Judge Prud'homme, who visited him, along with some intimate friends, describes how he received them without a smile, without uttering a word; half leaning on the arm of his armchair, holding in his right hand a rosary bead which he was passing through his fingers, his eyes bathed in tears, which fell abundantly over his discolored cheeks. "The sight of this great prelate of the West, so virile of soul, weeping and sobbing at seeing the breath of bad passions destroy the work of his whole life has remained forever in my memory," he says, "as one of the most poignant things I ever witnessed."

Defeated, but not discouraged, he returned to the charge in 1893-1894, refusing to accept the decision of the English Council as final. Appeals against the laws of 1890 were made by the executive council of the National Congress of Catholics, by the Archbishop in

his own name and by the minority to the Governor General in council and protests presented by the Conservative League of Montreal, with the result that the case was referred to the Supreme Court of Canada at Ottawa; but notwithstanding that the whole Canadian episcopate signed a petition and Monsignor Taché published pamphlets exposing the great grievances in the matter of education that the Manitoban Catholics suffered, the authorities turned deaf ears to these multiplied appeals and the claims of equity and justice were disregarded.

A devouring zeal for education was one of the most absorbing passions of his life. He took the liveliest interest in Monsignor Grandin's great work, the establishment of schools for the Indians on the reserves in the Northwest, which he recommended to Cardinal Manning as of the greatest importance for their conversion. "The gold of the enemies of the Church," he wrote to him, "is laid under contribution to seduce these poor savages, and it is much to be desired that the alms of English Catholics should oppose a breakwater to this devastating torrent." He also enlisted the sympathies and coöperation of the Archbishop of Quebec and his suffragans, while he had in his own diocese eleven schools for Indian children. Leo XIII. bestowed upon the work special blessings and indulgences. But despite his efforts, Monsignor Grandin could not obtain the establishments of a work of the schools of the Northwest similar to that of the schools of the East. The province of Quebec, however, in the first year raised the sum of $2,648.39, apportioned to St. Boniface, St. Albert, Athabaska, Mackenzie and Quebec, and Monsignor Taché initiated in 1884 an annual collection in his own diocese for the same object. Besides the industrial school at Qu'-Appelle, he founded four other Indian schools in various reserves within the immediate sphere of his jurisdiction. These, together with the building of a large college and numerous other works which he created or promoted, gained for him the reputation of being a millionaire. Many-tongued rumors exaggerated and spread the report more to his disadvantage than advantage, until it reached the ears of the directors of the Propagation of the Faith, who intimated their intention of cutting off the supplies. Dom Benoit calls it the "golden legend." Like many other legends, there was more fiction than fact in it. The Manitoba "boom," which from the close of 1880 to the beginning of 1882 raised the value of land and swelled the tide of immigration—as many as 9,655 emigrants arriving in one month—enabled Monsignor Taché to find money for the completion of his college, a noble building, which cost over 250,000 francs, by selling two lots for $80,000, or 400,000

francs. It also enabled him to establish a boarding school, called after his death the Taché Academy, now transformed into the Hospice Taché.

His vigilance and activity were increasing. A marriage law passed by the government of the Northwest in 1878, whereby priests were liable to be fined if they dispensed the contracting parties from the banns and impediments arising from cansanguinity or affinity, brought him into conflict with the authorities. He succeeded in getting the law amended, so that Catholic priests continued at liberty to perform the marriage ceremony in urgent cases without publication of the banns. The administrative persecution in the Northwestern territories of the Catholic missions and missioners, particularly on the subject of the schools, involved them in another contest with the local ruling authorities. In Alberta, Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, most of their subordinates, Protestants and English, displayed on every occasion a great spirit of intolerance towards the Catholic religion and the use of the French language. The Indian Department of the executive was determined to impede as much as possible the influence of the Catholic missioners among the aborigines. When Canada took possession of the country it only found peaceable natives, disposed to accept the new order of things. This was owing to the civilizing influence of the priest among hordes heretofore cruel and barbarous. Every means was resorted to in order to remove or destroy the influence of those who had secured these results at the cost of the greatest sacrifices, labors and risks. In 1892 there were 2,175 Catholic Indians in the Archdiocese of St. Boniface, 3,447 in the Diocese of St. Albert and 2,329 in the Vicariate of Saskatchewan, against 5,382, 1,254 and 2,402 Protestant natives out of respective totals of 14,093, 8,230 and 6,409 Indians yet there were eleven Protestants to one Catholic among the agents within the limits of Bishops Grandin's and Pascal's jurisdiction and thirteen Protestant to two Catholic agents in Monsignor Taché's diocese. As long as living among the Indians presented dangers, the Protestant ministers rarely disputed with the Oblates the privilege of venturing among them, but when the Canadian Government made itself master of the country and placed the Indians on reserves, they went thither from all parts, procuring Protestant teachers on almost all the reserves, even where the Indians were all Catholics, the Protestant employés forcing Catholic parents to send their children to the schools, on the pretext that it was not a question of religion, but instruction, those who neglected to do so being deprived of implements and live stock which the Government had placed at their disposal, often even of their rations. Administrating favors were reserved for the

Protestant Indians or those who were inclined to embrace Protestantism.

In 1892 Monsignor Taché paid his last visit to the Northwest. The enterprising and resourceful Oblate, Father Lacombe, had organized an excursion to Prince Albert and Saint Albert and the whole of Western Canada of Bishops and ecclesiastics at whose service the Canadian-Pacific Railway had placed a special train. The Archbishop of Saint Boniface, who presided over the excursion, journeyed West to lay the first stone of the Cathedral of Prince Albert for the new Vicar-Apostolic of Saskatchewan, Monsignor Pascal. In October of the same year he caused religious celebrations to be held in all the churches of his diocese in commemoration of the fifth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

The last scene of all that ended the eventful history of his long and laborious life was fast approaching. In the spring of 1894, bending under the weight of years and work, he postulated for a coadjutor. In his letter to Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of Propaganda, he wrote: "I am seventy-one years of age, a missioner for forty-nine years, a Bishop forty-four years and titular of Saint Boniface for forty-one years. I can still render some services, but I have need of a coadjutor." The coadjutor he had in mind was the distinguished prelate who succeeded him, but he had not the satisfaction of seeing him mitred before he died. When Father Langevin, on the first of July, 1893, arrived in Winnipeg as vicar of the congregation, that is superior of all the Oblates and their missions in the archdiocese, Monsignor Taché as he embraced him, said: "I have been ten years wishing for you." Great progress had been made during his episcopate. In 1892 there were ninety churches or chapels in the diocese, not to count fifteen localities where there were schools, etc., and in addition to the 105 places where religious services were held about eighty stations where the missioners said Mass more or less often during the year. On the twelfth of October, 1893, he wrote: "To-day is the forty-eighth anniversary of my sacerdotal ordination; to-morrow will be the forty-eighth anniversary of my oblation. Please tell our Very Reverend Father General that his son of forty-eight years' profession loves and venerates him as the successor of our beloved founder, and to-morrow will renew with all his heart the blessed formula of his oblation, *usque ad mortem perseveraturum.*" On November 23 he kept the forty-second anniversary of his episcopal consecration. On May 2, 1894, finding himself weaker than usual, he went to the Pensionnat, his private hospital to receive the care of his

devoted infirmarians, the Grey Nuns. On the third of June he administered Confirmation for the last time and on the same day preached his last sermon from the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," enlarging on a subject always very near to his heart, the necessity of maintaining the Catholic schools. As his great weakness prevented him from standing, a chair had to be placed for him at the entrance of the sanctuary. Five days afterwards he made his last appearance at his cathedral, presiding at the anniversary requiem for his venerable predecessor. It was too much for his strength or what was left of it; he never entered the sacred edifice again. He left his palace, after dining, never to reenter it; returning to the Pensionnat. On Sunday, June 10, he said his last Mass; it was in his own room and it cost him such an effort that in unvesting he sank into an armchair, saying, "Don't raise an alarm; it will be nothing." A whole week of great and continuous suffering followed, spending three nights with his head resting on a table, unable to sleep for a single instant, yet never complaining. Despite these sufferings he was present at the school exercises and saw to the minutest details of the fêtes being arranged for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Grey Nuns at the Red River, which coincided with June 22, and looked forward himself to his own sacerdotal golden jubilee, which would have been reached a year afterwards. On June 18 he had to undergo an operation for stone, the painful malady from which he suffered for fifteen years, but before it knelt and recited the "Veni sancte" and "Ave Maria" with three of his priests. "May I keep my dear little devotions upon me?" he asked the doctors, alluding to the statuettes of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and St. Anne, contained in a little sachet which he always wore and piously kissed every night. Upon their replying in the affirmative, he placed them on his breast along with his scapular. The operation lasted three hours, the patient, of course, having been chloroformed. He felt relieved, became even jovial, but the next day fever, followed by delirium, supervened. Monsignor Grandin, who spoke to him of his approaching end, administered extreme unction, and the next day, after saying the Mass *pro infirmo,* gave him the Viaticum, which he received after twice kissing his Oblates crucifix, while Father Allard read for him and in his name the Credo and formula of oblation. In a very strong and distinct voice he said: "May the holy will of God be done. I ask pardon of God, my clergy and my diocesans for the scandals and trouble I may have given them and commend myself to the prayers of all." Monsignor Grandin wished to speak to him

about forwarding his application for a coadjutor. "I know his thought and his desire," he observed to Father Langevin; "it is you he has designated to us as his successor. Do you wish I should speak to him about it?" "No," replied the vicar of the Oblates; "pray do nothing. Leave it all to Providence." That very evening, at the express wish of the dying prelate, the celebration of the jubilee of the Grey Nuns began with a meeting at which, as Monsignor Taché had arranged, was to be represented the departure from Lachine and the landing at the Red River, but under sad circumstances, it had to be abridged. On June 21 hopes of his possible recovery were entertained, but the next day his weakness increased and signs of the near approach of death manifested themselves. Exhorted by Father Allard to make the final sacrifice, he said: "If it is the will of God, I wish indeed to die. Farewell! farewell! *Au revoir au ciel.*" As the priest said the prayers for the agonizing, he responded to every invocation. After the prayers, and Monsignor Grandin had given him absolution, he blessed the clergy, the faithful, the Grey Nuns, the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, his family, and particularly Mlle. Adèle Taché. Several times during his last moments he kissed his Oblate crucifix. The end at last came early on Friday morning, June 22, 1894. He had entered on his seventy-second year. He died in the same month as his predecessor, and both passed away almost on the anniversary of their departure for the missions.

The passing of the great Archbishop evoked an universal expression of profound sorrow at the loss the Church and the country had sustained; equally universal were the tributes paid to his memory, to the scope and greatness of the vast work for religion and civilization which he had accomplished. The Archbishop of the Mother Church of all the churches of North America spoke of him as "an irreproachable priest, an intrepid missioner, an indefatigable apostle, an eminent Archbishop, a most distinguished citizen, the glory of the Church and of Canada." "He has left us Bishops of Canada," said Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, "a grand and noble example worthy of our imitation." Monsignor Begin, administrator of the Diocese of Quebec, called him "the intrepid defender of the rights of Christ." The Most Rev. Father Soullier, Superior General of the Congregation of Our Lady Immaculate, wrote: "I shall see no more in this world that Oblate so faithful to his vocation and who for fifty years has given the congregation such striking testimonies of his attachment; that intrepid apostle who, since his arrival in Saint Boniface, carried the light of the Gospel into the re-

mote regions of the Northwest and who never ceased to show his predilection for the Indians and half-breeds, that is to say for the poor and the lowly; that Archbishop who, during his episcopate of more than forty years, wrought such great things for the Church, for his religious family and for his adopted country. He has put the greatest energy into the struggle for the freedom of the Catholic schools. Alas! has he not exhausted to the utmost his strength in this courageous defense of truth and justice? And could it not be said that he has succumbed to the excessive labor he imposed upon himself for the protection of the weak against the injustice and intolerance of the powerful? An end truly worthy of a Bishop and which, in the veneration and gratitude of Catholics, ensures him a prominent place alongside the Athanasiuses and Ambroses." Father Celestine Augier, another Oblate, called him "the Catholic Alexander of the Northwest of America" who "conquered that vast region for the Faith and the Church." Father Lefebvre said his name would be as deeply engraven in the history of Canada as in the history of his religious family; and the late venerable Father Lacombe, another apostle of the half-breeds, wrote: "It seemed that this man could not die. It may be said that he has died in all the glory of the indefatigable pastor, the zealous Bishop, and one of the greatest patriots of his country." Lay leaders and exponents of public opinion of all political shades of thoughts bore equally emphatic testimony to his worth. Premier Thompson did not hesitate to call him a great statesman; Senator Bernier "one of the grandest episcopal figures of the age;" Colonel Audet "a great patriot;" Judge Dubuc "one of the most remarkable men of French Canada" whose "vast intelligence, extensive knowledge, apostolic zeal, enlightened patriotism, incomparable energy, powerful eloquence, big generous heart, and admirable virtues place him amongst the greatest prelates of Holy Church." "His memory," wrote the Hon. Mr. Prendergast, "has all the respect that environs saints, all the prestige that is attached to heroes." "What he conceived, attempted and wrought for the moral and material betterment of the country at the time when the Hudson's Bay Company governed; the energy he displayed during the troubles occasioned by the annexation, to keep within the bounds of legality a resistance that senseless provocations might at any moment have caused to degenerate into open revolt, merit the eternal gratitude of the friends of justice and humanity. If the French nationality succeeds in holding its ground between Winnipeg River and the Rocky Mountains, history," wrote M. H. de Lamothe, "will record that the Archbishop of Saint Boni-

face has largely contributed to this result." The press was not slow to swell the chorus of praise which the consideration of his life-work evoked. The *Courrier du Canada* said he died in the breach; that his latest output of energy was to affirm for the last time the injustice of which Canadian Catholics were the victims in Manitoba and the Northwest, and that his memory will be eternally dear to all French and Catholic hearts. "A missioner like Brebœuf, a Bishop like Montmorency-Laval, a diplomatist like Plessis, Monsignor Taché," said the *Courrier de Saint Hyacinthe,* "united the qualities of the propagation of the Gospel, the Bishop and the Statesman. . . . His was a life apart; for in sowing the Gospel seed in the immense prairies of the West, from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, and from the American frontiers to the Arctic Ocean, he laid at the same time the foundations of religion and civilization, and his works, made fruitful by divine grace, have assumed such an importance that his name will be engraven in history as having been in his time the greatest American Bishop."

R. F. O'Connor.

Dublin, Ireland.

Book Reviews.

"Bolshevism: Its Cure." By David Goldstein and Martha Moore Avery. 12 mo., pp. 414. Boston: School of Political Economy.

The World's War has brought this subject home to all men. Many are content to dismiss it as something very distant and therefore not of immediate interest; but isms, like everything else, travel very fast in modern times, and it is a mistake for any to say that he need not concern himself with the affairs of his foreign neighbor, for what is very far away to-day may be very near to-morrow, and often is at hand though hidden or disguised.

Bolshevism is an example of this. We may be tempted to think of it as a mild, impossible revolutionary system which could be born and lived only among ignorant and uncivilized people who are unable to reason, because of ancestry and environment. It is this indifference to danger that makes it more dangerous. If we did but take alarm in time and use the proper precautions, no danger would become a reality and go beyond our control. It is to prevent this from happening that the present book has been written by two authors with a rare equipment for the work. Both converts, both ex-socialists, both sincere seekers after the truth, they have passed from darkness to light with full knowledge of the futility of the one and the utility of the other. They cannot be accused of ignorance or self-interest. Their conclusions will appeal to all fair-minded men.

In this book they show very clearly that Bolshevism is only the latest phase of socialism which contemplates a complete overthrow of Christian civilization. It seeks to establish a state where God is unknown; where the human will is responsible only to human authority. Its root is atheistic materialism: its hated opponent is Christian civilization. Its unsound philosophy and psychology vitiates every mind and every organization that comes under its influence and it puts a mental and moral blight on the four grand divisions of human society, the domestic, social, political and economic.

In this conflict between construction and destruction, between faith and fatalism, between order and chaos, there is only one avenue of escape—belief in Almighty God and obedience to His commands. The authors develop this thought in a clear and logical manner, and in the terrible indictment which they bring against

the Bolsheviki force them to convict themselves by the use of their own data, and by quoting only such anthorities as are admitted to hold national and international leadership among them. The book is well worthy of a place beside its predecessor, "Socialism," and together they furnish the best defense against this twofold evil and the best remedy for it.

"The English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth: A Study of Their Politics, Civil Life and Government." By John Hungerford Pollen, S. J., 1558-1580. "From the Fall of the Old Church to the Advent of the Comber Reformation." With illustrations. 8 vo. pp. 387. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"The number of Protestant writers who have described for us the history of the Reformed Church of England is considerable; they studied their subject from many points of view and enriched their histories with excellent collections of contemporary documents. On the part of the English Catholics there have been but few publications to set by their side. We have indeed many volumes about our heroes, our martyrs and confessors; about the last members of our ancient hierarchy, and about the leaders of the Catholic revival. But about our history considered as a whole it has been impossible for us to learn much, chiefly because of the death of contemporary evidence before the general opening of State archives in the last century. Then we gradually became acquainted with the rich stores of papers still preserved in Spain and at Rome, which were our chief protectors during bad times, as well as with the records of the persecutors, at our Record Office. The arrangement of all this material is still very imperfect, and the publication of its chief treasures is far from complete, but it is now possible to follow, with far greater certainty than before, the main course of events by which the fortunes of the English Catholics as a body were determined. The object of the present volume is to recount their corporate history, and it dwells rather on their public and political life than on the achievement of individuals." The author further informs us that in passing over what is personal he is following out his main purpose, which is to treat of broad questions and underlying principles which could not receive full care and attention in biographies, and thus form an historical background against which the work of others may be seen in due proportion.

If any one should ask why a beginning was not made with Henry VIII. rather than with Elizabeth, since his revolt was the origin of all the subsequent troubles, he would be told that a history of

the so-called Reformation as a whole should begin with Henry, but a history of the activities of post-Reformation Catholics is more properly dated from the accession of Elizabeth.

It is a sad but interesting history, beginning as it does with the collapse of the old Church at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, and closing with its return to life at the end.

This book was a long time in the making. The author informs us that as far back as 1897, preliminary sketches and special studies appeared in the *Month* and elsewhere. But this does not detract from its value: rather, it enhances it.

It will be a valuable addition to that group of rich biographies of the prominent men of the times, both lay and cleric, who bravely fought iniquity in high places, and frequently laid down their lives rather than do violence to their consciences while courting kingly favor. Their lives are an inspiration as well as a vindication, and to furnish this historical setting for them is a noble work.

"Penal Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law" (Liber V.). By Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D., D. C. L., President of St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, Cal. 12 mo., pp. 392. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is Dr. Ayrinhac's second book on the New Code. In the former he treated of Marriage Legislation. In this he gives a brief explanation of the fifth book of the Code which contains the whole legislation now in force on ecclesiastical offenses and penalties. The author follows the order of the Code and adheres to the text of the law as closely as possible, giving due consideration to the canons according to their value in application. The theory of delinquency, responsibility and infinitability which appears for the first time at the beginning of this book in a complete and explicit form, and which serves as a foundation for the penal enactments that follow, will be found useful by moralist and jurists, as well as by canonists.

As some old censures have been abrogated and new ones have been enacted, while others have been modified, the portion which treats this phase of the subject is particularly important. The Constitution *Apostolicae Sedis* is no longer a sufficient guide. At the same time it must be remembered that the extensive faculties formerly granted to our Bishops and by them subdelegated to priests for the absolution of reserved cases, have been considerably restricted. The present work has been written to meet such contingencies, and therefore it has real practical value. The author's

equipment is well known and has already proved itself in his former work on Marriage Legislation. It is no less evident here and clerics generally will be glad to have this new aid to a right understanding and application of the New Code.

Epitome Theologiae Moralis Universae per Definitiones, Divisiones et Summaria Principia pro Recollectione Doctinae Moralis et ad Immediatum Usum Confessarii et Parochi, excerpta et Summa Theol. Mor. R. P. Hier Noldin, S. J., a Carolo Telch. 16mo., pp. 600. neo Elorain: Fr. Pustet.

This is a remarkable example of theology in its briefest form, and its value is much enhanced because it follows a safe guide in Father Noldin. It has already run through three editions and this is the fourth. It is complete, though necessarily brief, and it is very convenient for ready and quick consultation.

Quite a large portion of the book is taken up—nearly half—with the five appendices, which furnish tables of sin for the examination of various classes of persons, and with the Index Rerum. There may be a difference of opinion about the detailed questioning suggested by these tables, but they do cover the ground completely.

The book will appeal especially to those who use Noldin's Moral, and to those who have been taught by Father Telch, but it will be appreciated by all who find a brief summary of Moral Theology useful.

"Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments and the Sacramentals." By Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C., author of "The Master's Word in the Epistles and Gospels," etc. 12mo., pp. 400. New York: Benziger Bros.

Here is an unusual collection of sermons and a very useful one. Those who use books of this kind will be grateful to the author for combining in one volume sermons and instructions on the Mass, the Sacraments and the Sacramentals. These are subjects which should be placed before the people periodically. They should accompany if not precede set sermons on the Epistles and Gospels. They have a practical value that is beyond question and an interest that is exceptional. If the preacher were to go to the various sources from which the information in this volume is gathered he would have to travel far and labor long. But here it is, ready to his hand, accurate, clear, concise, attractive—in a word, ready for immediate use, without any change whatever. This is praise indeed, and it cannot always be said about sermons and instruction books. Generally, pruning and excision are necessary. In the present case, there is no need of a surgeon.

Summa Theologiae Moralis Iuxta Codicem Iuris Canonici. Scholarum Usuii accomodavit H. Noldin, S. J., S. Theologiae professor in Universitate Oenipontana. Editio duodecima. Vol. III., "De Sacramentis." Neo Elorain: Fred. Pustet.

It is always pleasant to meet old friends that are tried and true. This may surely be applied to Noldin's Moral Theology, which makes its twelfth appearance with this edition. Only real merit could keep any work of this kind so long before the public and call for its reappearance so often. The present edition brings the work up to date in every particular, and especially in relation to the New Code. The frequent references to it show how faithfully the author has kept it before him. This is true also of references to other authors. Father Noldin has not overlooked any approved writer on morals, and the reader gets not only the opinion or decision of one who is himself a master, but he also finds this opinion fortified by the consent of other authors of standing, which adds very much to its value. Perhaps Father Noldin's most striking characteristic is his clearness. In the fewest possible number of words, and those well chosen, he states a question and answers it, so that even a beginner can understand him and follow him.

It is a pleasure to use this book. Its compact and convenient form, its opaque paper, its clear-cut type, varying in size according to the importance of the heading or paragraph—all combine to give it an attraction that invites rather than repels, and which some of the large manuals, with their solid pages, do not possess. Although volume three is the only one that has come from the press yet, volume one is promised in the spring and volume two in the fall.

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